



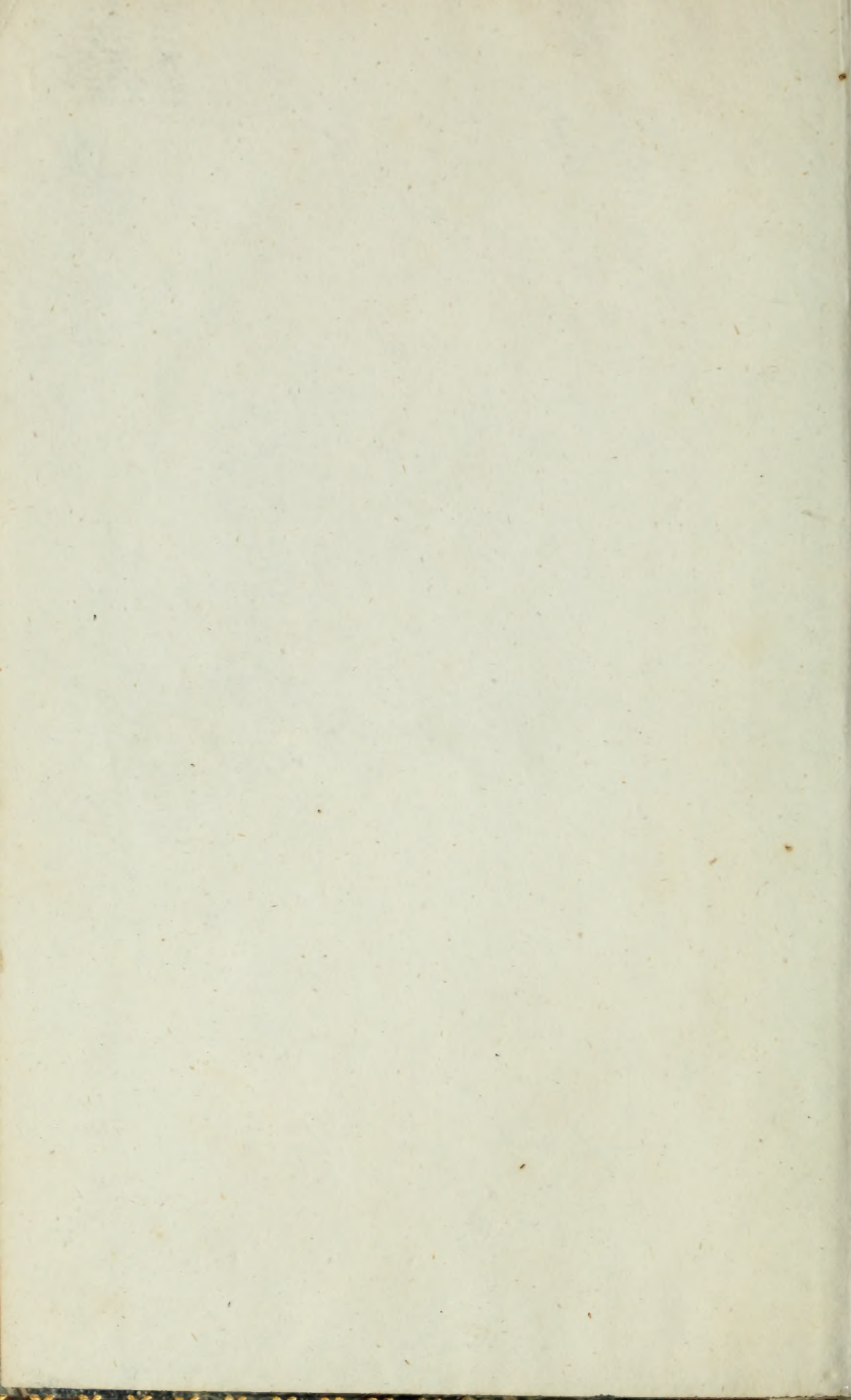
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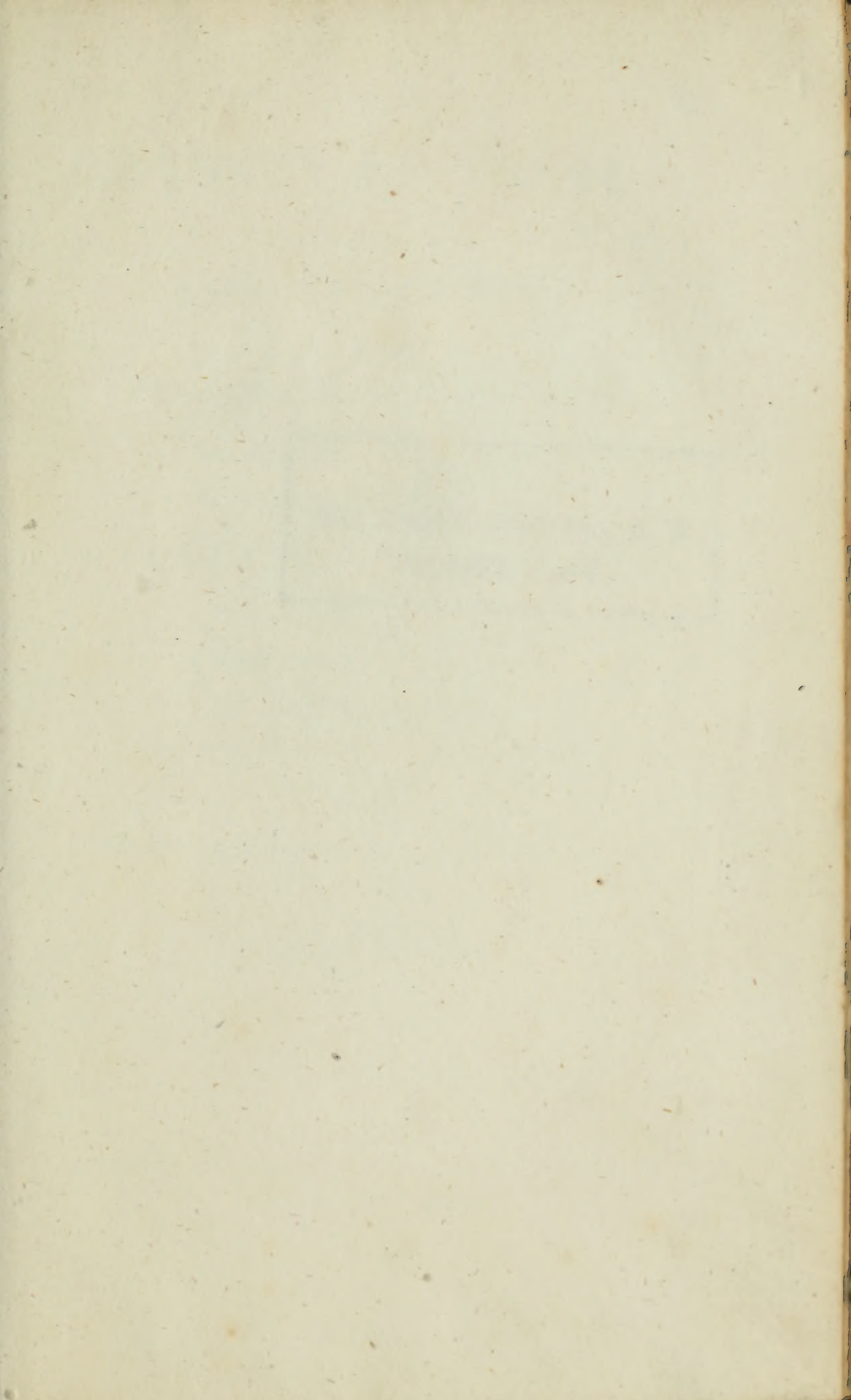


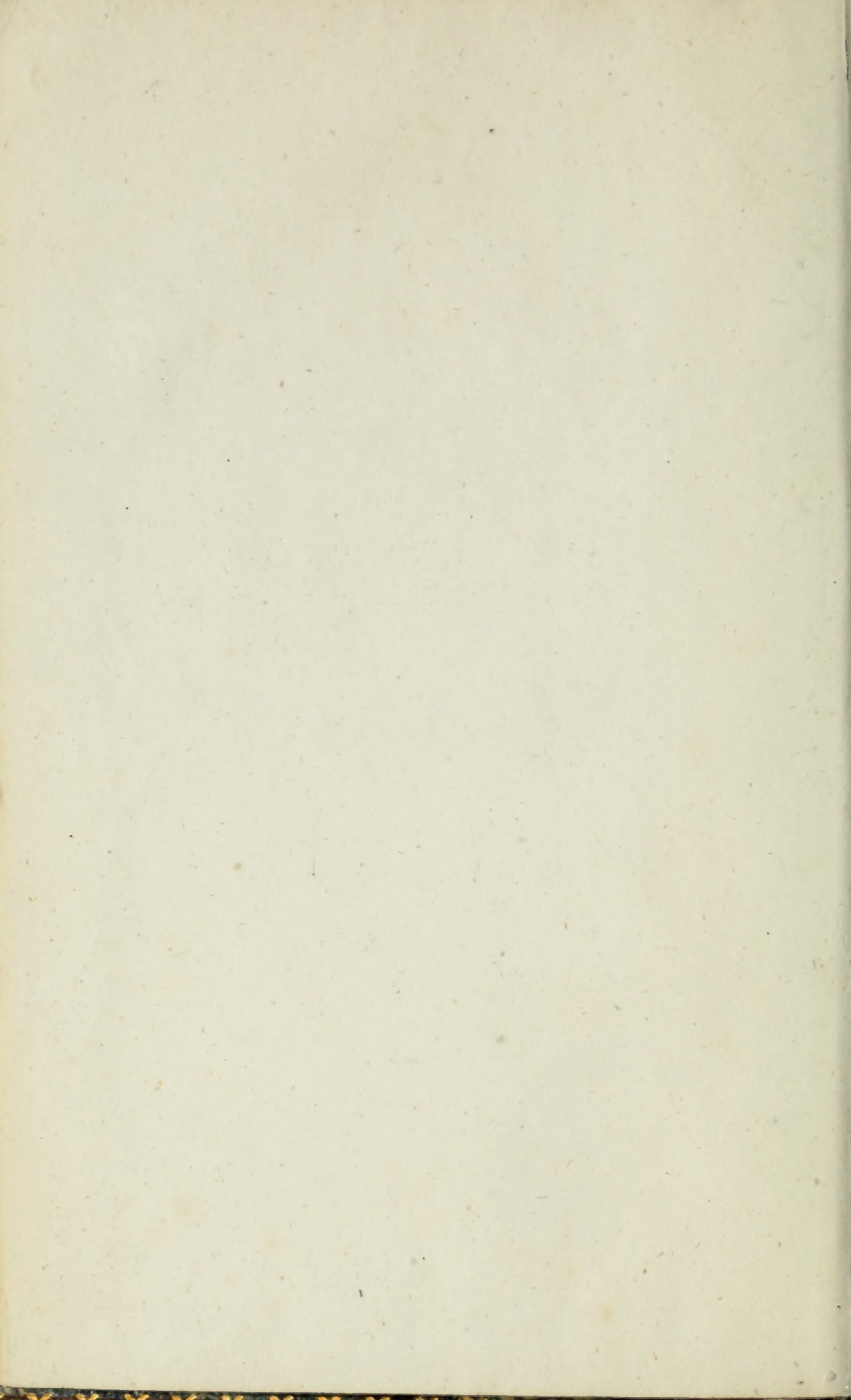
Richard Potenger.



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ODYSSEY OF HOMER

TRANSLATED INTO
ENGLISH BEAK VERSE

WITH
CAPITAL LETTERS AND NOTES

BEQUEATHED
REV. CANON SCADDING, D. D.
TORONTO, 1901.

WILLIAM

REV. CANON SCADDAN, D.D.
TORONTO, 1861.

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September 18 18 1809

THE
ODYSSEY OF HOMER,

TRANSLATED INTO
ENGLISH BLANK VERSE,
WITH
COPIOUS ALTERATIONS AND NOTES,

PREPARED FOR THE PRESS BY THE
TRANSLATOR,
WILLIAM COWPER, ESQ.

AND PUBLISHED WITH
A PREFACE BY HIS KINSMAN,
J. JOHNSON, LL.B.
CHAPLAIN TO THE BISHOP OF PETERBOROUGH.

Τάδε δ' αἰὲ πάροςδ' ὁμοία, διὰ δὲ τῶν αὐτῶν αἰεῖ.—EPICHRMUS.

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1901

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TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE
COUNTESS DOWAGER SPENCER,

THE FOLLOWING
TRANSLATION OF THE ODYSSEY,

A POEM THAT EXHIBITS,
IN THE CHARACTER OF ITS HEROINE,

AN EXAMPLE
OF ALL DOMESTIC VIRTUE,
IS WITH EQUAL PROPRIETY AND RESPECT

INSCRIBED

BY HER LADYSHIP'S

MOST DEVOTED SERVANT,

THE AUTHOR.



THE
ODYSSEY OF HOMER,

TRANSLATED INTO

ENGLISH BLANK VERSE.

ARGUMENT OF THE FIRST BOOK.

In a Council of the Gods, Minerva calls their attention to Ulysses, still a wanderer. They resolve to grant him a safe return to Ithaca. Minerva descends to encourage Telemachus, and in the form of Mentis directs him in what manner to proceed. Throughout this book the extravagance and profligacy of the suitors are occasionally suggested.

ODYSSEY.

BOOK I.

MUSE make the man thy theme, for shrewdness fam'd
And genius versatile; who far and wide
A Wand'rer, after Ilium overthrown,
Discover'd various cities, and the mind
And manners learn'd of men in lands remote.
He num'rous woes, on Ocean toss'd, endur'd,
Anxious to save himself, and to conduct
His foll'wers to their home; yet all his care
Preserv'd them not; they perish'd self-destroy'd
By their own fault; infatuate! who devour'd
The oxen of the all-o'erseeing Sun,
And, punish'd for that crime, return'd no more.
Daughter divine of Jove, these things record,
As it may please thee, even in our ears.

The rest, all those who had perdition 'scap'd
By war or on the Deep, dwelt now at home;
Him only, of his country and his wife

Alike desirous, in her hollow grot
Calypso, beauteous Goddess, still detain'd
Wooing him to her arms ; and when, at length,
Year rolling after year, the season came,
That should restore him, by the will of Heav'n,
To his lov'd Ithaca (nor even there,
Friends only should he meet, but many a foe),
Then all the Pow'rs above with pity view'd
His num'rous toils, save Neptune ; He alone,
With ceaseless rage pursuing him, withheld
Godlike Ulysses from his native shores.
But Neptune, now, the Æthiopians sought
(The Æthiopians, utmost of mankind,
These Eastward situate, those toward the West),
Call'd to a hecatomb of bulls and lambs*.
There sitting, pleas'd he banqueted ; the Gods
In Jove's abode, mean-time, assembled all,
'Midst whom the Sire of Heav'n and Earth began.
For he recall'd to mind Ægisthus slain
By Agamemnon's celebrated son
Orestes, and retracing in his thought
That dread event, the Immortals thus address'd :

How rash are humankind ! who charge on Us

* The Æthiopians, according to Diodorus Siculus, are said to have been the first of the human race, who celebrated the worship of the Gods ; from whom they received, in recompense of their devotions, an immunity from conquest by the kings their neighbours.

Their suff'rings, far more truly the result
 Of their own folly, than of our decrees*.
 So now Ægisthus, under no constraint
 Of Destiny, had ta'en Atrides' wife
 To his own bed, and him at his return
 Hath foully slain, though not unwarn'd by Us,
 That he would surely perish; for we sent
 The watchful Argicide†, who bade him fear
 Alike, to slay the king, or woo the queen;
 For that Atrides' son Orestes, soon
 As grown mature, and eager to assume
 The sway in Argos, should avenge the deed.
 So Hermes spake, but his advice mov'd not
 Ægisthus, on whose head the whole arrear
 Of vengeance heap'd at last hath therefore fall'n.

To whom Minerva, Goddess azure-ey'd:
 O Jove, Saturnian Sire, o'er all supreme!

* Chrysippus, as quoted by Gellius, inveighs with much reasonable indignation against those profligate and audacious persons, who, to excuse a slavish obedience to their lusts, have recourse to the plea of Fatality, ascribing all their wickedness, not to their own impious rashness, the proper and true source of it, but to the will of Heaven.—Homer however, as he observes, the wisest as well as the most ancient of the poets, was the first also to censure this egregious folly.—C.

† Argus, the son of Arestor, was called the *πολύμματος κύων* or *dog with many eyes*, on account of the vigilance with which he guarded Io the daughter of Inachus; but Mercury, by command of Jupiter, slew him, and was thence entitled the Argicide.—B.

And well he merited the death he found ;
So perish all, who shall, like him, offend.
But with a bosom anguish-rent I view
Ulysses, hapless chief ! who from his friends
Remote, affliction, hath long time endur'd
In yonder woodland isle, the central boss
Of Ocean. That retreat a Goddess holds,
Daughter of sapient Atlas, who the abyss
Knows to its bottom, and the pillars high
Himself upbears which sep'rate Earth from Heav'n.
His daughter there the sorrowing chief detains,
And ever with smooth speech insidious seeks,
To wean his heart from Ithaca ; mean-time
Ulysses, happy might he but behold
The smoke ascending from his native land,
Death covets. Canst thou not, Olympian Jove !
At last relent ? Hath not Ulysses oft
With victims slain amid Achaia's fleet
Thee gratified, while yet at Troy he fought ?
How, therefore, hath he thus incens'd thee, Jove ?
To whom the Sov'reign of the realms of air :
What words, my daughter, have escap'd thy lips ?
Can I forget Ulysses ? Him forget
So noble, who in wisdom all mankind
Excels, and who hath sacrific'd so oft
To us, whose dwelling is the boundless Heav'n ?

Earth-circling Neptune—He it is, whose wrath
Pursues him ceaseless for the Cyclops' sake,
Whom he hath blinded, Polypheme the vast,
In strength superiour to his giant kind.
For him the sea-nymph, Phorcys' daughter, bore
Thoösa, by the Sov'reign of the waves
Impregnated in caverns of the Deep.
E'er since that day, the Shaker of the shores,
Although he slay him not, yet devious drives
Ulysses from his native isle afar.
But come—devise we now with one consent
His safe return, both means and prosp'rous end;
So Neptune shall his wrath remit, whose pow'r
In contest with the force of all the Gods
Exerted single, can but strive in vain.

To whom Minerva, Goddess azure-ey'd:
O Jupiter! above all kings enthron'd!
If the Immortals ever-blest ordain,
That wise Ulysses to his home return,
Dispatch we then Hermes the Argicide,
Our messenger, to fair Ogygia's isle,
Who shall inform Calypso, nymph divine,
Of this our purpose, that Ulysses, long
A suff'rer, seek, at length, his home again.
Myself will hence to Ithaca, mean-time,
His son to animate, and with new force

Inspire him, that (the Grecians all conven'd
 In council), he, at once, may bid depart
 The suitors from his home, who, day by day,
 His num'rous flocks and fatted herds consume.
 And I will send him thence to Sparta forth,
 And into sandy Pylus, there to hear
 (If hear he may) some tidings of his Sire,
 And to procure himself a glorious name.

This said, her golden sandals to her feet
 She bound, ambrosial, which o'er all the Earth
 And o'er the moist flood waft her fleet as air ;
 Then, seizing her brass-pointed spear robust,
 In length, and bulk, and weight a matchless beam,
 With which the Jove-born Goddess levels ranks
 Of heroes, against whom her anger burns,
 From the Olympian summit down she flew
 To Ithaca*, where, in the vestibule
 And on the threshold of Ulysses' hall
 Grasping her brazen spear she stood, in form
 The hero Mentest†, hospitable chief

* Στῆ δ' Ἰθάκης ἐν Δῆμῳ— The word Δῆμος is here said by the scholiast to be a proper name, and the name of the place in Ithaca where stood the palace of Ulysses.—B. & C. But Barnes accounts this interpretation of it an idle dream, for which reason I have not attended to it in the translation.

† We are told, that Homer was under obligations to Mentés, who had frequently given him a passage in his ship to different countries, which he wished to see, for which reason he has here immortalized him.

Of Taphos' isle*—she found the haughty throng
The suitors ; they before the palace gate
Sported with iv'ry cubes, reclin'd on hides
Of num'rous oxen, which themselves had slain.
The heralds and the busy menials there
Minister'd to them ; these their mantling cups
With water slak'd ; with bib'lous sponges those
Made clean the tables, set the banquet on,
And portion'd out to each his plenteous share.
Long ere the rest Telemachus himself
Mark'd her, for sad amid them all he sat,
Portraying in deep thought contemplative
His noble sire, and questioning if yet
Perchance the hero might return, to chase
From all his palace that imperious herd,
To his own honour lord of his own home.
Thus musing there, he suddenly perceiv'd
The Goddess, and sprang forth, for he abhorr'd,
To see a guest's admittance long delay'd ;
Approaching eager, her right hand he seiz'd,
The brazen spear took from her, and in words
With welcome wing'd Minerva thus address'd :

Stranger ! Thou shalt be welcome ; ent'ring, share
The banquet, first, then tell me thy desire.

* Taphos was one of the Echinades, islands of the Ionian sea, and was inhabited by the Telebœans.—B. & C.

So saying, toward the spacious hall he mov'd
 Follow'd by Pallas, and, arriving soon
 Beneath the lofty roof, plac'd her bright spear
 Within a pillar's cavity, long time
 The armoury where many a spear had stood,
 Bright weapons of his own illustrious sire.
 Then, leading her toward a footstool'd throne
 Magnificent, which first he overspread
 With linen, there he seated her, apart
 From that rude throng, and for himself dispos'd
 A throne of various colours at her side ;
 Lest, stunn'd with clamour of the lawless band,
 His guest should suffer pain, and that himself
 Might ask him tidings of his absent sire.
 And now a maiden charg'd with golden ew'r,
 And with an argent laver, pouring first
 Pure water on their hands, supplied them next
 With a resplendent table, which the chaste
 Directress of the household heap'd with bread
 And dainties, remnants of the last regale.
 Then, in his turn, the sewer* with sav'ry meats
 Serv'd them, of delicate and various kinds,
 And golden cups beside the chargers plac'd,
 Which the attendant herald fill'd with wine.

* Milton uses the word—

————— Sewers and seneschals.

Erelong, in rush'd the suitors, and the thrones
 And couches occupied, on all whose hands
 The heralds pour'd pure water ; then the maids
 Attended them with bread in baskets heap'd,
 And eager they assail'd the ready feast.
 At length, when neither thirst nor hunger more
 They felt unsatisfied, to new delights
 Their thoughts they turn'd, to song and sprightly
 dance,

Enliv'ning sequel of the banquet's joys.
 A herald then to Phemius' hand consign'd
 His beauteous lyre; he through constraint regal'd
 The suitors with his song, and while the chords
 He struck in prelude to his pleasant strains,
 Telemachus, in accents whisper'd close
 To Pallas' ear, the Goddess thus address'd :

My inmate and my friend ! far from my lips
 Be ev'ry word that might displease thine ear !
 Song and the sprightly lyre may well engage
 These wanton feeders at another's cost,
 Whose bones lie weather-bleach'd, we know not
 where,

On foreign ground, or rolling in the Deep.
 Ah ! could they see him once to his own isle
 Restor'd, both gold and raiment they would wish
 Far less, and nimbleness of foot instead.
 But he, alas ! hath by a wretched fate

Past question perish'd, and what news soe'er
 We hear of his return, no comfort breeds
 In us, convinc'd that he returns no more.
 But answer undissembling; tell me true;
 Who art thou? whence? where stands thy city? where
 Thy father's mansion? In what kind of ship
 Cam'st thou? Why steer'd the mariners their course
 To Ithaca, and of what land are they?
 For that on foot thou found'st us not, is sure.
 This also tell me, hast thou now arriv'd
 New to our isle, or wast thou heretofore
 My father's guest? Since many to our house
 Resorted in those happier days, for he
 Drew irresistibly the hearts of all.

Then thus the Goddess of the azure eyes:
 I will with all simplicity of truth*
 Thy questions satisfy. Behold in me
 Mentis, the offspring of a chief renown'd
 In war, Anchialus; and I rule, myself,
 The Taphians, mariners expert and bold.
 This day we here arriv'd, myself and crew,
 Seeking a people of another tongue
 Athwart the gloomy flood, in quest of brass,

* *Μάλ' ἀτρεκέως*—Pallas promises in these emphatical words that she will tell him the truth, yet begins with a fiction. The promise therefore is understood by some to have reference only to the assurance she gives him, that his father is still alive. But others interpret the words here noted as signifying no more than *circumstantially*.—C.

For which I barter steel, ploughing the waves
To Temesa*. My ship beneath the woods
Neïus, at yonder field that skirts
Your city, in the haven Rhethrus rides.
We are hereditary guests; our sires
Were friends long since; as, when thou seest him
next,
The hero old Laertes will avouch,
Of whom, I learn, that he frequents no more
The city now, but in sequester'd scenes
Dwells sorrowful, and by an ancient dame,
Oft as strength fails him, while he creeps and toils
Among his vines, with food and drink supplied.
But I have come drawn hither by report,
Which spake thy sire arriv'd, though still it seems
The adverse Gods his homeward course retard.
For not yet breathless lies the noble chief,
But in some island of the boundless flood
Resides a prisoner, by barb'rous force
Of some rude race detain'd reluctant there.
And I will now foreshow thee what the Gods
Teach me, and what, though neither augur skill'd

* Temesa was, according to some, a city of Cyprus, but others find it in Italy.—B. & C. Strabo observes of this last, that if in Homer's time it was famous for workers in brass, it has since ceased to be so.—C.

Nor prophet, I yet trust shall come to pass.
 He shall not, henceforth, live an exile long
 From his own shores ; no, not although in bands
 Of iron held, but will erelong contrive
 His own return ; for in expedients, fram'd
 With wondrous ingenuity, he abounds.
 But tell me true ; art thou, in stature such,
 Son of himself Ulysses ? for thy face
 And sparkling eyes seem plainly to bespeak
 Ulysses in thee ; for delights like these
 With him conversing, I have oft enjoy'd,
 Ere yet, with many a gallant Grecian more,
 He sail'd to Troy. But never have I, since,
 Ulysses seen, nor hath Ulysses, me.

To whom Telemachus, discreet, replied :
 Stranger ! The truth is this. My mother him
 Affirms my father, and the mother's voice
 That question can alone with truth decide*.

* Eustathius observes, that the legitimacy of a birth is best known to the mother ; and Aristotle is of the same opinion, who cites the case of a woman named Peparethia, whose oath, in a dispute at law concerning the legitimacy of her child, was accepted as decisive. Telemachus therefore does not mean to impeach his mother's chastity, but merely to affirm his ignorance on a point, which she alone was qualified to determine.—C.

Among us the child is always given by the law to him, to whom the mother swears it.

Would I were offspring of some happier sire,
 Ordain'd in calm possession of his own
 To reach the verge of life. But now, alas!
 I am the rumour'd offspring of a man
 Of all mankind unhappiest. Thy demand
 Was simple truth; thus therefore I reply.

Then answer blue-ey'd Pallas thus return'd:
 From no ignoble race, in future days,
 The Gods shall prove thee sprung, whom so endow'd
 With ev'ry grace Penelope hath borne.
 But tell me true. What festival is this?
 This throng—whence are they? wherefore hast thou
 need

Of such a multitude? Behold I here
 A banquet, or a nuptial feast? for these
 Meet not by contribution* to regale,
 With such brutality and din they hold
 Their riotous banquet! a wise man and good,
 Arriving now among them, at the sight
 Of such enormities would much be wroth.

To whom replied Telemachus discreet:
 Since, stranger! thou hast ask'd, learn also this.

* *Ἐρᾶνος*, a convivial meeting, at which every man paid his proportion, at least contributed something;—B. & C. But it seems to have been a meeting, at which strict sobriety was observed, else Pallas would not have inferred from the noise and riot of this, that it was not such a one.

While yet Ulysses with his people dwelt,
 His presence warranted the hope, that here
 Virtue should dwell and opulence ; but Heav'n
 Hath cast for us, at length, a diff'rent lot,
 And he is lost, as never man before.
 For I should less lament his death itself,
 Had he among his friends at Ilium fall'n,
 Or in the arms of his companions died,
 Troy's siege accomplish'd. Then his tomb the Greeks
 Of ev'ry tribe had built, and he had won
 A never-dying name for me ; but now,
 By harpies* torn inglorious, beyond reach
 Of eye or ear he lies ; and hath to me
 Grief only, and unceasing sighs bequeath'd.
 Nor mourn I for his sake alone ; the Gods
 Have plann'd for me still many a wo beside ;
 For all the rulers of the neighbour isles,
 Samos, Dulichium, and the forest-crown'd

* The Harpies and their place of habitation are mentioned by Virgil.—Æn. III, l. 210.

The Strophades are isles of Grecian name
 Amid the wide Ionian Deep, possess'd
 By dire Celæno and her Harpy brood ;
 Nor ever through the anger of the Gods,
 Emerg'd a fouler, feller pest from Hell.
 The birds have virgin looks, but they annoy
 The scent with filthiest ordure ; talons arm
 Their hands, and famine pales their ghastly cheeks.

Zacynthus, others also, rulers here
 In craggy Ithaca, my mother seek
 In marriage, and my household stores consume.
 But she nor *will* accept, nor *can* dismiss
 Their hated suit, and they, mean-time, devour
 My substance, who, myself, must perish soon.

To whom, with deep commiseration pang'd,
 Pallas replied: Alas! great need hast thou
 Of thy long absent father, to avenge
 These num'rous wrongs; for could he now appear
 There, at yon portal, arm'd with helmet, shield,
 And grasping his two spears, such as when first
 I saw him drinking joyous at our board,
 From Ilus son of Mermeris, who dwelt
 In distant Ephyre*, just then return'd
 (For thither also had Ulysses gone
 In his swift bark, seeking some pois'nous drug,
 Wherewith to taint his brazen arrows keen†,
 Which drug through fear of the eternal Gods
 Ilus refus'd, but readily my sire
 Gave to him, for he lov'd him past belief),
 Could now, Ulysses, clad in arms as then,

* Ephyre has been already noticed in the first volume of the Iliad as a city of Thesprotia; but the Ephyre mentioned by Homer both there and here was probably Elis.

† The poet, it is observed, prepares us to see the suitors die by a single wound of these arrows.—B. & C.

Mix with these suitors, short his date of life
 To each, and bitter should his nuptials prove.
 But whether, safe restor'd, he shall avenge,
 In his own house, his wrongs, or whether not,
 Rests, for decision, with the Gods alone.
 Mean-time I counsel thee, thyself to think
 By what means likeliest thou shalt expel
 These from thy doors. Now mark me: close attend.
 To-morrow, summoning the Grecian chiefs
 To council, speak to them, and call the Gods
 To witness that solemnity. Bid go
 The suitors hence, each to his own abode;
 And if thy mother's choice be strongly bent
 To marriage, let her to the house return
 Of her own potent father, who, himself,
 Shall furnish forth her matrimonial rites,
 And ample dow'r, such as it well becomes
 A darling daughter to receive, bestow.
 But hear me now; thyself I thus advise.
 The prime of all thy ships preparing, mann'd
 With twenty rowers, voyage hence to seek
 Intelligence of thy long absent sire.
 Some mortal may inform thee, or a word*,

* *Οσα—a word spoken, with respect to the speaker, casually; but with reference to the inquirer supposed to be sent for his information by the especial appointment and providential favour of the Gods.

Perchance, by Jove directed (safest source
Of notice to mankind), may reach thine ear.
First voyaging to Pylus, there inquire
Of noble Nestor; thence to Sparta tend,
To question Menelaus, last arriv'd
Of all the Grecians; and, if there thou learn,
That still thy father lives, and hope obtain
Of his return, then, suffer as thou mayst,
With patience wait his coming yet a year.
But shouldst thou learn his death, then seek again
Thy native shores, and, having heap'd his tomb,
And with due pomp his fun'ral rites perform'd,
Make thou thy mother's spousals next thy care.
These duties satisfied, delib'rate last,
Whether thou shalt these troublers of thy house
By stratagem, or by assault, destroy.
For thou art now no child, nor mayst pursue
The sports of children longer. Has the deed
Of brave Orestes never reach'd thine ear,
Whom all mankind extol? For he hath slain
Ægisthus, sly contriver of the death
Of Agamemnon, his illustrious sire.
And thou, my youthful friend, whose form robust
And fair proportions with delight I view,
Be thou brave also, that renown like his
Thou mayst acquire with ages yet to come.

But I will to my vessel now repair,
And to my mariners, whom, absent long,
I may perchance have troubled. Weigh thou well
My counsel ; let not my advice be lost.

To whom Telemachus discreet replied :
Stranger ! thy words bespeak thee much my friend,
Who, as a father teaches his own son,
Hast taught me what I never will forget.
But, though in haste thy voyage to pursue,
Yet stay, that in the bath refreshing first
Thy limbs now weary, thou mayst sprightlier seek
Thy gallant bark, charg'd with some noble gift
Of finish'd workmanship, which thou shalt keep
As my memorial ever ; such a boon
As men confer on guests whom much they love.

Then thus Minerva, Goddess azure-ey'd :
Retard me not, for go I must ; the gift,
Which lib'ral thou desirest to bestow,
Give me at my return, that I may bear
The treasure home ; and, in exchange, thyself
Expect some gift equivalent from me.

She spake, and as with eagle wings upborne,
Vanish'd incontinent, but him inspir'd
With daring fortitude, and on his heart
Dearer remembrance of his sire impress'd
Than ever. Conscious of the mighty change,

Amaz'd he stood, and, in his secret thought
Revolving all, believ'd his guest a God.
The youthful hero to the suitors then
Repair'd; they silent listen'd to the song
Of the illustrious bard; he the return
Deplorable of the Achaian host
From Ilium, by command of Pallas, sang.
Penelope, Icarius' daughter, mark'd
Mean-time the song celestial, where she sat
In the superiour palace; down she came,
By all the num'rous steps of her abode;
Not sole, for two fair handmaids follow'd her.
She then, divinest of her sex, arriv'd
In presence of that lawless throng, beneath
The portal of her stately mansion stood,
Between her maidens, with her lucid veil
Her lovely features mantling. There, profuse
She wept, and thus the sacred bard bespake:
 Phemius! for many a sorrow-soothing strain
Thou know'st beside, such as exploits record
Of Gods and men, the poet's frequent theme;
Give them of those a song, and let themselves
Their wine drink noiseless; but this mournful strain
Break off, unfriendly to my bosom's peace,
And which of all hearts nearest touches mine,
With such regret my dearest lord I mourn,

Rememb'ring still a husband prais'd from side
To side, and in the very heart of Greece.

Then answer thus Telemachus return'd :
My mother! leave the tuneful bard unblam'd
To his own choice. No bard, himself, creates
The woes of which he sings, but Jove supplies
Each, at his pleasure, with a mournful theme ;
And he records Achaia's hapless doom
Thus sweetly with good cause ; for newest strains
Most take the list'ning ear. Of all who fought
At Troy, Ulysses hath not lost, alone,
His day of glad return ; but many a chief
Hath perish'd also. Seek thou then again
Thy own apartment, spindle ply and loom,
And task thy maidens ; management belongs
To men of joys convivial, and of men
Especially to me, chief ruler here*.

She heard astonish'd ; and the prudent speech
Reposing of her son deep in her heart,
Again with her attendant maidens sought

* This part of the speech of Telemachus has been rejected by some critics, who contend, that, whatever propriety it may have when addressed by Hector to Andromache, it has not the same when addressed by a son to his mother. But Telemachus probably uses it, not as a reproof to her, but that the suitors hearing it may infer from it his determined purpose to take the management of his family henceforth into his own hands. To be master, in short, for the time to come, and a child no longer.—B.

Her upper chamber. There arriv'd, she wept
 Her lost Ulysses, till Minerva bath'd
 Her weary lids in dewy sleep profound.
 Then echo'd through the gloomy vaults of all
 The lofty roof the suitors' boist'rous roar,
 For each was hot to share the royal bed.
 Whom thus Telemachus discreet address'd:

All ye my mother's suitors, though addict
 To contumacious wrangling fierce, suspend
 Your clamour; for a course to me it seems
 More decent far, when such a bard as this,
 Godlike for sweetness, sings, to hear his song.
 To-morrow meet we in full council all,
 That I may plainly warn you to depart
 From this our mansion. Seek ye where ye may
 Your feasts; consume your own, alternate fed
 Each at the other's cost; but if it seem
 Wisest in your account and best, to eat
 Voracious thus the patrimonial goods
 Of one man, rend'ring no account of all*,
 Bite to the roots; but know that I will cry
 Ceaseless to the eternal Gods, in hope,
 That Jove, for retribution of the wrong,
 Shall doom you, where ye have intruded, there
 To bleed, and of your blood ask no account*.

* There is in the original an evident stress laid on the word *Νέπρωσι*, which is used in both places. It was a sort of *lex talionis*,

He ended, and each gnaw'd his lip, aghast
At his undaunted hardiness of speech.

Then thus Antinoüs spake, Eupithes' son :
Telemachus ! the Gods, methinks, themselves
Teach thee sublimity, and to pronounce
Thy matter fearless. Ah forbid it, Jove !
That one so eloquent should with the weight
Of kingly cares in Ithaca be charg'd,
A realm, by claim hereditary, thine.

Then prudent thus Telemachus replied :
Although my speech, Antinoüs, may, perchance,
Provoke thee, know that I am not averse
From kingly cares, if Jove appoint me such.
Seems it to thee a burden to be fear'd
By men above all others ? trust me, no,
There is no ill in royalty ; the man
So station'd waits not long ere he obtain
Riches and honour. But I grant that kings
Of the Achaians may no few be found
In sea-girt Ithaca both young and old,
Of whom, since great Ulysses is no more,
Reign whoso may ; but king, myself, I am
In my own house, and over all my own
Domestics, by Ulysses gain'd for me.

which Telemachus hoped might be put in force against them ; and that Jove would demand no satisfaction for the lives of those who made him none for the waste of his property.

To whom Eurymachus replied, the son
Of Polybus. What Grecian chief shall reign
In sea-girt Ithaca, must be referr'd
To the Gods' will, Telemachus! mean-time
Ulysses' rich possessions and his house
Are doubtless thine, and thou art sov'reign here.
May never that man on her shores arrive,
While an inhabitant shall yet be left
In Ithaca, who shall by violence wrest
Thine from thee. But permit me, noble Sir!
To ask thee of thy guest. Whence came the man?
What country claims him? Where are to be found
His kindred and his patrimonial fields?
Brings he glad tidings of thy sire's approach
Homeward? or came he to receive a debt
Due to himself? How swift he disappear'd!
Nor opportunity to know him gave
To those who wish'd it; for his face and air
Him speak not of plebeian birth obscure.

Whom answer'd thus Telemachus discreet:
Eurymachus! my father comes no more.
I can no longer credit tidings now,
If such arrive; nor heed I more the song
Of soothsay'rs whom my mother may consult.
But this my guest hath known in other days
My father, sea-girt Taphos is his home,

Mentes his name, Anchialus his sire,
And his control the Taphian race, renown'd
For naval skill, unanimous obey.

So spake Telemachus, but in his heart
Knew well his guest a Goddess from the skies.
Then they to dance and heart-enliv'ning song
Turn'd joyous, waiting the approach of eve;
The dusky evening found them joyous still,
When each, to his own house retiring, sought
Needful repose. Telemachus, the while,
In various musings occupied, to rest
Also retir'd, in his own chamber, built
On the hall-roof, conspicuous from afar.
Sage Euryclea, bearing in each hand
A torch, preceded him; her sire was Ops,
Pisenor's son, and, in her early prime,
At his own cost Laertes made her his,
Paying with twenty beeves her purchase-price.
Nor in less honour than his spotless wife
He held her ever; but, his consort's wrath
Fearing, at no time call'd her to his bed.
She bore the torches, and with truer heart
Lov'd him than any of the female train,
For she had nurs'd him in his infant years.
He open'd his broad chamber-valves, and sat
On his couch-side; then, putting off his vest

Of softest texture, placed it in the hands
Of the attendant dame discreet, who first
Folding it with exactest care, beside
His bed suspended it, and, going forth,
Drew by its silver ring the portal close,
And fasten'd it with bolt and brace secure.
There lay Telemachus, on finest wool
Repos'd, contemplating all night his course
Prescrib'd by Pallas to the Pylian shore.

ARGUMENT OF THE SECOND BOOK.

Telemachus, having convened an assembly of the Grecians, publicly calls on the suitors to relinquish the house of Ulysses. During the continuance of the council he has much to suffer from the petulance of the suitors, from whom, having informed them of his design to undertake a voyage in hope to obtain news of Ulysses, he asks a ship, with all things necessary for the purpose. He is refused, but is afterwards furnished with what he wants by Minerva, in the form of Mentor. He embarks in the evening without the privity of his mother, and the Goddess sails with him.

BOOK II.

AURORA, rosy daughter of the dawn,
 Now ting'd the East, when, habited again,
 Uprose Ulysses' offspring from his bed.
 Athwart his back his falchion keen he slung,
 His sandals bound to his unsullied feet,
 And, godlike, issu'd from his chamber-door.
 At once the clear-voic'd heralds he enjoin'd,
 To call the Greeks to council: they aloud
 Gave forth the summons, and the throng began.
 When all were gather'd, and th' assembly full,

He grasp'd his lance, and, setting forth, repair'd,
 Himself, to council; nor alone he went,
 But follow'd by his hounds, a faithful pair.
 O'er all his form Minerva largely shed
 Majestic grace divine, and, as he mov'd,
 The gazing crowd his princely port admir'd.
 The seniors gave him place, and down he sat
 On his paternal throne. Then grave arose
 The hero, old Ægyptius; bow'd with age
 Was he, and by experience deep-inform'd*.
 His son had with Ulysses, godlike chief,
 On board his fleet to distant Ilium gone,
 The warrior Antiphus, whom in his cave
 The savage Cyclops slew, and on his flesh
 At ev'ning made obscene his last regale.
 Three sons he had beside, a suitor one,
 Eurynomus; whose brothers, day by day,
 Both serv'd their ancient father in his fields.
 Yet he forgat not, father as he was

* Eustathius remarks it as a symptom, that the poet himself was also an orator, and knew how difficult a young man must find it to open a debate by speaking first in the presence of more experienced persons, that he consigns that part of the business to Ægyptius, a speaker of long practice, who by interrogating the assembly gives Telemachus an opportunity to answer; an easier task than to introduce the subject with nothing to lead to it. The young prince has the same advantage afforded him in the third book, where Nestor prepares the way for him by an inquiry concerning the cause of his voyage.—C.

Of these, his absent eldest, whom he mourn'd
Ceaseless, and thus his speech, with tears, began :

Hear me, ye men of Ithaca, my friends !
Nor council here nor session hath been held,
Since great Ulysses left his native shore.
Who now convenes us ? what especial need
Hath urg'd him, whether of our youth he be,
Or of our senators by age matur'd ?
Have tidings reach'd him of our host's return,
Which here he would divulge ? or brings he aught
Of public import on a diff'rent theme ?
I deem him, whosoe'er he be, a man
Worthy to prosper, and may Jove vouchsafe
A blessing on the purpose of his heart !

He ended, and Telemachus rejoic'd
In that good omen. Ardent to begin,
He sat not long, but, moving to the midst,
Receiv'd the sceptre from Pisenor's hand,
His prudent herald, and addressing, next,
The hoary chief Ægyptius, thus replied :

Not far remote, as thou shalt soon thyself
Perceive, O venerable chief ! he stands,
Who hath conven'd this council. I am he.
I am in chief the suff'rer. Tidings none
Of the returning host I have receiv'd,
Which here I would divulge ; nor bring I aught

Of public import on a different theme,
But my own trouble, on my own house fall'n,
And twofold fall'n. One is, that I have lost
A noble father, who, as fathers rule
Benign their children, govern'd once yourselves ;
The other, and the more alarming ill,
With ruin threatens my whole house, and all
My patrimony with immediate waste.
Suitors (their children who in this our isle
Hold highest rank), importunate besiege
My mother, though desirous not to wed,
Dare not solicit, in that cause, her sire
Icarius, who might give his daughter dow'r,
And portion her to whom he most approves
(A course which, only nam'd, moves their disgust),
But rather choose, intruding here, to slay
My sheep, and beeves, and fatted goats, and drink
My sable wine—waste hard to be sustain'd.
For I have no Ulysses to relieve
Me and my family from this abuse.
Ourselves are not sufficient ; we, alas !
Too feeble should be found, and yet to learn
How best to use the little force we own ;
Else, had I pow'r, I would, myself, redress
The evil ; for it now surpasses far
All suff'rance, now they ravage uncontroll'd,

Nor show of decency vouchsafe me more.
 Resent, yourselves, this outrage; dread the blame,
 Which else ye must incur from ev'ry state
 Around us, and the anger of the Gods,
 Lest they impute these impious deeds to you*.
 I next adjure you by Olympian Jove,
 By Themis, who convenes and who dissolves
 All councils †, that ye interpose, my friends!
 To check them, and afford to my distress
 A solitary and a silent home.
 But if Ulysses, my illustrious sire,
 Hath injur'd any noble Grecian here,
 Whose wrongs ye purpose to avenge on me,
 Then aid them openly; for better far
 Were my condition, if yourselves consum'd
 My revenue ‡; ye should compensate soon
 My suff'rings at *your* hands; for my complaints

* The reader is to be reminded, that this is not an assembly of the suitors only, but a general one, which affords Telemachus an opportunity to apply himself to the feelings of the Ithacans at large.

† It is said by some to have been customary with the ancients, to introduce the image of Themis into all their public assemblies,—C. as the representative of peace and justice.

‡ The word *revenue* is very nearly a literal translation of the original word *πρόξασιν*, which Barnes, and Clarke after him, render by the word *proventus*. This seems the better sense of it, though there are others who understand it to signify *movables*, especially such things as are *self-moved*, sheep, oxen, &c.

Should rouse all Ithaca to my redress,
 Nor cease, till I were satisfied for all;
 But now, conniving at the wrong, ye pierce
 My soul with anguish not to be endur'd.

He spake impassion'd, and to earth cast down
 His sceptre weeping. Pity at that sight
 Seiz'd all the people; mute the assembly sat
 Long time, none dar'd with answer rough to greet
 Telemachus, till of them all, at last,
 Antinoüs, sole arising, thus replied :

Telemachus, intemp'rate in harangue,
 High-sounding orator! it is thy drift,
 To make us odious all; but the offence
 Lies not with us the suitors; she alone,
 Thy mother, who in subtlety excels,
 And deep-wrought subterfuge, deserves the blame.
 Three years entire, and, now, well-nigh a fourth,
 She hath beguil'd with her delusive arts
 The Grecians; message after message sent
 Brings hope to each, by turns, and promise fair;
 But she, mean-time, far otherwise intends.
 Her other arts exhausted all, she fram'd
 This stratagem; a web of amplest size
 And subtlest woof beginning, thus she spake* :

* The web she began was of the largest dimensions and of the finest texture, because a work of that kind proceeding slowly, both

Princes, my suitors ! since the noble chief
 Ulysses is no more, press not as yet
 My nuptials, wait till I shall finish, first,
 A fun'ral robe (lest all my threads decay)
 Which for the ancient hero I prepare,
 Laertes, looking for the mournful hour,
 When Fate shall snatch him to eternal rest ;
 Else I the censure dread of all my sex,
 Should he, so wealthy, want at last a shroud.
 So spake the queen, and unsuspecting we
 With her request complied. Thenceforth all day
 She wove the ample web, and by the aid
 Of torches ravell'd it again at night.
 Three years by such contrivance she deceiv'd
 The Grecians; but when (three whole years elaps'd)
 The fourth arriv'd, then, conscious of the fraud,
 A damsel of her train told all the truth,
 And we surpris'd her marring all her work.
 Thus, through necessity she hath, at length,
 Perform'd the task, and in her own despite.
 Therefore, to satisfy not thee alone,
 But all men here assembled, we reply:
 Dismiss thy mother with a charge to wed

on account of the size and the difficulty with which it would be performed, the suitors would the less wonder at the time it cost to accomplish it.—C.

Whom most Icarius and herself approve.
 But should she still torment us with delay,
 Studious alone to merit praise for arts
 By Pallas giv'n her largely ; matchless skill
 To weave the splendid web ; sagacious thought ;
 And shrewdness, such as never fame ascrib'd
 To any beauteous Greek of ancient days,
 Tyro, Mycene, or Alcmena lov'd
 By Jove himself, all whom th' accomplish'd queen
 Transcends in knowledge, ignorant alone
 That, woo'd long time, she should at last be won.
 Then know, that while the Gods with adverse sway
 Thus warp her judgement, ev'ry suitor still
 Shall banquet at thy cost. A glorious name
 She to herself ensures, but equal wo
 And devastation of thy wealth to thee ;
 For neither to our proper works at home
 Go we, of that be sure, nor yet elsewhere,
 Till him she wed, to whom she most inclines*.

Then prudent thus Telamachus replied :
 Antinoüs ! to thrust the mother forth,

* Some have understood that Antilochus, in this close of his speech, produced a prophecy without intending it, because the suitors in fact did not depart till Ulysses came, the only person of her choice, and slew them. But Clarke judges, and seemingly with good reason, that the interpretation is a mere subtlety and of no value ; though Madame Dacier approves it.

Who gave me birth and rear'd me, were a deed
 Unnat'ral and impossible to me.
 Alive or dead, my sire is far remote,
 And should I, voluntary, hence dismiss
 My mother to Icarius, I must much
 Refund, which hardship were and loss to me*.
 So doing, I should also wrath incur
 From my offended sire, and from the Gods
 Still more ; for she, departing, would invoke
 Erynnis to avenge her, and reproach
 Beside would follow me from all mankind.
 That word I, therefore, never will pronounce.
 No, if ye judge your treatment at her hands
 Injurious to you, go ye forth yourselves,
 Forsake my mansion ; seek where else ye may
 Your feasts ; consume your own ; alternate feed
 Each at the other's cost. But if it seem
 Wisest in your account and best to eat
 Voraciously the patrimonial goods
 Of one man, rend'ring no account of all,
 Bite to the roots ; but know that I will cry

* The commentators are here divided in opinion, doubting whether Telemachus means to say that, *if he sends away his mother, he must refund her dower to Icarius*, or, *if he sends her to Icarius, he must incur great evil*.—B. & C. The words will bear either sense, according to their punctuation, but Dacier and Clarke both give the preference to that in which the passage is here rendered.

Ceaseless to the eternal Gods, in hope
 That Jove, in retribution of the wrong,
 Shall doom you, where ye have intruded, there
 To bleed, and of your blood ask no account.

So spake Telemachus, and while he spake,
 The Thund'rer from a lofty mountain-top
 Turn'd off two eagles; on the winds, awhile,
 With outspread pinions ample side by side
 They floated; but, erelong, hov'ring aloft,
 Right o'er the midst of the assembled chiefs
 They wheel'd around, clang'd all their num'rous
 plumes,

And eyeing with a downward look the throng,
 Death boded, ominous; then rending each
 The other's face and neck, they sprang at once
 Toward the right, and darted through the town*.
 Amazement universal, at that sight,
 Seiz'd the assembly, and with anxious thought
 Each scann'd the future; amidst whom arose
 The hero Helitherses, ancient seer,
 Offspring of Mastor; for in judgement he
 Of portents augural, and in forecast
 Unerring, his coevals all excell'd,

* Not the faces and necks of the suitors, as some have very absurdly imagined, but each other's, for an unanswerable reason, which the learned reader will find in Clarke.

And prudent thus the multitude bespake :

Hear, all ye men of Ithaca ! but hear
Ye suitors chiefly, for I speak of woes
Tremendous, by the Gods prepar'd for you.
Ulysses shall not from his friends henceforth
Live absent long, but, hasting to his home,
Comes even now, and as he comes, designs
A bloody death for these, whose bitter woes
No few shall share, inhabitants with us
Of pleasant Ithaca ; but let us frame
Effectual means, maturely to suppress
Their violent deeds, or rather let themselves
Repentant cease ; and soonest shall be best.
Not inexpert, but well-inform'd I speak
The future, and the accomplishment announce
Of all which, when Ulysses with the Greeks
Embark'd for Troy, I to himself foretold.
I said that, after many woes, and loss
Of all his people, in the twentieth year,
Unknown to all, he should regain his home,
And my prediction shall be now fulfill'd.

Him then Eurymachus thus answer'd rough,
The son of Polybus : Hence, dotard ! Hence
To thy own house ; there prophesying, warn
Thy children of calamities to come.
Birds num'rous flutter in the beams of day,

Not all predictive. Death far hence remote
Hath found Ulysses, and I would to Heav'n,
That, where he died, thyself had perish'd too.
Then hadst thou not with these prophetic strains
O'erwhelm'd us, nor Telemachus impell'd,
Already thus incens'd, in hope to win,
Perchance, for thine some favour at his hands.
But I to *thee* foretell, skill'd as thou art
In legends old (nor shall my threat be vain),
That if by artifice thou move to wrath
A younger than thyself, no matter whom,
Thou shalt but plunge him deeper, in his cause
Much enterprising, and performing nought,
And we will charge thyself with such a fine
As thou shalt pay with difficulty, and bear
The burden of it with an aching heart.
As for Telemachus, I him advise,
Myself, and press the measure on his choice
Earnestly, that he send his mother hence
To her own father's house, who shall, himself,
Set forth her nuptial rites, and shall endow
His daughter sumptuously, and as he ought.
For this expensive wooing, as I judge,
Till then shall never cease; since we regard
No man—no—not Telemachus, although

In words exub'rant ; neither fear we aught
Thy vain prognostics, venerable sir !
But only hate thee for their sake the more.
Waste will continue and disorder foul
Unremedied, so long as she shall hold
The suitors in suspense, for, day by day,
Our emulation goads us to the strife,
Nor shall we seek, departing hence, t' espouse
Each his own consort suitable elsewhere.

To whom, discreet, Telemachus replied :
Eurymachus, and ye the suitor train
Illustrious, I have spoken ; ye shall hear
No more this supplication urg'd by me.
The Gods, and all the Greeks, now know the truth.
But give me instantly a gallant bark
With twenty rowers, skill'd their course to win
To whatsoever haven : for I go
To sandy Pylus, and shall hasten thence
To Lacedemon, tidings to obtain
Of my long-absent sire, or from the lips
Of man, or by a word from Jove vouchsaf'd
Himself, best source of notice to mankind.
If, there inform'd that still my father lives,
I hope conceive of his return, although
Distress'd, I shall be patient yet a year.

But should I haply learn that he survives
No longer, then, returning, I will raise
At home his tomb, will with such pomp perform
His fun'ral rites, as his great name demands,
And give my mother's hand to whom I may.

This said he sat, and after him arose
Mentor, illustrious Ulysses' friend,
To whom, embarking thence, he had consign'd
All his concerns, that, under his discreet
And just control, his household might enjoy
Peace and security till his return.

Arising, thus the senior, sage, began:

Hear me, ye Ithacans! be never king
From this time forth, benevolent, humane,
Or righteous, but let every scepter'd hand
Rule merciless, and deal in wrong alone,
Since none of all his people, whom he sway'd
With such paternal gentleness and love,
Remembers the divine Ulysses more!
That the imperious suitors thus should weave
The web of mischief and atrocious wrong,
I grudge not; since at hazard of their heads
They make Ulysses' property a prey,
Persuaded that the hero comes no more.
But much the people move me: how ye sit

All mute, and, though a crowd oppos'd to few,
Check not the suitors with a single word!

Then thus Liocritus, Evenor's son :
Injurious Mentor! headlong orator!
How dar'st thou move the populace against
The suitors? Trust me they should find it hard,
Numerous as they are, to cope with us,
A feast the prize. Or should the king himself
Of Ithaca, returning, undertake
T' expel the jovial suitors from his house,
Much as Penelope his absence mourns,
His' presence should afford her little joy ;
For fighting sole with many, he should meet
A dreadful death. Thou, therefore, speak'st amiss.
Mentor and Halytherses, from their youth
His father's chosen friends, shall furnish forth
Telemachus; but likelier far it seems,
That news should reach him here, than that himself
In search of news should reach the Pylia shore*.

Thus saying, Liocritus dissolved in haste

* The poet, it is observed by the scholiast, represents Antinoüs as a plain and artless speaker, Eurymachus as vehement and haughty, and Liocritus as a man of not many words, but daring and insolent, who not only expresses himself contemptuously when he mentions Ulysses, but breaks up the council abruptly though he had not convened it.—B. & C. Eustathius makes the same observation.—C.

The council, and the scatt' red concourse sought
Their sev'ral homes, while all the suitors flock'd
Thence to the palace of their absent king.

Mean-time Telemachus from all resort
Retiring, in the surf of the gray Deep
First lav'd his hands, then, thus to Pallas pray'd:

O Goddess! who wast yesterday a guest
Beneath my roof, and didst enjoin me then
A voyage o'er the sable Deep in quest
Of tidings of my long-regretted Sire!
Behold! the Greeks, but, most of all, the proud
Injurious suitors thwart the whole design.

Such pray'r he made, then Pallas, in the form,
And with the voice of Mentor, drawing nigh,
In accents wing'd, him kindly thus bespake:

Telemachus, thou shalt hereafter prove
Nor base, nor poor in talents. If, in truth,
Thou have receiv'd from Heav'n thy father's force
Instill'd into thee, and resemblest him
In promptness both of action and of speech,
Thy voyage shall not useless be, or vain.
But if Penelope produc'd thee not
His son, I hope not then a good effect
Of this design, which ardent thou pursu'st.
Few sons their fathers equal: most appear
Degen'rate; but we find, though rare, sometimes

A son superiour even to his sire*.
 And since thyself shalt neither base be found
 Nor spiritless, nor altogether void
 Of talents, such as in Ulysses shone,
 I therefore hope success of thy attempt.
 Heed not the suitors' projects ; neither wise
 Are they, nor just, nor aught suspect the doom,
 Which now approaches them, and in one day
 Shall overwhelm them all. No long suspense
 Shall hold thy purpos'd enterprise in doubt,
 Such help from me, of old thy father's friend,
 Thou shalt receive, who with a bark well-oar'd
 Will serve thee, and myself attend thee forth.
 But haste, join thou the suitors, and provide,
 In sep'rate vessels stow'd, all needful stores,
 Wine in thy jars, and flour, the strength of man,
 In skins close-seam'd. I will, mean-time, select
 Such as shall voluntary share thy toils.
 In sea-girt Ithaca new ships and old
 Abound, and I will choose, myself, for thee
 The prime of all, which without more delay

* The sentiment is justified by the opinion of many ancients. Ælius Spartianus in his life of the emperor Severus, says, "It is sufficiently known, that hardly any great man has left a son of much merit or use behind him."—*The sons of heroes are a nuisance*, was proverbial ; and Demosthenes observed, that *good and valuable men are so often succeeded by a race of triflers, that it seems the effect of some fatality.*—C.

We will launch out into the spacious Deep.

So Pallas, progeny of Jove ; nor long,
Thus greeted by the voice divine, delay'd
Telemachus, but to his palace went
Distress'd in heart. He found the suitors there
Goats flaying in the hall, and fatted swine
Roasted ; when with a laugh Antinoüs flew
To meet him, fasten'd on his hand, and said :

Telemachus, in eloquence sublime,
And of a spirit not to be controll'd !
Give harbour in thy breast on no account
To after-grudge or enmity, but eat
Rather with cheerfulness as thou art wont,
And freely drink, committing all thy cares
To the Achaians, who shall furnish forth
A gallant ship and chosen crew for thee,
That thou mayst hence to Pylus with all speed
Tidings to learn of thy illustrious sire.

To whom Telemachus, discreet, replied :
Antinoüs ! I have no heart to feast
With guests so insolent, nor can indulge
The pleasures of a mind at ease, with you.
May it not well suffice you to have us'd
My noble patrimony as your own,
While I was yet a child ? now, grown mature,
And competent to understand the speech

Of my instructors, feeling, too, a mind
 Within me conscious of augmented pow'rs,
 I will attempt your ruin, be assur'd,
 Whether at Pylus, or continuing here.
 I go, indeed (nor shall my voyage prove
 Of which I speak, a fruitless one), I go
 An humble passenger, who neither bark
 Nor rowers have to boast my own, denied
 That honour (so ye judg'd it best) by you.

He said, and from Antinoüs' hand his own
 Drew softly. Then their delicate repast
 The busy suitors on all sides prepar'd,
 Still taunting as they toil'd, and with sharp speech
 Sarcastic wantoning, of whom a youth
 Arrogant as his fellows, thus began :

Our doom is fix'd, and we must all be slain.
 Either Telemachus will aids procure
 From sandy Pylus, or will bring them arm'd
 From Sparta ; such is his tremendous drift.
 Even to fruitful Ephyre, perchance,
 He will proceed, seeking some baneful herb,
 Which, cast into our cup, shall drug us all*.

* It is as plain in the original as in the translation, that the suitors speak ironically, though the scholiast, much to the astonishment of Clarke, understands them as expressing serious apprehensions, that Telemachus has framed some such project. It is indeed hardly possible, not to remark with how much labour the commentators sometimes misinterpret, especially when the true sense is obvious.

Another, in his turn, thus scoff'd aloud :
Who knows but that himself, while far remote
From all his friends he roams the dreary Deep,
May perish like Ulysses? Whence to us
Should double toil ensue, on whom the charge
To parcel out his wealth would then devolve,
And to endow his mother with the house
For his abode, whom she should chance to wed.

So sported they ; but he, ascending, sought
His father's chamber, where his brass, and gold,
And raiment in capacious chests he kept,
And oils of fragrant scent, a copious store.
There many a cask with season'd nectar fill'd,
The grape's pure juice divine, beside the wall
Stood waiting, orderly arrang'd, the hour
(Should e'er such hour arrive) when, after woes
Num'rous, Ulysses should regain his home.
Secure that chamber was with folding doors
Of massy planks compact, and, night and day,
Within it ancient Euryclea dwelt,
Guardian discreet of all the treasures there,
Whom, thither call'd, Telemachus address'd :

Nurse ! draw me forth sweet wine into my jars
Delicious next to that which thou reserv'st
For our poor wand'rer ; if, escaping death
At last, divine Ulysses e'er return.

Fill twelve, and stop them close ; pour also meal
 Well-mill'd (full twenty measures) into skins
 Close-seam'd, and mention what thou dost to none*.
 Place them together ; for at even-tide,
 Soon as the queen, retiring to her couch,
 Shall seek repose, I will bestow them all
 On board a bark ; for to the Pylian shore
 And Spartan, there to gather, if I may,
 Some hopes that still Ulysses lives, I go.

He ended, and in accents shrill, that spoke
 Her tender fears, his gentle nurse exclaim'd :

My child ! ah, wherefore hath a thought so rash
 Possess'd thee ? whither, only and belov'd,
 Seek'st thou to ramble, travelling, alas !
 To distant climes ? Ulysses is no more ;
 Dead lies the hero in some land unknown,
 And thou no sooner shalt depart, than these
 Will plot to slay thee, and divide thy wealth.
 No, stay with us who love thee. Need is none,
 That thou shouldst on the barren Deep distress
 Encounter, roaming without hope or end †.

* The scholiast tells us, that the ancients kept their flour in skins, and not in sacks, which were a subsequent invention, and applied the word measure both to wet and dry.—B. & C.

† She speaks of the death of Ulysses as a certainty, the more effectually to deter Telemachus from his voyage, though it is plain, that she did not in reality consider it as such, since she kept for him with so much care the very best of all the wines intrusted to her.—C.

Whom, prudent, thus answer'd Telemachus:
 Take courage, nurse! for not without consent
 Of the Immortals I have thus resolv'd.
 But swear, that till eleven days be past,
 Or twelve, or till, inquiry made, she learn
 Herself my going, thou wilt nought impart
 Of this my purpose to my mother's ear,
 Lest all her beauties fade, by grief impair'd.

He ended, and the ancient matron swore*
 Solemnly by the Gods; which done, she fill'd
 With wine the vessels, and the skins with meal,
 And he returning join'd the throng below.

Then Pallas, Goddess azure-ey'd, her thoughts
 Elsewhere directing, all the city rang'd
 In semblance of Telemachus, each man
 Exhorting, at the dusk of eve, to seek
 The gallant ship, and from Noëmon, son
 Renown'd of Phronius, ask'd, herself, a bark,
 Which, soon as ask'd, he promis'd to supply†.

* The word *swear* serves us for oaths of both kinds, both negative and affirmative; but the Greeks had words to distinguish them; *ἐπομύναται* signifying to swear, that a thing *shall be done*, *ἀπομύναται*, that it *shall not*.—C. The latter is the word used here.

† Both Eustathius and the scholiast understand here a secret meaning, and consider the exhortations given by Minerva in the form of Telemachus as an allegorical way of saying, that the Ithacans, being much impressed and affected with the remembrance of what

Now set the sun, and twilight dimm'd the ways,
When, drawing down his bark into the Deep,
He gave her all her furniture, oars, arms,
And tackle, such as well-built galleys bear,
Then moor'd her in the bottom of the bay.
Mean-time his mariners in haste repair'd
Down to the shore, for Pallas urg'd them on.
And now, on other purposes intent,
The goddess sought the palace, where with dews
Of slumber drenching ev'ry suitor's eye,
She fool'd the drunkard multitude, and dash'd
The goblets from their idle hands away.
They through the city reel'd, all glad to leave
The dull carousal, when the slumb'rous weight
Oppressive on their eyelids once had fall'n.
Next Pallas azure-ey'd, in Mentor's form,
And with the voice of Mentor, summoning
Telemachus abroad, him thus bespake :

Telemachus! already at their oars
Sit all thy fellow-voyagers, and wait
Thy coming; linger not, but haste away.

had passed in council, seeming still to have the figure of Telemachus before their eyes, and convinced that he had required only what was reasonable and just, though they accounted it too dangerous an enterprise to engage publicly on his side, had yet no unwillingness to accommodate him with a ship, or even to furnish him from among themselves with mariners.—B. & C.

This said, Minerva led him thence, whom he
 With nimble steps pursu'd, and, on the shore
 Arriv'd, found all his mariners prepar'd,
 Whom thus the princely voyager address'd :

Haste ye, my friends ! and from the palace bring
 The stores, which all stand ready ; but the queen
 Of this my purpos'd voyage nothing knows,
 Nor the queen's women aught, save one alone.

He spake, and led them ; they, obedient, brought
 All down, and, as Ulysses' son enjoin'd,
 Within the gallant bark the charge bestow'd.'

Then, led by Pallas, went the prince on board,
 Where down they sat, the Goddess in the stern,
 And at her side Telemachus. The crew
 Cast loose the hawsers, and, embarking, fill'd
 The benches. Blue-ey'd Pallas from the west
 Call'd forth propitious breezes ; fresh they curl'd
 The sable deep, and, sounding, swept the waves.
 He, loud-exhorting them, his people bade
 Hand brisk the tackle ; they obedient rear'd
 The pine-tree mast, which in its socket deep
 They lodg'd, then strain'd the cordage, and with
 thongs
 Well-twisted, drew the shining sail aloft.
 A land-breeze fill'd the canvass, and the flood
 Roar'd as she went against the steady bark,

That ran with even course her liquid way.
 The rigging thus of all the galley set,
 Their beakers crowning high with wine, they hail'd
 The ever-living Gods, but above all
 Minerva, daughter azure-ey'd of Jove.
 Thus, all night long the galley, and till dawn
 Had brighten'd into day, cleav'd swift the flood*.

* Scaliger comparing the two lines of Homer

Ἐπρησεν δ' ἄνεμος μέσον ἰσίων· ἀμφὶ δὲ κῦμα
 Στεῖρη πορφύρεον μεγάλ' ἴαχε, νηὸς ἰέσης·

with the following two of Virgil

Tendant vela Noti; fugimus spumantibus undis,
 Qua cursum ventusque gubernatorque vocabant,

is enraptured with the last of Virgil's, and for the sake of it gives him the preference. But, as Clarke justly observes, the learned critic forgot himself a little, for the line that charms him to such a degree is almost a literal version of a line found in the eleventh book of the Odyssey.

—Τὴν δ' ἄνεμός τε κυβερνήτης τ' ἴθυεν.

ARGUMENT OF THE THIRD BOOK.

Telemachus, arriving at Pylus, inquires of Nestor concerning Ulysses. Nestor relates to him all that he knows or has heard of the Grecians since their departure from Troy, but, not being able to give him any satisfactory account of Ulysses, refers him to Menelaus. At evening Minerva quits Telemachus, but discovers herself in going. Nestor sacrifices to the Goddess, and, the solemnity ended, Telemachus sets forth for Sparta in one of Nestor's chariots, and accompanied by Nestor's son Pisistratus.

BOOK III.

THE sun, emerging from the lucid waves,
 Ascended now the brazen vault with light
 For the inhabitants of Earth and Heav'n,
 When in their bark at Pylus they arriv'd,
 City of Neleus. On the shore they found
 The people sacrificing; bulls they slew
 Black without spot to Neptune azure-hair'd*.

* On the southern side of Pylus stood a town called Lepreos, at the distance of forty stadia from the sea. In the midway between Lepreos and Annios stood the temple of Samian Neptune, distant a hundred stadia from each. At that temple it was, that Telemachus found the Pylians performing sacrifice.—C.

On ranges nine of seats they sat ; each range
 Receiv'd five hundred, and to each they made
 Allotment equal of nine sable bulls *.

The feast was now begun ; these tasting † sat
 The entrails, those stood off'ring to the God
 The thighs, his portion, when the Ithacans
 Push'd right ashore, and, furling close the sails,
 And making fast their moorings, disembark'd.

Forth came Telemachus by Pallas led,
 Whom thus the Goddess azure-ey'd address'd :

Telemachus ! there is no longer room
 For bashful fear, since thou hast cross'd the flood,
 With purpose to inquire what land conceals
 Thy father, and what fate hath follow'd him.
 Advance at once to the equestrian chief,
 Nestor, within whose bosom lies, perhaps,
 Advice well worthy of thy search ; entreat
 An answer at his lips sincere and true,
 Who will not lie, for he is passing wise.

To whom Telemachus discreet replied :
 Ah Mentor ! how can I advance, how greet

* In Pylus were nine cities, and each city had a seat or bench appropriated to it.—B. & C.

† They are said to *taste* them only, because they were a great multitude, and the entrails would not afford more than a taste for each.—C.

A chief like him, unpractis'd as I am
In manag'd phrase? Shame bids the youth beware,
How he accosts the man of many years.

But thus the blue-ey'd Goddess in return:
Telemachus! Thou wilt, in part, thyself
Fit speech devise, and Heav'n will give the rest;
For thou wast neither born, nor hast been train'd
To manhood, under unpropitious Pow'rs.

So saying, Minerva led him thence, whom he
With nimble steps attending, soon arriv'd
Among the multitude. There Nestor sat,
And Nestor's sons, while, busily the feast
Tending, his num'rous followers roasted, some,
The viands, some transfix'd them with the spits.
They, seeing guests arriv'd, together all
Advanc'd, and, grasping courteously their hands,
Invited them to sit; but first, the son
Of Nestor, young Pisistratus, approach'd,
Who, fast'ning on the hands of both, beside
The banquet plac'd them, where the beach was spread
With fleeces, and where Thrasymedes sat,
His brother, and the hoary chief his sire.
To each a portion of the inner parts
He gave, then fill'd a golden cup with wine,
Which, tasted first, he to the daughter bore

Of Jove the Thund'rer, and her thus bespake :

Now, stranger ! worship Neptune ; for the feast,
As it hath chanc'd, which ye arrive to share
Is sacred to the Sov'reign of the waves ;
Libation therefore, first, thyself perform,
And supplication, as thy duty bids,
Then give the goblet of delicious wine
To this thy fellow-voyager, that he
Pour forth libation also ; for I deem
Him wont to pray ; since all of ev'ry land
Need succour from the Gods. But he is young ;
Coeval with myself ; and, for that cause,
I shall present the goblet first to thee.

He ceas'd, and to her hand consign'd the cup,
Which Pallas gladly from a youth receiv'd
So just and wise, who to herself had first
The golden cup presented *. Then she pray'd,
And thus the Sov'reign of the Seas ador'd :

Hear, earth-encircler Neptune ! O vouchsafe

* Plutarch observes, that Minerva rejoices in Pisistratus neither because he is rich, nor because he is beautiful, nor because he is strong, but because he is prudent and judicious. The same joy is expressed in the Pythian Oracle cited by Barnes.

Εὐσεβέειν δὲ βροτοῖς γάνυμαι τόσον, ὅσον Ὀλύμπῳ.—C.
Heav'n is not more my joy than pious men.

To us thy suppliants the desir'd effect
 Of this our voyage; glory first bestow
 On Nestor and his offspring both, then grant
 To all the Pyliaus such a gracious boon,
 As shall requite their noble off'ring well.
 Grant also to Telemachus and me
 To voyage hence possess'd of what we sought,
 When hither in our sable bark we came.

So Pallas pray'd, and her own pray'r herself
 Accomplish'd. To Telemachus she gave
 The splendid goblet next, and in his turn
 His pray'r Ulysses' offspring also made.
 And now (the banquet from the spits withdrawn)
 They next distributed sufficient share
 To each, and all were sumptuously regal'd.
 At length (both hunger satisfied and thirst)
 Thus Nestor, the Gerenian chief, began :

Now with more seemliness we may inquire,
 After repast, what guests we have receiv'd.
 Our guests! who are ye? Whence have ye the waves
 Plough'd hither? Come ye to transact concerns
 Commercial, or at random roam the deep
 Like pirates, who, with mischief charg'd and wo
 To foreign states, oft hazard life themselves*?

* The ancients, it is observed by the scholiast, accounted piracy no dishonourable occupation.—B. & C. And Thucydides says, The

Him answer'd, bolder now, but still discreet,
 Telemachus. For Pallas had his heart
 With manly courage arm'd, that he might ask
 From Nestor tidings of his absent sire,
 And win, himself, distinction and renown.

O Nestor, Neleus' son, glory of Greece!
 Thou askest whence we are. I tell thee whence.
 From Ithaca, by the umbrageous woods
 Of Neritus o'erhung, by private need,
 Not public, urg'd we come. Desire to learn
 The mighty deeds of my illustrious sire,
 Ulysses, if I may, me prompted forth;
 For Fame reports him, by thy prudent aid,
 Long since the conqu'ror of imperial Troy.
 Full well we know, where all besides, who fought

Grecians formerly, and the Barbarians also, as well those who inhabited the shores of the continent as the islanders, soon as they became sufficiently skilled in navigation to pass over to each other, inclined to piracy, and were conducted in their expeditions of that sort by the principal men of their country, animated by a desire to enrich themselves, and to procure sustenance for the weaker. They invaded the inhabitants of unwall'd cities and villages, and plundered them, and subsisted chiefly by such acts of rapine, accounting them by no means disgraceful, but rather honourable. To this very day there are some who dwell on the continent of the same opinion; and in the works of the ancient poets mariners are universally asked—if they are pirates? the inquirer accounting it no uncivil question, and the answerer never resenting it.—C.

At Ilium found a miserable end,
But of Ulysses' fate Saturnian Jove
Denies us knowledge ; for inquiry gains
No clear report from any, where he died,
If on the continent in battle slain,
Or overwhelm'd by billows of the Deep.
Now, therefore, whether thou beheld'st, thyself,
Ulysses' death, or at some wand'rer's lips
Hast learn'd it, suppliant at thy knees I beg
The sad recital ; for no common woes
Were his allotted portion from the womb.
Neither through pity, or o'erstrain'd respect
Flatter me, but explicit all relate
Which thou hast witness'd. If my noble sire
E'er gratified thee by performance just
Of word or deed at Ilium, where ye fell
So num'rous slain in fight, O, recollect
Now his fidelity, and tell me true.

Then Nestor thus, Gerenian hero old :
Young friend ! since thou remind'st me, by thy suit
Of all the woes, which on those hostile shores
We Grecians with such fortitude endur'd,
Both when, in quest of spoil, we roam'd the deep,
Achilles leading us, and in the siege
Of Priam's royal city, learn the truth—
Then all the chief Achaians bled and died.

There warlike Ajax lies, there Peleus' son ;
 There too Patroclus, like the Gods themselves
 In council, and my son beloved there,
 Brave, virtuous, swift of foot, and bold in fight,
 Antilochus. Nor are these sorrows all ;
 What tongue of mortal man could all relate ?
 Shouldst thou, abiding here, five years employ
 Or six, inquiring of the woes endur'd
 By the Achaians, ere thou shouldst have learn'd
 All, thou wouldst leave us, weary of the tale.
 For stratagems of ev'ry kind nine years
 We fram'd against them, and Saturnian Jove
 Scarce crown'd the difficult attempt at last*.
 There, no competitor in wiles well plann'd
 Ulysses found, so far were all surpass'd
 In shrewd invention by thy noble sire,
 If thou indeed art his, as sure thou art,
 Whose sight breeds wonder in me, and thy speech
 His speech resembles more than might be deem'd
 Within the scope of years so green as thine.
 There, never in opinion, or in voice
 Illustrious Ulysses and myself

* Longinus has observed, that Homer, introducing into his *Odyssey* a variety of facts subsequent to the conclusion of the *Iliad*, as so many episodes arising out of the war of Troy and its consequences, has rendered it a sort of epilogue to that poem, of which it may with the strictest propriety be termed a second part.—C.

Divided were, but, one in heart, contriv'd
 As best we might, the benefit of all*.
 But when, Troy's lofty tow'rs in ashes laid,
 We thence embark'd, and, by the will of Heav'n,
 With disunited minds, then Jove ordain'd
 Our sorrowful return; for neither wise
 Were all, nor righteous, therefore many found
 A fate disastrous through the vengeful ire
 Of Jove-born Pallas, who between the sons
 Of Atreus sharp contention interpos'd †.
 They, unadvisedly, nor less against
 Just order, summoning by night ‡ the Greeks

* It is a remark of Eustathius, that Nestor, having first ascribed to Ulysses the honour of surpassing all the Greeks in subtlety and ingenuity of contrivance, and following this praise of him with an assertion, that they never differed in opinion, compliments, by implication, himself, as much as the hero he celebrates.—C.

† The wrath of Pallas was occasioned, as I believe has been already noted, by the rape which Ajax the Locrian perpetrated on Cassandra in the temple of that Goddess; and she avenged it on all the Grecians, because, permitting the offender to go unpunished, they had all alike connived at the enormity.—B. & C.

‡ Spondanus observes, that councils were regularly convened in the morning, and that the poet therefore condemns this, because it was convened at night.—C. But Eustathius, with whom Clarke agrees, is of a different opinion, and alleges, that many of Homer's councils, as well as others mentioned by historians, were held, and very properly too, at as late an hour; and that the fault therefore was not, that they met at an undue season, but that they met in a state of intoxication. But though it might be lawful in a case of emergency,

To council, of whom many came with wine
 Oppress'd, promulgated the cause, for which
 They had conven'd the people. Then it was,
 That Menelaus bade the general host
 Their thoughts bend homeward o'er the sacred Deep,
 Which Agamemnon in no sort approv'd.
 His counsel was to stay them yet at Troy,
 That so he might assuage the dreadful wrath
 Of Pallas first by sacrifice and pray'r.
 Vain hope! he little thought how ill should speed
 That fond attempt; for, once provok'd, the Gods
 Are not with ease conciliated again.
 Thus stood the brothers, altercation hot
 Maintaining, till at length, uprose the Greeks
 With deaf'ning clamours, and with diff'ring minds.
 We slept the night, but teeming with disgust
 Mutual, for Jove great wo prepar'd for all.
 At dawn of day we drew our galleys down
 Into the sea, and hasty put on board
 The spoils and female captives. Half the host

to assemble in the evening, or even in the night, may not the poet censure them for having done it on this occasion, when, for aught that appears, there was no emergency to justify it? If it were lawful to differ from two such authorities, I should not hesitate to say, that Spondanus is in the right. In time of battle commanders may be supposed sober at any hour, but not in an evening when there is no enemy to disturb them.

With Agamemnon, son of Atreus, chief
Comman'der, tarried, and, embarking, half
Push'd forth. Swift course we made, for God before
Our gallant barks made smooth the monstrous Deep.
At Tenedos arriv'd, we there perform'd
Oblation to the Gods, ardent to reach
Our native land; but unpropitious Jove,
Not yet designing our arrival there,
Involv'd us in dissension yet again.
For all the crews attendant on the king,
Thy noble sire, to gratify our chief,
The son of Atreus, chose a diff'rent course,
And steer'd their oary barks again to Troy.
But I, assur'd that evil from the Gods
Impended, gath'ring all my gallant fleet,
Fled thence in haste, and warlike Diomede,
Exhorting his attendants, also fled.
At length, the hero Menelaus join'd
Our fleets at Lesbos; there he found us held
In deep deliberation on the length
Of way before us, whether we should steer
Above the craggy Chios to the isle
Psyria, that island holding on our left,
Or under Chios by the wind-swept heights
Of Mimas. Then we ask'd from Jove a sign,
And by a sign vouchsaf'd he bade us cut

The wide sea to Eubœa sheer athwart,
 So soonest to escape the threat'ned harm.
 Shrill sang the rising gale, and with swift prows
 Cleaving the fishy flood, we reach'd by night
 Geræstus; where arriv'd, we burn'd the thighs
 Of num'rous bulls to Neptune, who had safe
 Conducted us through all our perilous course.
 The fleet of Diomedè in safety moor'd
 On the fourth day at Argos; but myself
 Held on my course to Pylus, nor the wind
 One moment thwarted us, or died away,
 When Jove had once commanded it to blow*.

Thus, uninform'd, I have arriv'd, my son!
 Nor of the Grecians, who are sav'd have heard,
 Or who have perish'd; but what news so'er
 I have obtain'd since my return, with truth
 I will relate, nor aught conceal from thee.

The warlike Myrmidons, as rumour speaks,
 By Neoptolemus, illustrious son
 Of brave Achilles led, have safe arriv'd;

* Lesbos was a Trojan island, in which were five cities—Pyrrha, Eressus, Mitylene, Methymna, and Antissa. Chios lay between Psyriæ and Mimas. Psyria was a small narrow island at no great distance from Chios, and had a harbour, where ships that had suffered in the Ægean sea took shelter. Mimas was a promontory opposite to Chios, which had its name from Mimas, one of the giants; and Geræstus was a port of Eubœa.—B. & C.

Safe Philoctetes also, son renown'd
Of Pæas; and Idomeneus at Crete
Hath landed all his foll'wers, who survive
The bloody war; the waves have swallow'd none.
Ye have yourselves doubtless, although remote,
Of Agamemnon heard, how he return'd,
And how Ægisthus cruelly contriv'd
For him a bloody welcome, but himself
Hath with his own life paid the murd'rous deed.
Good therefore is it, when, the father slain,
A son survives him; since, although a youth,
Orestes hath aveng'd his glorious sire,
Slaying Ægisthus, by whose arts he died.
And thou, my youthful friend, whose form robust
And fair proportions with delight I view,
Be thou brave also, that renown like his
Thou mayst acquire with ages yet to come.

To whom Telemachus, discreet, replied:
O Nestor! Neleus' son! The pride of Greece!
And righteous was that vengeance; *his* renown
Achaia's sons shall far and wide diffuse,
To future times transmitting it in song.
Ah! would that such ability the Gods
Would grant to me, that I, as well, the deeds
Might punish of our suitors, whose excess
Enormous, and whose bitter taunts I feel

Continual, object of their subtle hate.
But not for me such happiness the Gods
Have twin'd into my thread; no, not for me
Or for my father. Patience is our part.

To whom Gerenian Nestor thus replied:
Young friend! (since thou remind'st me of that theme)
Fame here reports, that num'rous suitors haunt
Thy palace for thy mother's sake, and there
Much evil perpetrate in thy despite.
But say, endur'st thou willingly their acts
Imperious, or because the people, sway'd
By some response oracular, incline
Against thee? But who knows? the time may come,
When to his home restor'd, either alone,
Or aided by the force of all the Greeks,
Ulysses may avenge the wrong; at least
Would Pallas thee so favour, as of late
Ulysses in the fatal field of Troy
(For never such apparent aid I saw
Giv'n by the Gods, as to thy father there);
Would but the Goddess to thyself extend
Like fond solicitude, some few of those
Should dream, perchance, of wedlock never more.

Then answer thus Telemachus return'd:
O Nestor! never shall I see fulfill'd
That word of thine; it passes all belief,

All hope, and overwhelms me with amaze;
 No—were I conscious, that the Gods themselves
 Such good design'd me, I should yet despair.

But him the blue-ey'd Goddess thus reprov'd:
 Telemachus! what word was that which leap'd
 The iv'ry guard, that should have fenc'd it in*?
 A God, so willing, could with utmost ease
 Save any man, howe'er remote. Myself
 Far happier should esteem a late return
 After much sorrow, to my native home,
 Than to arrive there only to be slain,
 Like Agamemnon, whom his faithless wife
 And her adult'rer slew; but mortal man,
 Once seiz'd by Fate, must perish; nor the Gods
 Themselves can save him, love him as they may.

To whom Telemachus, discreet, replied:
 Howe'er it interest us, let us leave
 This question, Mentor! He, I am assur'd,
 Returns no more, but hath already found
 A sad, sad fate by the decree of Heav'n.
 But I would now interrogate again
 Nestor, and on a different theme, for him

* Ἐρνος ὀδόντων. Prior, alluding to this expression, ludicrously renders it,

“When words like these in vocal breath
 Burst from his twofold hedge of teeth.”

In human rights I judge, and laws expert,
 And in all knowledge beyond other men;
 For he hath govern'd, as report proclaims,
 Three generations; therefore in my eyes
 He wears the awful impress of a God.
 O Nestor, son of Neleus, tell me true;
 The means, the manner of Atrides' death—
 Relate them—Where, in that tremendous hour,
 Was Menelaus? By what cruel stroke
 Contriv'd Ægisthus, subtle as he was,
 To slay so much a nobler than himself?
 Had not the brother of the monarch reach'd
 Achaian Argos yet, but, wand'ring still
 In other climes, by his long absence gave
 Ægisthus courage for that bloody deed*?

Whom answer'd the Gerenian chief renown'd:
 My son! I will inform thee true; mean-time
 Thy own suspicions border on the fact.
 Had Menelaus, hero amber-hair'd,

* Eustathius, remarking on this passage, says, that you cannot gratify an old man more than by asking him many questions, even when you feel yourself but little interested in his answers; and Macrobius, making the same observation, quotes this passage in support of it, to which he adds another from Virgil, where Æneas, to flatter the ancient Evander's propensity to talk, is as inquisitive as Telemachus here.

————— singula lætus
 Exquirique, auditque virum monumenta priorum.—C.

Ægisthus found alive at his return
 From Ilium, never on *his* bones the Greeks
 Had heap'd a tomb, but dogs and rav'ning fowls
 Had torn him lying in the open field
 Far from the town, nor him had woman wept
 Of all in Greece, for heinous was his crime*.
 But we, in many an arduous task engag'd,
 Lay before Ilium; he, the while, secure
 Within the green retreats of Argos, found
 Occasion apt by flatt'ry to delude
 The spouse of Agamemnon; she at first
 (The royal Clytemnestra) firm refus'd
 The deed dishonourable (for she bore
 A virtuous mind, and at her side a bard
 Attended ever, whom the king, to Troy
 Departing, had appointed to the charge†).
 But when the Gods, that he might perish, form'd

* We learn from Xenophon, that the Athenians had a law among them, according to which no traitor, or person guilty of sacrilege once duly convicted, was allowed the rites of burial.—C.

† The poets of ancient times, says Athenæus, were not only esteemed as such, but as philosophers also. Therefore Agamemnon at his departure for Troy, intrusted his wife to the care of such a one whose office it was to inspire her with an ambition to excel in the performance of all female duties, and to divert her attention from trivial and criminal topics by strains of pleasant and instructive poetry. Nor could Ægisthus with all his seductive practices prevail to alienate Clytemnestra from the paths of virtue and honour, till he had first disposed of the bard by banishing him to a desert island.—C.

The snare which caught Ægisthus, he convey'd
The bard into a desert isle remote,
Where leaving him to rav'nous birds a prey,
The queen he led, not willing less than he,
To his own mansion. Num'rous thighs he burn'd
On all their hallow'd altars to the Gods,
And hung with tap'stry, images, and gold
Their shrines, his great exploit past hope achiev'd.
We (Menelaus and myself) had sail'd
From Troy together, but when we approach'd
Sunium, headland of th' Athenian shore,
There Phœbus, sudden, with his gentle shafts
Slew Menelaus' pilot, while he steer'd
The volant bark, Phrontis, Onetor's son,
A mariner past all expert, whom none
In steerage match'd, what time the tempest roar'd.
Here, therefore, Menelaus was detain'd,
Giving his friend due burial, and his rites
Funereal celebrating, though in haste
Still to proceed. But when, with all his fleet
The wide sea traversing, he reach'd at length
Malea's lofty foreland in his course,
Rough passage, then, and perilous he found.
Shrill blasts the Thund'rer pour'd into his sails,
And wild waves sent him mountainous. His ships
There scatter'd, some to the Cydonian coast

Of Crete he push'd, near where the Jordan flows.
 Beside the confines of Gortyna stands,
 Amid the gloomy flood, a smooth rock, steep
 Toward the sea, against whose leftward point,
 Phæstus, the Southwind rolls the sea amain,
 Whose mighty surf the rock, though small, repels*,
 Hither with part he came, and scarce the crews
 Themselves escap'd, while the huge billows broke
 Their ships against the rocks ; but five were driv'n
 By winds and waves to the Ægyptian shore.

Thus he, provision gath'ring as he went
 And gold abundant, roam'd to distant lands
 And nations of another tongue. Mean-time
 Ægisthus, these enormities at home
 Devising, slew Atrides, and supreme
 Rul'd the subjected land ; sev'n years he reign'd
 In opulent Mycenæ, but the next,
 To him an evil year, from Athens brought
 Orestes home, and young Orestes slew
 (Glorious revenge !) the slayer of his sire,
 Orestes, therefore, the funereal rites
 Performing to his shameless mother's shade,

* The waves excited by the South would have deprived Phæstus of its haven, had not the rock here mentioned made the water smooth within, receiving the billows first and breaking the force of them.—B. & C.

And to her lustful paramour, a feast
Gave to the Argives; on which self-same day
The warlike Menelaus, with his ships
All treasure-laden to the brink, arriv'd.

And thou, young friend! from thy forsaken home
Rove not long time remote, thy treasures left
With inmates proud as they; lest, much consum'd,
They share the remnant, and thy voyage thence
In quest of tidings prove a fruitless toil.

But hence to Menelaus is the course
To which I counsel thee; for he hath come
Of late from distant lands, whence none could hope
A safe return, whom storms had first compell'd
To plough the billows of so wide a sea;
A gulf so vast, that not the birds of Heav'n
From side to side might pass it in a year.

Go, then, with ship and shipmates, or if more
The land delight thee, steeds thou shalt not want
Or chariot, and my sons shall be thy guides
To noble Lacedemon, the abode
Of Menelaus; ask from him the truth,
Who will not lie, for he is passing wise.

While thus he spake, the sun declin'd, and night
Approaching, blue-ey'd Pallas interpos'd:

O ancient king! well hast thou spoken all.
But now delay not. Cut ye forth the tongues,

And mingle wine, that (Neptune first invok'd
 With due libation, and the other Gods)
 We may repair to rest; for even now
 The sun is sunk, and it becomes us not,
 To make a banquet sacred to the Gods
 Exceed the limits of a sober hour*.

So spake Jove's daughter; they obedient heard.
 The heralds then pour'd water on their hands,
 And, filling high the cups, attendant youths
 Serv'd them from right to left. Next all the tongues
 They cast into the fire, and ev'ry guest
 Arising pour'd libation to the Gods.
 Libation made, and all with wine suffic'd,
 Godlike Telemachus and Pallas both
 Would have return'd, incontinent, on board,
 But Nestor urg'd them still to be his guests:

Jove and the Gods forbid, that ye should seek
 Your galley now, me leaving as a wretch
 Necessitous and wanting couch-attire,
 Rugs and warm mantles for the soft repose
 Of me and of my guests, for I possess
 Large stores of each; nor shall Ulysses' son

* It is said to have been customary in the days of Homer, when the Greeks retired from a banquet to their beds, to cut out the tongues of the victims, and offer them to the Gods in particular who presided over conversation.—B. & C.

Hence to a galley's deck for sleep retire,
While Nestor lives; and dying may I leave
An offspring ever prompt to entertain
The worthy guest, come hither whoso may.

To whom the Goddess of the azure eyes:
Old chief! thou hast well said, and reason bids
Telemachus thy kind commands obey.
Let *him* attend thee hence, that he may sleep
Beneath thy roof; but I return on board
Myself, to instruct my people and to give
All needful orders; for among them none
Is old as I, but they are youths alike,
Coevals of Telemachus, with whom
They have embark'd for friendships' sake alone.
I therefore will repose myself on board
This night, and to the Caucons* bold in arms
Will sail to morrow, to demand arrears
Long time unpaid, and of no small amount.
But, since he is become thy guest, afford
My friend a chariot, and a son of thine
Who shall direct his way, nor let him want
Of all thy steeds the swiftest and the best.

The Goddess said, and in an eagle's form
Flew swiftly thence. Amazement at the sight

* According to the scholiast a people of Arcadia,—B. & C. but according to Strabo a people dwelling in the country of the Epeans.—C.

Seiz'd all beholders ; hoary Nestor, fill'd
 With wonder, gaz'd, and grasping, as he stood,
 The hand of young Telemachus, exclaim'd :

Nor sordid thou, my friend ! nor prone to fear
 Shalt prove hereafter, whom the Gods attend
 Thus early ; for of all th' Olympian Pow'rs
 None other now than Pallas have we seen,
 Jove's awful daughter, who with honour crown'd
 So oft thy father, where the Grecians fought.

But thou, O queen ! compassionate us all,
 Myself, my sons, my consort ; give to each
 A glorious name, and I to thee will give
 For sacrifice a heifer of the year,
 Untam'd, gall'd never by the pond'rous yoke,
 And will incase her horns with hammer'd gold.

So Nestor pray'd, whom Pallas gracious heard.
 Then the Gerenian warrior old, before
 His sons and sons-in-law, to his abode
 Magnificent proceeded ; they (arriv'd
 Within the splendid palace of the king)
 On thrones and couches sat in order rang'd,
 Whom Nestor welcom'd, charging high the cup
 With wine of richest sort, which she, who kept
 That treasure, now in the eleventh year
 First broach'd, unsealing the delicious juice.
 With this the hoary senior fill'd a cup,

And to the daughter of Jove ægis-arm'd,
Pouring libation, offer'd fervent pray'r.

When all had made libation, and no wish
Remain'd of more, then each to rest retir'd,
And Nestor, the Gerenian warrior old,
To a carv'd couch led forth Ulysses' son
In his own sounding portico prepar'd.
Beside him he bade sleep the spearman bold,
Pisistratus, a gallant youth, the sole
Unwedded in his house of all his sons.
Himself in the interiour palace lay,
Where couch and splendid cov'ring for his use
Provided by the consort queen he found.

But when Aurora, daughter of the dawn,
Had ting'd the East, arising from his bed,
Gerenian Nestor issu'd forth, and sat
Before his palace-gate, on the white stones
Resplendent as with oil, on which of old
His father Neleus had been wont to sit,
In council like a God; but he had sought,
By destiny dismiss'd long since, the shades.
On those stones therefore, guardian of the Greeks,
Sat Nestor now, his sceptre in his hand,
And thither from their chambers also came,
T' encircle him around, his num'rous sons,

Aretus, Stratius, Perseus, Echephron,
And godlike Thrasymedes ; after whom
Came, sixth and last, Pisistratus. Beside
Their ancient sire, Telemachus they plac'd,
And the Gerenian hero thus began :

Be quick, my sons ! to serve me ; for in haste
I would propitiate of all Pow'rs above
Minerva first, of whose arrival here,
To share our hallow'd feast, no doubt remains.
Seek one in haste the pasture, and command
The herdsman that he drive a heifer home ;
Another—from his bark bring all the friends
Of young Telemachus, save only two ;
And let a third find instantly the smith
Laerceus, that he come t' enwrap with gold
The victim's horns. Abide ye here, the rest,
And bid my female train (for I intend
A banquet) with all diligence provide
Seats, stores of wood, and water from the rock.

He said, whom instant all obey'd. The ox
Came from the field, and from the gallant ship
The shipmates of the brave Telemachus ;
Next, charg'd with all his implements of art,
His mallet, anvil, pincers, came the smith,
To give the horns their gilding ; also came

Pallas herself to her own sacred rites*.
 Then Nestor, hoary warrior, furnish'd gold,
 Which, hammer'd thin, the artist wrapp'd around
 The victim's horns, that seeing him attir'd
 So costly, Pallas might the more be pleas'd.
 Stratius and brave Echephron introduc'd
 The victim by her horns; Aretus brought
 A laver, in one hand, with flow'rs emboss'd,
 And in his other hand a basket stor'd
 With cakes, while warlike Thrasymedes, arm'd
 With his long-hafted axe, prepar'd to smite
 The ox, and Perseus to receive the blood.
 The hoary Nestor consecrated first
 Both cakes and water, and with earnest pray'r
 To Pallas, gave the forelock to the flames.

When all had pray'd, and strew'd, with crumbled
 cakes

The heifer o'er, then, hasting to his work,
 The godlike Thrasymedes with his axe
 Her tough neck-tendons sever'd, and she fell.

* The ancients observed it as a constant practice to make an offering to the Gods at the beginning of a feast, and to pour libation at the end of it, that the company persuaded that the gods, though unseen, were personally present, might abstain from all those outrages, into which the occasion might otherwise betray them.—C. At those tables of ours where grace is said, the effect is much better insured, if it be not used merely as an unmeaning ceremony.

At once, the daughters of the Pylian king,
His sons' fair consorts, and the consort queen,
Daughter first-born of Clymenus, the chaste
Eurydice, with mingled voices shrill
Upsent their suppliant wailings to the skies.
The royal youths then raising from the ground
The heifer's head, sustain'd it, while she pour'd
Her ebbing life's last current, in the throat
Pierc'd by Pisistratus, the prince of men.
Soon as the sable blood had ceas'd, and life
Had left the victim, spreading her abroad,
With nice address they parted at the joint
Her thighs, and wrapp'd them in the double cawl
Which with crude slices thin they overspread.
The hoary king, himself, with incense strew'd
The flaming brands, and pour'd libation forth
Of sable wine, while, rang'd on either side,
The princes held the spits. The thighs consum'd,
They ate th' interiour part, then, slicing thin
The remnant, pierc'd and held it to the fire.
Mean-time the youngest of the daughters fair
Of Nestor, beauteous Polycaste lav'd,
Anointed, and in vest and tunic cloth'd
Telemachus, who, so refresh'd, stepp'd forth
From the bright laver graceful as a God,

And took his seat at ancient Nestor's side*.
The viands dress'd, and from the spits withdrawn,
They sat to share the feast, and princely youths
Arising, gave them wine in cups of gold.
When neither hunger now nor thirst remain'd
Unsated, thus Gerenian Nestor spake :

My sons, arise! lead forth the sprightly steeds,
And yoke them, that Telemachus may go.

So spake the chief, to whose command his sons
Obedient, yok'd in haste the rapid steeds,
And she who held in charge his household stores,
Within the chariot wine and bread dispos'd,
With viands, such as regal state requires.

Telemachus into the chariot first
Ascended, and beside him, next, his place
Pisistratus the son of Nestor took,
Then seiz'd the reins, and lash'd the coursers on.
They, nothing loth, sprang swiftly forth, and soon
The lofty tow'rs of Pylus left remote.
Thus, journeying, they shook on either side

* The strict morality and modesty of the ancients may be fairly enough inferred from the custom of employing young women, to perform this office for strangers young as themselves. Had the consequences been such as we should have reason to apprehend from the same practice here, it would either never have obtained so universally as it did in Greece, or would quickly have been discontinued.

The yoke all day, and when the setting sun
To dusky ev'ning had resign'd the roads,
At Pheræ they arriv'd, and at the house
Where dwelt Diocles, whose illustrious sire,
Orsilochus, from Alpheus sprang, repos'd.

But when Aurora, daughter of the dawn,
Look'd rosy forth, then, binding to the yoke
Their steeds again they mounted. Nestor's son
Urg'd through the vestibule and sounding porch
His coursers, of themselves not slack to go.
A corn-invested land* receiv'd them next,
And there they brought their journey to a close,
So rapidly they sped; and now the sun
Went down, and even-tide dimm'd all the ways.

* Lacedæmon.

ARGUMENT OF THE FOURTH BOOK.

Telemachus, with Pisistratus, arrives at the palace of Menelaus, from whom he receives some fresh information concerning the return of the Grecians, and is in particular told on the authority of Proteus, that his father is detained by Calypso. The suitors, plotting against the life of Telemachus, lie in wait to intercept him in his return to Ithaca. Penelope being informed of his departure, and of their designs to slay him, becomes inconsolable, but is relieved by a dream sent to her from Minerva.

BOOK IV.

IN hollow Lacedæmon's spacious vale
 Arriving, to the residence they drove
 Of royal Menelaus ; him they found
 In his own palace, all his num'rous friends
 Regaling at a nuptial banquet giv'n
 Both for his daughter and the prince his son.
 His daughter to renown'd Achilles' heir
 He sent, to whom he had at Troy engag'd

To give her, and the Gods now made her his.
 With chariots and with steeds he sent her forth
 To Phthia's glorious city, where he reign'd.
 But to his son he gave a Spartan fair,
 Alector's daughter; from a handmaid* sprang
 That son to Menelaus in his age,
 Brave Megapenthes; for the Gods vouchsaf'd
 No child to Helen, after her who vied
 With Venus' self in charms, Hermione.

Thus all the neighbour princes and the friends
 Of noble Menelaus feasting sat
 Within his spacious palace, among whom
 A sacred bard sang sweetly to his harp,
 While, in the midst, two dancers smote the ground
 With measur'd steps responsive to his song.

Sudden, within the vestibule appear'd
 Those two, Telemachus, illustrious youth,
 And Nestor's son. Them, issuing from the hall,
 The noble Eteoneus, of the train
 Of Menelaus, saw; at once he ran
 Across the palace to report the news
 To his lord's ear, and, standing at his side,
 With eager haste his tidings thus declar'd:
 O Menelaus! Heav'n-descended chief!

* From a handmaid called Teridæa, by whom he had also a son named Nicostratus.—B. & C.

Two guests arrive, both strangers, but alike
 Resembling in their form the sons of Jove.
 Say, shall we loose, ourselves, their rapid steeds,
 Or hence dismiss them to some other host ?

But Menelaus, hero golden-hair'd,
 Indignant answer'd him : Boethe's son !
 Thou wast not, Eteoneus, heretofore,
 A babbler, who now pratest as a child.
 We have ourselves arriv'd indebted much
 To hospitality of other men,
 If Jove shall, even here, some pause at last
 Of wo afford us. Therefore loose, at once,
 Their steeds, and introduce them to the feast.

He said, and, issuing, Eteoneus call'd
 The brisk attendants to his aid, with whom
 He loos'd their foaming coursers from the yoke.
 Them first they bound to mangers, which with oats
 And mingled barley they supplied, then thrust
 The chariot sidelong to the splendid wall*.
 Themselves he, next, into the royal house
 Conducted, who with wonder view'd the abode
 Of the illustrious chief; for on all sides
 As with the splendour of the sun or moon

* Hesychius tells us, that the Grecians ornamented with much attention the front wall of their courts for the admiration of passengers.

The lofty dome of Menelaus blaz'd *.
 Sate, at length, with wonder at that sight,
 They enter'd each a bath, and by the hands
 Of maidens lav'd, and oil'd, and cloth'd again
 With shaggy mantles and resplendent vests,
 Sat both enthron'd at Menelaus' side.
 And now a maiden charg'd with golden ew'r,
 And with an argent laver, pouring first
 Pure water on their hands, supplied them next
 With a bright table, which the maiden, chief
 In office, furnish'd plenteously with bread
 And dainties, remnants of the last regale.
 Then came the sew'r, who with delicious meats
 Of all kinds serv'd them, and with cups of gold,
 And Menelaus, greeting each, began :
 Eat and rejoice, and when ye shall have shar'd
 Our nuptial banquet, we will then inquire
 Who are ye both ; for certain not from those
 Whose generation perishes are ye,
 But rather of some race of sceptred chiefs

* It is remarked by Athenæus, that whoever goes to be entertained at another's table should not, like a glutton and a wine-bibber, immediately on his entrance take his place in the symposium or banquetting room, but should first employ a reasonable time in viewing and giving due commendation to the house and furniture. A point of good breeding in which it appears, that Telemachus and his friend were not deficient.—C.

Heav'n-born; the base have never sons like you.

So saying, he lifted from the board his own
Distinguish'd portion*, and the fatted chine
Gave to his guests; the ready viands plac'd
Before them they with willing hands assail'd,
And when nor hunger, more, nor thirst they felt,
Telemachus, his head inclining close
To Nestor's son, thus whisper'd his amaze:

Dearest Pisistratus, observe, my friend!
How all the echoing palace with the light
Of brass, and gold of brightest lustre, shines †,
Silver and ivory ‡! for radiance such
Th' interiour mansion of Olympian Jove
I deem. What wealth, how various, how immense

* Kings and chiefs and important personages were customarily served with a larger portion than others, not on a supposition that they could eat, or had occasion to eat, more than guests of inferiour rank, but that they might have opportunity to compliment whom they pleased with a part of it.—C.

† This line is thus altered, and the amber discarded from it, in conformity to the learned remark of the Analytical Reviewer, who appeals to Pliny for the existence in those days of such a mixed metal as was called electrum, or gold containing a fifth part of silver. But we have no English term by which to express such a metal; I have therefore given the gold the attribute of superiour brilliancy ascribed by Pliny to that mixture, and could devise no better expedient.

‡ Ivory was well known to Homer, but he nowhere mentions the elephant.

Is here! astonish'd I survey the sight*!

But Menelaus, whisper'd as they were,
His words heard not the less, and thus replied:

No mortal man, my children! may pretend
Comparison with Jove; his palace stands
For ever, and his treasures ne'er decay;
But mine small need hath any man to praise,
Or much admire; for, after num'rous toils
And perilous wand'rings o'er the stormy Deep,
In the eighth year at last I brought them home.
Cyprus, Phœnicia, Sidon, and the shores
Of Egypt, roaming without hope, I reach'd;
In distant Æthiopia thence arriv'd,
And Lybia, where the lambs their foreheads show
With budding horns defended soon as year'd †.

* Young persons, who have seen little, are frequently astonished at that which their seniors view with indifference. The wonder expressed by Telemachus is therefore perfectly natural, nor less natural was the contempt for such things expressed by Diogenes, and even by Socrates, who professed, that the sight of so many laboured and useless baubles, rather moved their laughter than their admiration.—C. Neither to admire, however, nor to despise, seems to be the point at which the judgement ought to stand; for as there is nothing in splendour that ought to captivate or confound the beholder, so there is nothing in suitable and well-placed ornaments, that can in reality be ridiculous.

† On account of the heat of the climate their horns are said to produce themselves immediately.—C.

There thrice within the year the flocks produce;
 Nor master there nor shepherd ever feels
 A dearth of cheese, of flesh, or of sweet milk
 Delicious, drawn from udders never dry.
 While thus I roam'd collecting wealth from all
 Those shores, another, aided by the arts
 Of his pernicious spouse, of life bereav'd
 My brother treacherously, and when least
 He fear'd to lose it. Therefore little joy
 To me results from all that I possess.
 Your fathers (be those fathers who they may)
 These things have doubtless told you; for immense
 Have been my suff'rings, and I have destroy'd
 A palace well inhabited and stor'd
 With precious furniture in ev'ry kind*;
 Such, that I would to Heav'n! I own'd at home
 Though but the third of it, and that the Greeks
 Who perish'd then, beneath the walls of Troy
 Remote from fertile Argos, still surviv'd.
 Yet while, sequester'd here, full oft I mourn
 My slaughter'd friends, by turns I sooth my soul

* Doubts have been entertained, whether Menelaus does not rather mean to say, that he has consumed his own wealth, than that he has destroyed the wealth of Priam. Eustathius, whom Barnes follows, inclines to the former sense, but Madame Dacier deems the latter, which is given here, so plainly intended, that the passage is not in the least degree ambiguous.—C.

With tears shed for them, and by turns I cease,
 Yet short, alas! and transient is the pause.
 But more than all, though sorrowful for all,
 I one deplore, rememb'ring whom, I loathe
 My wonted food, nor sleep's soft influence less.
 For of the Greeks in suff'rings or in toils
 None match'd Ulysses; but the doom of wo
 Was his, and ceaseless sorrow for his sake,
 Thus long a wand'rer, mine; nor have we learn'd,
 If still he lives, or have already died.
 Him doubtless old Laertes mourns, and him
 Discreet Penelope, nor less his son
 Telemachus, born newly when he sail'd.

So saying, he kindled in him strong desire,
 To mourn his father; at his father's name
 Fast fell his tears to ground, and with both hands
 He spread his purple cloak before his eyes;
 Which Menelaus marking, doubtful sat,
 If he should leave him to lament his sire,
 Or question him, and tell him all at large*.

While thus he doubted, Helen (as it chanc'd)
 Leaving her fragrant chamber, came, august

* The poet's powers of giving variety to similar incidents are here noticed by Eustathius. Nestor learns his guests by interrogation, but Menelaus by inference, concluding from the tears shed by the young stranger at the mention of his name, that he can be no other than the son of Ulysses.—C.

As Dian, goddess of the golden bow.
 Adrasta, for her use, set forth a throne,
 Alcippe with soft arras cover'd it,
 And Philo brought her silver basket, gift
 Of fair Alcandra, wife of Polybus,
 Whose mansion in Ægyptian Thebes is rich
 In untold treasure, and who gave, himself,
 Ten golden talents, and two silver baths
 With two bright tripods to the Spartan prince,
 Beside what Helen from his spouse receiv'd;
 A golden spindle, and a basket wheel'd,
 Itself of silver, and its lip of gold.
 That basket Philo, her own handmaid, plac'd
 At Helen's side, with slend'rest thread replete,
 On which infolded thick with purple wool
 The spindle lay. Her foot-stool'd throne she press'd,
 And, soon as seated, of her spouse inquir'd:
 Know we, my Menelaus, dear to Jove!
 These guests of ours, and whence they have arriv'd?
 Erroneous I may speak, yet speak I must;
 In man or woman never have I seen
 Such likeness to another (wonder-fix'd
 I gaze) as in this stranger to the son
 Of brave Ulysses, whom that hero left
 New-born at home, when (shameless as I was)
 For my unworthy sake the Grecians sail'd

To Ilium, with fierce rage of battle fir'd*.

Then Menelaus thus, the golden-hair'd :
Such likeness in him of Laertes' son
Myself perceive; hands, feet, expressive eyes,
Fair open brows, and looks of kindred hue.
And, even now, when, calling him to mind,
I spake of brave Ulysses, and his toils
Endur'd for me, his starting tears I mark'd,
Which with his purple cloak he sought to hide.

To whom the son of Nestor thus replied :
Atrides ! Menelaus ! chief renown'd !
He is in truth his son, as thou hast said ;
But he is modest, and would much himself
Condemn, if, at his first arrival here,
He should loquacious seem and bold to thee,
To whom we listen, captiv'd by thy voice,
As if some God had spoken. As for me,
Nestor, my father, the Gerenian chief
Bade me conduct him hither, for he wish'd
To see thee, that some word or deed of thine
Might sooth his sorrow ; for what grief soe'er
The son sustains, who finds not at his home

* Gataker, in his *Adversaria Miscellanea*, supposes, that Helen calling herself *Κυνώπιδα*, rather means to disclaim all pretensions to beauty, than to modesty, for that it is not to be imagined, that any woman would acknowledge herself impudent and shameless. But Clarke disapproves the criticism.

Father or friend to succour him, with such
Telemachus is charg'd; *His* father roams,
And none hath he t' avenge him in his stead.

To whom the hero amber-hair'd replied:
Ye Gods! the offspring of indeed a friend
Hath reach'd my house, of one who hath endur'd
Full many an arduous conflict for my sake;
And much I purpos'd, had Olympian Jove
Vouchsaf'd us prosp'rous passage o'er the Deep,
To have receiv'd him with such friendship here
As none beside. In Argos I had then
Founded a city for him, and had rais'd
A palace for himself; I would have brought
The hero hither, and his son, with all
His people, and with all his wealth, some town
Evacuating for his sake, of those
Rul'd by myself, and nearest to my own.
Thus situate, we had often interchang'd
Sweet converse, nor had other cause at last
Our friendship terminated or our joys,
Than death's black cloud o'ershad'wing him or me.
But pleasures pure as those had envy mov'd
In Jove himself; who, of Achaia's sons,
Hath intercepted from his native shores
The hapless Laertiades alone.

So saying, he kindled the desire to weep

In ev'ry bosom. Argive Helen wept,
 Jove's daughter; wept Telemachus as fast
 And Menelaus; nor with tearless eyes
 Pisistratus remain'd, who call'd to mind
 Antilochus by the illustrious son
 Of bright Aurora slain, rememb'ring whom
 His speech to Menelaus thus he turn'd* :

Atrides! ancient Nestor, when of late
 Conversing with him we remember'd thee,
 Pronounc'd thee wise beyond all humankind.
 Now therefore, let not even my advice
 Displease thee. It affords me no delight
 To intermingle tears with my repast,
 And soon, Aurora, daughter of the dawn,
 Will tinge the orient. Not that I account
 The mourner, whomsoever he lament,
 Blameworthy, since, to sheer the locks and weep,
 Is all we can for the unhappy dead.
 I also have my sorrow, call'd to mourn
 One, not the meanest of Achaia's sons †,

* Antilochus was his brother. The son of Aurora, who slew Antilochus, was Memnon.—B. & C.

† This negative manner of praising is not what it seems to be, a slight and moderate eulogium, but intends the highest, and with that intention has been used by poets and rhetoricians in all ages. So Homer, in another place, speaking of Hector bruised by Ajax with a stone, ascribes the greatest possible force to the latter when he calls him—not the feeblest of the sons of Greece.

My brother ; him I cannot but suppose
 To thee well-known, although unknown to me
 Who saw him never* ; but report proclaims
 Antilochus superiour to the most,
 In speed superiour, and in feats of arms.

To whom, the hero of the yellow locks :
 Ah my young friend! since nought, which thou hast
 said,

Or recommended now, would have disgrac'd
 A man of years maturer far than thine
 (For wise thy father is, and such art thou,
 And easy is it to discern the son
 Of such a father, whom Saturnian Jove
 In marriage both and at his birth ordain'd
 To great felicity †; for he hath giv'n
 To Nestor gradually to sink at home
 Into old age, and, while he lives, to see
 His sons past others wise, and skill'd in arms),
 The grief, which seiz'd us suddenly, shall cease.
 Come therefore—now to our repast again—

* Because Pisistratus was born after Antilochus had sailed to Troy.

† It is the opinion of Dionysius Halicarn. that Homer considered virtue alone as insufficient to happiness ; for having represented Nestor and Ulysses as alike in prudence, in fortitude, and eloquence, but dissimilar in their lot, Nestor being blest with great prosperity, and Ulysses an afflicted wanderer, he calls the former happy, and the latter, with all his mental accomplishments, and with all his patience, unfortunate and wretched.—C.

Pour water on our hands, for we shall find
 (Telemachus and I), no dearth of themes
 For mutual converse when the morrow comes.

He ended; then, Asphalion, at his word,
 Servant of glorious Menelaus, pour'd
 Pure water on their hands, and they the feast
 Before them with keen appetite assail'd.
 But Helen, Jove's fair daughter, to compose
 Their troubled spirits, with a sudden hand
 Infus'd into the wine of which they drank
 A drug most potent to suppress or grief
 Or anger, and oblivion to induce
 Of all past evil*. Whosoe'er his wine
 So medicated drinks, he will not bathe
 His cheek all day with trickling tears, although
 His father and his mother both were dead,
 Nor even though his brother or his son
 Had fall'n in battle, and before his eyes.
 Such drugs of sov'reign use had Helen brought
 Erewhile to Sparta, Polydamna's gift,
 Wife of Ægyptian Thone; for Ægypt teems

* Plutarch, Macrobius, and Eustathius, were all of opinion, that by this drug we are to understand not what the word imports, a medicine, but the discourse of Helen so admirably calculated to interest and to console Telemachus.—C. But how she can be said to have fetched that discourse from Ægypt, these learned expositors and lovers of allegory have not told us.

With drugs of various pow'rs ; salubrious some
 With wine receiv'd, and some of deadliest kind,
 Nor dwells on Earth a race that may pretend,
 In healing arts equality with them,
 For they are genuine sons of Pæon all *.
 That drug infus'd, she bade her servant pour
 The bev'rage forth, and thus her speech resum'd :
 Atrides ! Menelaus ! dear to Jove !
 These guests of ours are also nobly born,
 But good or evil is the lot of man
 As Jove ordains, sole arbiter of each.
 Now therefore, feasting at your ease reclin'd,
 Listen with pleasure, for myself, the while,
 Will matter seasonable interpose.
 I cannot all rehearse, nor even name
 (Omitting none) the conflicts and exploits
 Of brave Ulysses ; but with what address
 Successful, one achievement he perform'd
 At Ilium, where Achaia's sons endur'd
 Such hardship, will I speak. Inflicting wounds
 Dishonourable on himself, he took
 A tatter'd garb, and like a serving-man

* Pæon was the physician of the Gods, and not the same with Apollo, as Hesiod testifies.

Εἰ μὴ Ἀπόλλων Φοῖβος ὑπ' ἐκ θανάτοιο σάωση,
 *Ὁ αὐτὸς Παιῶν, ὃς ἀπάντων φάρμακα οἶδεν.—B. & C.

Enter'd the spacious city of our foes*.
 So clad, although of nobler port than he
 Might none be found, when in the camp of Greece,
 Some mendicant he seem'd. In such disguise
 He enter'd Ithum's gate. There, all alike
 Misdemean'd him; me alone he not deceiv'd,
 Who challeng'd him, but, shrewd, he turn'd away.
 But bath'd, at length, anointed and attir'd
 At my command, and by a solemn oath
 Of mine assur'd, that not a Trojan there
 Should learn him for Ulysses, taught by me,
 Till he had reach'd, secure, the camp again,
 He told me all the counsel of the Greeks.
 Thus, many a Trojan slaughter'd, he rejoin'd
 Achaia's host, full fraught, for future use,
 With wise remark on all that he had seen †.
 Then wail'd the Trojan women, but delight
 My bosom fill'd, for with an alter'd heart

* Some say, that he engaged in this enterprise to procure himself an opportunity to measure the walls of Troy; others, that he might persuade Helen to co-operate with the Grecians.—B. & C.

† He might inform the Greeks, according to Eustathius, of his success with Helen, how he had prevailed to win her to their interests, of the Trojan counsels also, and of the dimensions of the walls, especially of the gate to which he intended to adapt the size of the wooden horse. It is not improbable likewise, that on this occasion he contrived to carry off the Palladium.—C.

Φρόνιν is translated here in the sense given it by Dacier.—C.

I now regretted my forsaken home,
 And mourn'd the fatal crime, to which impell'd
 By Venus, I had sought a distant shore,
 Leaving my daughter, and my rightful Lord,
 Although in feature, form, and mind, a prince
 Uncensurable, and from blemish free.

Her answer'd then the hero golden-hair'd :
 Helen ! thou hast well spoken. All is true.
 I have the talents fathom'd and the minds
 Of num'rous heroes, and have travell'd far,
 Yet never saw I with these eyes in man
 Such firmness as the calm Ulysses own'd ;
 None such as in the hollow horse he prov'd,
 Where all our bravest sat, designing wo
 And bloody havock for the sons of Troy*.
 Thou thither cam'st, incited, as it seem'd,
 By some Divinity, propitious more
 To Troy than to the Greeks, and on thy steps
 Waited Deiphobus †. Thrice round about
 Thou didst encompass, and with curious hand

* Homer, says Quintilian, when he tells us that the Grecians *sat* in the horse, gives us in one word an idea of its magnitude, as Virgil does of its height, when he tells us that they *let themselves down from it by a rope*.—C.

† Deiphobus is said to have accompanied her, that, if any one spoke to her from within the horse, he might know it; not choosing to trust her for the discovery of it.—C.

Try the huge ambush, sounding forth, the while,
The names of all our leaders, with the voice
Well counterfeited of the wife of each.

Tydides, and Ulysses, and myself
Among the midmost seated, heard the call.
We, starting both, had either left at once
Our close concealment, or, at least, replied,
But more discreet Ulysses interpos'd
Firm hindrance, and controll'd the rash desire.
Now, therefore, all were quiet, save alone
Anticlus, still impatient to reply.

But, pressing with both hands his op'ning lips
Ulysses sav'd us ; for the close constraint
He still enforc'd, till Pallas led thee thence.

Then thus, discreet, Telemachus replied :
Atrides ! Menelaus ! prince renown'd !
Hard was his lot, whom these rare qualities
Preserv'd not, neither had his dauntless heart
Been iron, had he scap'd his cruel doom.
But haste, and with dismissal to repose,
Now needful, gratify my friend and me.

He ceas'd ; then Argive Helen gave command
To her attendant maidens to prepare
Beds in the portico with purple rugs
Resplendent, and with arras, overspread,
And cover'd warm with cloaks of shaggy pile.

Forth went the maidens, bearing each a torch,
 And in the vestibule their beds prepar'd.
 Then came a herald, who conducted forth
 The weary guests, and there the noble son
 Of Nestor slept, and there his youthful friend,
 Telemachus! but in th' interiour house
 Atrides, with the loveliest of her sex
 Beside him, Helen of the sweeping stole.
 But when Aurora, daughter of the dawn,
 Glow'd in the East, then from his couch arose
 The warlike Menelaus, fresh attir'd ;
 His falchion o'er his shoulders slung, he bound
 His sandals fair to his unsullied feet,
 And godlike issuing from his chamber sat
 Beside Telemachus, and thus began :

Hero ! Telemachus ! what urgent cause
 Hath hither led thee, to the land far-fam'd
 Of Lacedæmon o'er the spacious Deep ?
 Public concern or private ? Tell me true*.

To whom Telemachus discreet, replied :
 Atrides ! Menelaus ! prince renown'd !
 News seeking of my sire, I have arriv'd.
 My household is devour'd, my fruitful fields
 Are desolated, and my palace fill'd

* Menelaus puts this question to Telemachus, knowing that Pisistratus came only as his companion.—C.

With enemies, who while they mutual wage
Proud competition for my mother's love,
My flocks unsparing slaughter, and my beeves,
Now, therefore, whether thou beheld'st, thyself,
Ulysses' death, or at some wand'rer's lips
Hast learn'd it, suppliant at thy knees I beg
The sad recital; for no common woes
Were his allotted portion from the womb.
Neither through pity or o'erstrain'd respect
Flatter me, but explicit all relate
Which thou hast witness'd. If my noble sire
E'er gratified thee by performance just
Of word or deed at Ilium, where ye fell
So num'rous slain in fight, O recollect
Now his fidelity, and tell me true!

Then Menelaus, sighing deep, replied:
Gods! their ambition is to reach the bed
Of a brave man, however base themselves.
But as it chances, when the hart hath laid
Her fawns new-yea'n'd, and sucklings yet, to rest
Within some dreadful lion's gloomy den,
She roams the hills, and in the grassy vales
Feeds heedless, till the lion, to his lair
Returning, rends them both; with such a force
Resistless shall Ulysses them destroy.
Jove, Pallas, and Apollo! O that such

As erst in well-built Lesbos, where he threw
Philomelides in a wrestling-match
With mighty force, when all the Greeks rejoic'd,
Such, now, Ulysses might assail them all!
Short life and bitter nuptials shall be theirs*.
But now, such answer as with earnest suit
Thou hast implor'd, direct and true, receive;
For I will nought conceal, but will impart
All that the ancient Prophet of the Deep†
Hath taught me, with exactest truth to thee.

The Gods, resenting my neglect to pile
Their altars high with hecatombs, detain'd
Me still in Ægypt, anxious to return,
For just observance of their high behests
Alone can please the Gods. There is an isle
Amid the billowy flood, Pharos by name,
In front of Ægypt, distant from her shore
Far as a vessel, by a sprightly gale

* By Philomelides some have rather absurdly supposed Patroclus, whose mother's name was Philomela, to be intended. But Homer never forms his patronymics from the mother's side, and why should the Greeks exult in the fall of an amiable man, whom all respected. The person in question is therefore, with more probability, affirmed by others to have been the king of Lesbos, whose custom being to challenge all comers, he challenged, on their arrival in his island, the Grecians also.—C.

† Proteus.

Impell'd may push her voyage in a day*.
 It owns a quiet port, and many a ship
 Finds wat'ring there from riv'lets on the coast.
 There me the Gods kept twenty days, no breeze
 Propitious granting, that might sweep the waves,
 And usher to her home the flying bark.
 And now had our provision, all consum'd,
 Left us exhausted, but a certain nymph
 Pitied and saved me. Daughter fair was she
 Of mighty Proteus, Ancient of the Deep,
 Idothea nam'd; her most my sorrows mov'd;
 She found me wandering alone, remote
 From all my foll'wers, who around the isle
 The fishes snaring roam'd, by famine urg'd,
 And, standing at my side, me thus bespake†:
 Stranger! Thou sure art childish, or of heart
 Dull and insensible, or thy delight
 Is in distress and mis'ry. Wherefore else
 Within these island-limits art thou pent
 Thus long, nor end hast found of ling'ring here,
 Where famine wastes thy people day by day?

* In the heroic ages the distance might be such; though now, by the accumulation of soil from the mouth of the Nile, it is united to the land, or nearly so.—B. & C.

† Idothea is said to have been enamoured of Canobus, the pilot of Menelaus.—B.

So spake the Goddess, and I thus replied :
 I tell thee, whosoever of the Pow'rs
 Divine thou art, that I am prison'd here
 Not willingly, but must have, doubtless, sinn'd
 Against the deathless tenants of the skies.
 Yet say (for the Immortals all things know)
 What God detains me, and my course forbids
 Hence to my country o'er the fishy Deep ?

I spake ; when thus the Goddess all-divine :
 Hear me, for all that I relate is true.
 A faithful seer, the ancient of the Deep,
 Immortal Proteus, the Ægyptian, haunts
 These shores, familiar with all Ocean's gulfs,
 Neptune's attendant ever, and esteem'd
 My father. Him if thou art able once
 To seize and bind, he will prescribe the course
 With all its measur'd distances, by which
 Thou shalt regain secure thy native shores.
 He will, moreover, at thy suit declare,
 Thou favour'd of the skies ! what good, what ill
 Hath in thine house befall'n, while absent thou
 Thy voyage difficult perform'st and long*.

* Ὅ, τι τοι ἐν μεγάροισι κακὸν τ' ἀγαθὸν τε τέτυκται.

What good and what evil hath befallen thee in thy house.

Socrates, as Gellius says, accounted this line of Homer's his dearest and best treasure, and declared that it comprises the sum total of

She spake, and I replied—Thyself reveal
 By what effectual bands I may secure
 The ancient Deity marine, lest, warn'd
 Of my approach, he shun me and escape.
 Hard task for mortal hands to bind a God!

Then thus Idothea answer'd all-divine:
 I will inform thee true. Soon as the sun
 Hath clim'd the middle heav'ns, the prophet old,
 Emerging while the breezy zephyr blows,
 And cover'd with the scum of ocean, seeks
 His spacious cove, in which outstretch'd he lies.
 The phocæ* also, rising from the waves,
 Offspring of beauteous Halosydna, sleep
 Around him, numerous, the fishy scent
 Exhaling rank of the unfathom'd flood†.
 Thither conducting thee at early dawn
 I will dispose thee in some safe recess,

philosophy.—C. The line, however, must be detached from the context, and have a new sense given it, before it can serve the uses to which he applied it. For Homer means simply to say by it, that Proteus would inform Menelaus of all that had happened in his absence: whereas Socrates found in it a hint, not to suffer his curiosity to tempt him astray in quest of knowledge more specious than useful, but rather to attend to what was passing at home and in his own heart.—An excellent lesson certainly, but not found here or any where else in Homer.

* Seals, or sea-calves.

† According to Ælian no animal sleeps so sound.—B.

But from among thy foll'wers thou shalt choose
The bravest three in all thy gallant fleet.
And now the artifices understand
Of the old prophet of the sea. His herd
Of phocæ numb'ring first, he will pass through
And sum them all by fives, then lying down
Will sleep as sleeps the shepherd with his flock.
When ye shall see him stretch'd, then call to mind
That moment all your prowess, and prevent,
Howe'er he strive impatient, his escape.
All changes trying, ev'ry reptile's form
On earth he will adopt, and he will seem
A river now, and now devouring fire;
But ye, the more he strives, with added force
Strive also, and constrain him still the more.
And when himself shall question you, restor'd
To his own form, in which ye found him first
Reposing, then from farther force abstain;
Then, hero! loose the ancient of the Deep,
And ask him what divinity impedes
Thy voyage homeward o'er the fishy flood.

So saying, she plung'd into the billowy waste.
I then, in various musings lost, my ships
Along the sea-beach station'd, sought again,
And when I reach'd my galley on the shore
We supp'd, and, at the fall of dewy night,

On Ocean's side extended, took repose.
But when Aurora, daughter of the dawn,
Look'd rosy forth, beside the spacious Deep
Proceeding, first I importun'd the Gods
With fervent pray'r, then chose the fittest three
For bold assault, and worthiest of my trust.
Mean-while the Goddess deep into the gulfs
Of Ocean plunging, from the bottom brought
Four hides, the skins of phocæ newly slain,
Forecasting to deceive her ancient sire.
Four cradles in the sea-sand next she scoop'd,
Then waited our approach. We soon arriv'd;
When, side by side, she lodg'd us, and a skin
Cast over each. But terrible we found
Our ambush there, so rancid was the scent,
And noisome to us all; for who could rest
Extended at a foul sea-monster's side?
But she a potent remedy devis'd
Herself to save us, who applied beneath
Our nostrils sweetest odours of divine
Ambrosia, which the fishy scent subdu'd.
All morning, patient watchers, there we lay;
And now the num'rous phocæ from the Deep
Emerging, slept along the shore, and he
At noon came also, and perceiving there
His fatted monsters, through the flock his course

Took regular, and summ'd them ; with the first
He number'd us, suspicion none of fraud
Conceiving, then couch'd also. We, at once,
Loud-shouting flew on him, and in our arms
Constrain'd him fast ; nor the sea-prophet old
Call'd not incontinent his shifts to mind.
First he became a long-man'd lion grim,
A dragon then, a panther, a huge boar,
A limpid stream, and an o'ershadowing tree.
We persevering, held him, till at length
The subtle sage, his ineffectual arts
Resigning weary, question'd me, and said :

Say, son of Atreus ! what confed'rate Pow'r
Assisted thy contrivance to ensnare
And thus constrain me ? what is thy desire ?

So he ; to whom thus answer I return'd :
O ancient prophet ! guile alone suggests
These questions, for thyself already know'st.
Within these island-limits have I dwelt
Long time, no means discov'ring of escape,
Though famine wastes my people day by day.
Yet say (for the Immortals all things know)
What God detains me, and my course forbids
Hence to my country o'er the fishy Deep ?

So I ; when thus the old one of the waves :

* But thy plain duty was to have ador'd
 Jove first in sacrifice, and all the Gods,
 That then embarking, by propitious gales
 Impell'd, thou might'st have reach'd thy country soon.
 For thou art destin'd ne'er to see again
 Thy friends, thy palace, or thy native shores,
 Till thou have reach'd once more the hallow'd flood
 Of Ægypt, and with hecatombs ador'd
 Devout the deathless tenants of the skies.
 Then will they speed thee whither thou desir'st.

He ceas'd. I listen'd with a broken heart,
 Thus bidden o'er the gloomy waves again
 To Ægypt; voyage long and hard to achieve!
 Yet, though in sorrow whelm'd, I thus presum'd:

Old prophet! I will all thy will perform.
 But tell me, and the truth without disguise.
 Have the Achaians with their ships arriv'd
 All safe, whom Nestor left and I at Troy?
 Hath none of all our heroes, since the siege,
 Died prematurely, or on board his bark,
 Or in th' embraces of his friends at home?

I spake, when answer thus the God return'd:

* From the abruptness of this beginning Virgil, probably, who has copied the story, took the hint of his admired exordium

Nam quis te, juvenum confidentissime, nostras
 Egit adire domos?

Atrides, why these questions? Better far
 Were ignorance for thee ; since, knowing all,
 Thou wilt not long, I judge, from tears abstain*.
 No few have died, and many still survive
 Of those Achaian chiefs ; but two alone
 In their return have perish'd, and a third
 Still lives, imprison'd in the boundless Deep.

 Ajax surrounded by his galleys died †.
 Him Neptune first against the bulky rocks,
 The Gyraë ‡, drove, but sav'd him from the Deep ;
 Nor had he perish'd, hated as he was
 By Pallas, but for his presumptuous boast,
 That him the Gods themselves should strive in vain
 To overwhelm in Ocean's gulfy flood.
 Neptune, that speech vain-glorious hearing, grasp'd

* Here, it is observed, the poet condemns an importunate curiosity concerning the future.—B. Certainly it is one of the chief mercies of God to man, that he hides it from him.

† Pallas persecuted the Grecians on their return for the reason already mentioned, the rape of Cassandra by the Locrian Ajax. Nor was she even so appeased, but, during a period of a thousand years, compelled the Locrians to send annually a certain number of virgins, chosen by lot, to Ilium.—B. & C.

Pliny takes notice of a picture, the work of Apollodorus the Athenian, which he had seen at Pergamus, and the subject of which was the Ajax here mentioned struck with thunder.—B. & C.

‡ The Gyraë were rocks situate very near to the island Myconos, and were so called because they threw the water into whirlpools.—B. & C.

His trident, and the huge Gyræan rock
 Smiting indignant, dash'd it half away ;
 Part stood, and part, on which the boaster sat,
 When first the brainsick fury seiz'd him, fell
 Bearing him with it down into the gulfs
 Of Ocean, where he drank the brine, and died*.
 But thy own brother in his barks escap'd
 That fate, by Juno sav'd; yet when, at length,
 He should have gain'd Malea's craggy shore,
 Then, by a sudden tempest caught, he flew
 With many a groan far o'er the fishy Deep
 To the land's utmost point, where once his home
 Thyestes had, but where Thyestes' son
 Dwelt then, Ægisthus. There the Gods appeas'd
 The stormy blast, and, deeming most secure
 His passage to Mycenæ thence by land,
 He disembark'd. With calm delight he trod
 The shore of Argos, kiss'd his native soil,
 And, at a sight so welcome, wept for joy.
 But not unseen he landed ; for a spy,
 One whom the shrewd Ægisthus had seduc'd

* Homer literally interpreted says—*so there he died, when he had drunk salt water.*—A line which, according to Eustathius, had place in none of the ancient editions, being rejected as too simple, and even trivial.—C. It was once, however, well chosen for his motto by a physician, who wrote a treatise against the internal use of sea-water

By promise of two golden talents, mark'd
His coming from a rock where he had watch'd
The year complete, lest, passing unperceiv'd,
The king should reassert his right in arms.
Swift flew the spy with tidings to his lord,
And he incontinent this project fram'd
Insidious. Twenty men, the boldest hearts
Of all the people, from the rest he chose,
Whom he in ambush plac'd, and others charg'd
With diligence to spread the festal board.
With horses then and chariots forth he drove
Full-fraught with mischief, and, inviting home
The unsuspecting king, amid the feast
Slew him, as at his crib men slay an ox.
Nor of Atrides' or Ægisthus' train
A man escap'd ; all perish'd by the sword.

He ceas'd, I heard him with a broken heart,
And on the sands sat weeping ; life itself
Now fail'd to please me, and the light of day.
Long time I wept and roll'd me in the dust,
But, sated, ceas'd at length ; when thus his speech
The ancient Prophet of the Deep resum'd :

Atrides ! sit not weeping without end
Or measure here, since remedy thy grief
Will yield thee none, but with thy best dispatch
Strive for deliv'rance, and to reach again

Thy native home ; for thou shalt either find
 Ægisthus living, or, if haply first
 Orestes have aveng'd his father's death,
 At least shalt witness his funereal fires.

He ceas'd, and I, afflicted as I was,
 Yet felt my spirit at that word refresh'd,
 And in wing'd accents answer thus return'd :

Of these I am inform'd ; but name the third
 Who, dead or living, in the boundless Deep
 Is still detain'd ; I dread, yet wish to hear.

So I: to whom thus Proteus in return :
 Laertes' son, the lord of Ithaca—
 Him in an island weeping I beheld,
 Guest of the nymph Calypso, by constraint
 Her guest, and from his native land withheld
 By sad necessity ; for ships well-oar'd,
 Or faithful foll'wers hath he none, whose aid
 Might speed him safely o'er the spacious flood.
 But, Menelaus ! not for thee thy doom
 Has death prepar'd in Argos—Thee the Gods
 Have destin'd to the blest Elysian isles*,
 Earth's utmost bound'ries (Rhadamanthus there

* The abode of heroes after death, so named either from Elusius of Eleutheræ, a person of uncommon piety, or because the inhabitants suffer no more dissolution. They were called the happy isles or the isles of the blessed.—B. & C.

For ever reigns, and there the humankind
Enjoy the easiest life ; no snow is there,
No biting winter, and no drenching show'r,
But zephyr always gently from the sea
Breathes on them, to refresh the happy race) ;
Because that Helen is thy wife, and thee
They deem, for her sake, near allied to Jove.

So saying, he plung'd into the billowy waste.
I then, with my brave comrades to the fleet
Return'd, deep-musing as I went, and sad.
No sooner had I reach'd my ship beside
The ocean, and we all had supp'd, than night
From Heav'n fell on us, and, at ease repos'd
Along the margin of the sea, we slept.
But when Aurora, daughter of the dawn,
Look'd rosy forth, drawing our galleys down
Into the sacred Deep, we rear'd again
The mast, unfurl'd the sail, and to our seats
On board returning, thrush'd the foamy ood.
Once more, at length, within the hallow'd stream
Of Ægypt mooring, on the shore I slew
Whole hecatombs, and (the displeasure thus
Of the immortal Gods appeas'd) I rear'd
To Agamemnon's never-fading fame
A tomb, and finishing it, sail'd again
With such a gale from Heav'n vouchsaf'd, as sent

My ships swift-scudding to the shores of Greece.
But come—eleven days wait here, or twelve
A guest with me, when I will send thee hence
Nobly, and honour'd with illustrious gifts,
With splendid chariot, with three princely steeds,
And with a gorgeous cup, that to the Gods
Libation pouring ever while thou liv'st
From that same cup, thou mayst remember me.

Him, prudent, then answer'd Telemachus :
Atrides ! spare to press my longer stay,
For willing, so delightful is the sound
Of thy recital, I could list'ning sit
The year entire, rememb'ring neither home
Nor parents more ; but my companions, left
In Pylus, deem already my return
Too long delay'd, whom thou wouldst still detain.
What boon soe'er thou giv'st me, be it such
As I may treasur'd keep ; for I will take
No steeds to Ithaca, where glory none
They can achieve, as here for thee they may.
For thou art lord of an extensive plain,
Where lotus, herbage of all savours, wheat,
Pulse, and white barley clothe the fruitful soil*.

* Herodotus says, that, when the Nile overflows, many lilies grow in the water, of a kind which the Ægyptians name *lotus* ; gathering these, they dry them in the sun, and make the fruit into bread,

But Ithaca no level champaign owns,
 A nursery of goats, and yet a land
 Fairer than richest pastures in mine eye.
 But none of all our rugged isles affords
 Large growth of herbs, or level space to run,
 And Ithaca the rudest is of all.

He said; the hero Menelaus smil'd,
 And stroking tenderly his cheek, replied:
 Dear youth! thy speech proclaims thy noble blood.
 I can with ease supply thee from within
 With what shall suit thee better, and the gift
 Of all that I possess, which most excels
 In beauty, and the noblest shall be thine.
 I give thee, wrought elaborate, a cup
 Itself all silver, bound with lip of gold.
 It is the work of Vulcan, which to me
 The hero Phædimus presented, king
 Of the Sidonians, when on my return
 His house receiv'd me. That shall be thy own*.

which they eat toasted. The root likewise is eatable, has an agreeable sweetness, is round, and of the size of an apple.—C.

But according to the scholiast there was a tree called *lotus*, and a species of grass also.—B. & C.

* It is doubted whether Phædimus is here a proper name, or an epithet signifying *illustrious*. They who understand it in the latter sense affirm this illustrious hero, the king of Sidon, to have been Solomon; in support of which opinion Barnes cites the following passage from Clemens Alexandrinus:—

Thus they conferr'd; and now the busy train
 Of menials culinary*, at the gate
 Of Menelaus, glorious chief, appear'd.
 They brought him sheep, with heart-ennobling wine,
 While all their wives, their brows with frontlets bound,
 Came charg'd with bread. Thus busy they prepar'd
 A banquet in the mansion of the king.

Mean-time, before Ulysses' palace gate
 The suitors sported with the quoit and spear
 On the smooth area, customary scene
 Of all their strife and angry clamour loud †.
 There sat Antinoüs, and the godlike youth
 Eurymachus, superiour to the rest

“ Iramus or Hiram gave his daughter to Solomon, at the time when Menelaus, returning from the siege of Troy, arrived at Phœnice.”

Sidon was a city of that country.

* *Δαιτυμῶν*—generally signifies the founder of a feast; but we are taught by Eustathius to understand by it, in this place, the persons employed in preparing it.—C.

The same commentator understands these preparations to be made not in the palace of Menelaus but of Ulysses. It is however in the beginning of the next paragraph, and not before, that the poet conducts us back to Ithaca. This is noticed by Barnes, who terms it a pardonable error indeed, but still worthy to be censured as an error, lest the authority of so learned a critic should mislead the reader.

† The quoit was commonly a stone, but was sometimes made of iron, and had a thong tied about the middle of it, by which they swung and cast it. What the translation calls a spear was rather a javelin, such as was used in goat-hunting.—C.

And chiefs among them, to whom Phronius' son
 Noëmon drawing nigh, with anxious mien
 Question'd Antinoüs, and thus began :

Know we, Antinoüs ! or know we not,
 When to expect Telemachus at home
 Again from Pylus ? In my ship he went,
 Which now I need, that I may cross the sea
 To Elis, on whose spacious plain I feed
 Twelve mares, each suckling a mule-colt as yet
 Unbroken, but of which I purpose one
 To ferry thence, and break him into use.

He spake, whom they astonish'd heard ; for him
 They deem'd not to Nelëian Pylus gone,
 But, likeliest, to the field, his num'rous flocks
 To visit, or the steward of his swine.

Then thus, Eupithes' son, Antinoüs, spake :

Say true. When sail'd he forth ? of all our youth,
 Whom chose he for his followers ? his own train
 Of slaves and hirelings ? Hath he pow'r to effect
 This also ? Tell me too, for I would learn—
 Took he perforce thy sable bark away,
 Or gav'st it to him at his first demand* ?

* The question of Antinoüs, says Barnes, seems to be asked with a malicious intention to betray Noëmon into a false accusation of Telemachus, a modest and virtuous prince, whom he affects to consider as one like himself, according to the manner of such profligates

To whom Noëmon, Phronius' son, replied :
 I gave it voluntary ; what couldst thou,
 Should such a prince petition for thy bark
 In such distress ? Hard were it to refuse.
 A band, inferiour to yourselves alone
 Attends him forth ; and with them I observ'd
 Mentor embarking, ruler o'er them all,
 Or, if not him, a God ; for such he seem'd.
 But this much moves my wonder. Yester-morn
 I saw, at day-break, noble Mentor here,
 Whom shipp'd for Pylus I had seen before.

He ceas'd ; and to his father's house return'd ;
 They, hearing, sat aghast. Their games mean-time
 Finish'd, the suitors on their seats repos'd,
 To whom Eupithes' son, Antinoüs, next
 Much troubled spake ; a black storm overcharg'd
 His bosom, and his vivid eyes flash'd fire :

Ye Gods ! a proud exploit is here achiev'd,
 This voyage of Telemachus, by us
 Pronounc'd impracticable ; yet the boy,
 In rash defiance of us all, is gone,
 With a swift bark, and with a chosen crew.
 He soon will prove more mischievous, whose pow'r

as he. But Noëmon answers honestly and boldly, doing justice to the son of the king his master, and tacitly condemning the suitors' iniquitous treatment of him.

Jove wither, ere we suffer its effects !
But, be ye quick, launch also forth for me
A bark with twenty rowers ; close conceal'd
Within the narrow frith that sep'rates these
From the rough shores of Samos, will I lurk,
And watch his coming, who shall dearly rue,
That e'er he roam'd to seek his wand'ring sire.

He ceas'd, and loud applause heard in reply,
With warm encouragement. Then, rising all,
Into Ulysses' house at once they throng'd.

Nor was Penelope left uninform'd
Long time of their clandestine plottings deep,
For herald Medon told her all, whose ear
Their councils caught, while in the outer-court
He stood, and they that project fram'd within.
Swift to Penelope the tale he bore,
Who, as he pass'd the gate, him thus address'd :

Why, herald ! thus in haste ? With what command
Charg'd by the suitors ? That Ulysses' maids
Their tasks resign, to furnish, at his cost,
The board for them ? Here end, for ever end
Their tedious wooing ! May ye * never hence

* This transition from the third to the second person belongs to the original, and is considered as a fine stroke of art in the poet, who represents Penelope, in the warmth of her resentment, forgetting where she is, and addressing the suitors as if present.

Escape, t' assemble at the festive board
Elsewhere, as here assembling day by day
Ye have devour'd the substance of my son,
The prince Telemachus! Ye never, sure,
When children, from your parents learn'd, how kind
Ulysses, in their days, had ever been,
No wrongs committing, criminating none
Before the people, as the practice is,
Of mighty chiefs, who favour without cause,
And without cause discount'nance whom they please.
He no man wrong'd at any time: but ye
Proclaim your own ingratitude, and prove
His kindness to your parents lost on you.

Then Medon answer thus, prudent, return'd:
Grant Heav'n, O Queen, that this wo prove the worst!
But greater far and heavier ills than this
The suitors plan, whose counsels Jove confound!
Their base desire and purpose are to slay
Telemachus on his return; for he,
To gather tidings of his sire is gone
To Pylus, or to Sparta's land divine.

He said; and where she stood her trembling knees
Fail'd under her, and all her spirits went.
Speechless she long remain'd, tears fill'd her eyes,
And inarticulate in its passage died
Her utt'rance, till at last with pain she spake:

Herald! why went my son? he hath no need
 On board swift ships to ride, which are to man
 His steeds, that bear him over seas remote*.
 Went he resolv'd on death, and that his name,
 Sunk with himself, should be pronounc'd no more?

Then answer, thus, Medon the wife return'd:
 I know not whether him some God impell'd
 Or his own heart to Pylus, there to hear
 News of his sire's return, or by what fate
 At least he died, if he return no more.

He said; and traversing Ulysses' courts,
 Departed; she, with heart-consuming wo
 O'erwhelm'd, no longer could endure to take
 Repose on any of her num'rous seats,
 But on the threshold of her chamber-door
 Lamenting sat, while all her female train
 Around her moan'd, the ancient and the young,

* Literally, *which are the mariner's horses*. The metaphor itself is admired by Eustathius, but not the use of it by Penelope in her present circumstances. Distressed as she is, she ought not to be supposed to have leisure for poetical fancies, and the exercise of ingenuity. Virgil errs in like manner, as is observed by Fulvius Ursinus, introducing into the speech of Venus, while she laments the sufferings of Æneas, an episodical description of Timavus.

—————et fontem superare Timavi;
 Unde per ora novem vasto cum murmure montis
 It mare proruptum, et pelago premit arva sonanti.

Æn. I, 248.—C.

Whom, sobbing, thus, Penelope bespake :

Hear me, ye maidens ! for of woman born
Coeval with me none hath e'er receiv'd
Such plenteous sorrow from the Gods as I,
Who first my noble husband lost, endu'd
With courage lionlike, of all the Greeks
The chief with ev'ry virtue most adorn'd,
A prince all-excellent, whose glorious praise
Through Hellas and all Argos flew diffus'd,
And now my darling son,—him storms have snatch'd
Far hence inglorious, and I knew it not.

Ah treach'rous servants ! conscious as ye were
Of his design, not one of you the thought
Conceiv'd to wake me when he went on board.

For had I known his purpose to depart,
He either had not gone (how much soe'er
He wish'd to leave me) or had left me dead.
But haste ye,—bid my ancient servant come,
Dolion (whom when I left my father's house
He gave me, and whose office is to attend
My num'rous garden plants) that he may seek
At once Laertes, and may tell him all ;
He may, perchance, some remedy devise,
And, weeping, move the people to withstand
These cruel men, who purpose to destroy
My son, sole offspring of his godlike sire.

Then thus the gentle Euryclea spake,
Nurse of Telemachus: Alas! my queen!
Slay me, or spare, deal with me as thou wilt,
I will confess the truth. I knew it all.
I gave him all that he requir'd from me,
Both wine and bread, and, at his bidding, swore,
To tell thee naught in twelve whole days to come,
Or till, inquiry made, thou shouldst thyself
Learn his departure; lest thou shouldst impair
Thy lovely features with excess of grief.
But lave thyself, and, fresh attir'd, ascend
To thy own chamber, there, with all thy train,
To worship Pallas, who shall save, thenceforth,
Thy son from death, what ills so'er he meet.
Add not fresh sorrows to the present woes
Of the old king, for I believe not yet
Arcesias' race rejected by the Gods
Wholly, but trust that there shall still be found
Among them, who shall, undisturb'd, possess
This palace, with its distant fair domain.

So saying, she hush'd her sorrow, and her eyes
No longer stream'd. Then, bath'd and fresh attir'd,
Penelope ascended with her train
The upper palace, and a basket stor'd
With hallow'd cakes to Pallas off'ring, pray'd:
Hear matchless daughter of Jove ægis-arm'd!

If ever wise Ulysses offer'd here
The thighs of fatted kine or sheep to thee,
Now, mindful of his piety, preserve
His darling son, and frustrate with a frown
The cruelty of these imperious guests!

She said, and with shrill voice melodious pray'd,
Whom Pallas heard. And now the spacious hall
And gloomy passages with tumult rang
And clamour of that throng, when thus, a youth
Insolent as his fellows, dar'd to speak:

Much woo'd, and long, the queen at length prepares
To choose another mate, and nought suspects
The bloody death, to which her son we doom*.

So he; but of his doom they little knew,
And cautious thus Antinoüs replied:

Sirs! one and all, I counsel you, beware
Of such bold boasting unadvis'd; lest one
O'erhearing you, report your words within.
No—rather thus, in silence, let us move
To an exploit so pleasant to us all.

He said, and twenty chose, the bravest there,
With whom he sought the galley on the shore,
Which haling down to sea, with mast and sails

* Mistaking, perhaps, the sound of her voice, and imagining, that she sang.—B.

They furnish'd, and, adjusting next their oars
 Each to its groove with smoothest leather lin'd,
 Unfurl'd their shining canvass to the gale*.
 Their bold attendants brought them then their arms
 And thrusting forth the galley till she swam,
 They moor'd her fast, then went themselves on board,
 And, supping, waited for the dusk of eve.

But when Penelope, the palace stairs
 Remounting, had her upper chamber reach'd,
 There, unrefresh'd with either food or wine,
 She laid her down, her noble son the theme
 Of all her musings, whether he should 'scape
 His impious foes, or perish by their hands.
 Num'rous as are the lion's thoughts, who sees,
 Not without fear, a multitude with toils
 Encircling him around, such num'rous thoughts
 Her bosom occupied, till, sleep at length
 Invading her, she sank in soft repose.

Then Pallas, teeming with a new design,
 Set forth an airy phantom in the form
 Of fair Iphthima, daughter of the brave

* The scholiast asks, Why do they set up the mast, if they purpose to use their oars? and concludes it to be only that the vessel may make the better appearance. But Clarke asks, why might they not use both?

What is here called the *groove*, the watermen on the Thames call the *thole*.

Icarius, and Eumelus' wedded wife
 In Pheræ*. Shap'd like her the dream she sent
 Into the mansion of the godlike chief,
 Ulysses, with kind purpose to abate
 The sighs and tears of sad Penelope.
 Ent'ring the chamber-portal where the bolt
 Secur'd it, at her head the image stood,
 And thus, in terms compassionate, began :

Sleep'st thou, distress'd Penelope? The Gods,
 Happy in everlasting rest themselves,
 Forbid thy sorrows. Thou shalt yet behold
 Thy son again, who hath by no offence
 Incurr'd at any time the wrath of Heav'n.

To whom, sweet-slumb'ring in the shadowy gate
 By which dreams pass, Penelope replied :

What cause, my sister, brings thee, who art seen
 Unfrequent here, for that thou dwell'st remote?
 And thou enjoin'st me a cessation too
 From sorrows num'rous, and which, fretting, wear
 My heart continual; first my spouse I lost
 With courage lionlike endow'd, a prince
 All-excellent, whose never-dying praise
 Through Hellas and all Argos flew diffus'd;
 And now my only son, new to the toils

* A city of Thessaly, so named from Pheres the founder of it.—B.

And hazards of the sea, nor less untaught
 The arts of traffic, in a ship is gone
 Far hence, for whose dear cause I sorrow more
 Than for his sire himself, and even shake
 With terrour, lest he perish by their hands,
 To whom he goes, or in the stormy Deep;
 For num'rous are his foes, and all intent
 To slay him, ere he reach his home again*.

Then answer thus the shadowy form return'd:
 Take courage; suffer not excessive dread
 To overwhelm thee, for secur'd he goes
 By Pallas; a protectress such as all
 Would wish to gain; for harm can ne'er betide

* Spondanus, though ready to grant every thing to maternal love, accounts the affection shown by Penelope to her husband, in this instance, inferiour to the requisitions of the Divine Law, as they are urged on us. Yet he allows (but it is an allowance not called for) that the grief of Penelope on account of Ulysses is, if not almost obliterated by time, yet certainly much abated. But there are many reasons, as Barnes observes, to justify her deeper concern for Telemachus on the present occasion, to which, though the poet has mentioned them, Spondanus was not attentive. Telemachus wanted experience, but Ulysses in that respect, as well as in point of uncommon natural sagacity, was eminently qualified to encounter danger. Ulysses, when he went to Troy, was aware of all the hazard of the enterprise, but his son is ignorant that an ambush is set for his life, from which he can hardly escape but by a miracle. And, after all, says Barnes, whether greater conjugal affection than Penelope manifests is required of us or not, certain it is, that we see few instances of any like it.

Whom she defends. In pity of thy woes
She urg'd me forth, and charg'd me thus to speak.

Then thus Penelope the wise replied :
O ! if thou art a Goddess, and hast heard
A Goddess' voice, rehearse to me the lot
Of that unhappy one, if yet he live
Spectator of the cheerful beams of day,
Or if, already dead, he dwell below.

Then answer thus the fading form return'd :
Vain words are evil. Whether he be dead,
Or still alive, rest uninform'd by me*.

So saying, her egress swift beside the bolt
She made, and melted into air. Upsprang
From sleep Icarus' daughter, and her heart
Felt heal'd within her, by that dream impress'd
Distinctly in the noiseless night serene.

Mean-time the suitors urg'd their wat'ry way,
To instant death devoting in their hearts
Telemachus. There is a rocky isle
In the mid sea, Samos the rude between
And Ithaca, not large, nam'd Asteris,

* This answer of the phantom, says Eustathius, is dexterously managed ; for to have proceeded to tell the whole truth, and to have informed her that Ulysses was still alive, would have been incompatible with the sequel, to which it is essential, that Ulysses at his return should be unknown to all, but especially to Penelope.—C.

It hath commodious havens, into which
 A passage clear opens on either side,
 And there the ambush'd Greeks his coming watch'd*.

* The concluding lines of this Book have been altered, but, by an oversight of the Translator, so altered, that, for an obvious reason, the editor is obliged to give them in a note, or not at all:

Midway between the rugged Samian † shore
 And Ithaca, there lies, not large, an isle
 Nam'd Asteris ‡, with ports at either end
 Accessible; among the rocks conceal'd
 There lay the suitors, watching his return.

† Or Cephallenian;—B. & C. for Cephallenia is sometimes called by Homer Same, or Samos, from a town in it of that name.

‡ Apollodorus says, that the island continued in his time such as Homer describes it, and had a small city in it, on that side next to the continent, called Alalcomene. But Strabo is so much at a loss about it, that he thinks Homer must have misrepresented the place, either for want of sufficient acquaintance with it, or for the sake of his fable.—C.

ARGUMENT OF THE FIFTH BOOK.

Mercury bears to Calypso a command from Jupiter, that she dismiss Ulysses. She, after some remonstrances, promises obedience, and furnishes him with implements and materials, with which he constructs a raft. He quits Calypso's island; is persecuted by Neptune with dreadful tempests, but by the assistance of a sea nymph, after having lost his raft, is enabled to swim to Phæacia.

BOOK V.

AURORA from beside her glorious mate
 Tithonus now arose, dispensing light
 Through Earth and Heav'n, when the assembled
 Gods
 In council sat, o'er whom high-thund'ring Jove
 Presided, mightiest of the Pow'rs above.
 Amid them Pallas all Ulysses' woes
 Enumerated, whom with grief she saw

Detain'd still pris'ner in Calypso's isle*.

Jove, and ye blest inhabitants of Heav'n!
 Be never king, hereafter, lib'ral, kind,
 Or righteous, but let ev'ry sceptred hand
 Rule merciless, and deal in wrong alone,
 Since none of all his people, whom he sway'd
 With such paternal gentleness and love,
 Remembers now divine Ulysses more.
 He in yon distant isle a suff'rer lies
 Of hopeless sorrow, through constraint the guest
 Still of the nymph Calypso, without means
 Or pow'r to reach his native shores again,
 Alike of gallant barks and friends depriv'd,
 Who might conduct him o'er the spacious Deep.
 Nor this is all, but enemies combine,
 To slay his son ere yet he can return
 From Pylus, whither he hath gone to learn
 There, or in Sparta, tidings of his sire.

To whom the Sov'reign of the skies replied:
 What words are these, which now have pass'd thy lips,

* Tithonus, son of Laomedon, brother of Priam, husband of Aurora, is called Endymion also. As Endymion, he is mate of the Moon, and as Tithonus, of the Morning. As Endymion, he is fabled to be a hunter and to sleep in the night only, devoting the day to the labours of the chase; but as Tithonus, he is an astronomer and sleeps in the day, watching all the night that he may observe the stars.—B. & C.

My daughter? Hast thou not, thyself, decreed
 A safe return and vengeance on his foes
 To brave Ulysses? Thou hast also skill
 To guide uninjur'd to his native home
 Telemachus his son, and canst with ease
 Send back the suitors vex'd at his escape.

He ceas'd, and thus to Hermes spake, his son:
 Hermes! (for thou art herald of our will
 At all times) to yon beauteous nymph convey
 Our fix'd resolve, that brave Ulysses thence
 Depart, unaccompanied by God or man.
 Borne on a corded raft, and suff'ring wo
 Extreme, he on the twentieth day shall reach,
 Not sooner, Scherie the deep-soil'd, possess'd
 By the Phæacians, kinsmen of the Gods*
 They as a God shall reverence the chief,
 And in a bark of theirs shall send him thence
 To his own home, much treasure, brass and gold
 And raiment giving him, to an amount
 Surpassing all that, had he safe return'd,
 He should by lot have shar'd of Ilium's spoil.

* Scherie, the island of the Phæacians, has since been called Corcyra, but its most ancient name was Drepane. They are said to be ἀγγιθεοί or to have affinity with the Gods, either on account of their king's descent from Neptune, or because they were a happy people, or because the Gods occasionally visited them and shared their banquets.—B. & C.

Thus Fate appoints Ulysses to regain
His native shore, his palace, and his friends.

He ended, nor the Argicide refus'd,
Messenger of the skies ; his sandals fair,
Ambrosial, golden, to his feet he bound,
Which o'er the moist wave, rapid as the wind,
Bear him, and o'er th' illimitable Earth,
Then took his rod, with which, at will, all eyes
He softly shuts, or opens them again.

So arm'd, forth flew the valiant Argicide.

Alighting on Pieria, down he stoop'd
To Ocean, and the billows lightly skimm'd
In form a seamew, such as, in the bays
Tremendous of the barren Deep her food
Seeking, dips oft in brine her ample wing.
In such disguise o'er many a wave he rode,
But reaching now that isle remote, forsook
The azure Deep ; and, at the spacious grot,
Where dwelt the amber-tressed nymph, arriv'd,
Found her within. A fire on all the hearth
Blaz'd sprightly, and, afar-diffus'd, the scent
Of smooth-split cedar and of cypress-wood
Odorous, burning, cheer'd the happy isle.
She, busied at the loom, and plying fast
Her golden shuttle, with melodious voice
Sat chanting there ; a grove on either side,

Alder and poplar, and the redolent branch
Of cypress hemm'd the dark retreat around.
There many a bird of broadest pinion built
Secure her nest, the owl, the kite, and daw,
Long-tongu'd, frequenter of the sandy shores.
A garden-vine luxuriant on all sides
Mantled the spacious cavern, cluster-hung
Profuse; four fountains of serenest lymph
Their sinuous course pursuing side by side,
Stray'd all around, and ev'ry where appear'd
Meadows of softest verdure, purpled o'er
With violets; it was a scene to fill
A God from Heav'n with wonder and delight.
Hermes, Heav'n's messenger, admiring stood
That sight, and having all survey'd, at length
Enter'd the grotto; nor the lovely nymph
Him knew not soon as seen, for not unknown
Each to the other the Immortals are,
How far soever sep'rate their abodes.
Yet found he not within the mighty chief,
Ulysses; he sat weeping on the shore,
Forlorn; for there his custom was with groans
Of sad regret t' afflict his breaking heart,
Looking continual o'er the barren Deep*.

* The poet is supposed to sequester Ulysses on this occasion, that, ignorant of the constraint under which Calypso acted, he might

Then thus Calypso, loveliest nymph divine,
Of Hermes, from her dazzling throne, inquir'd:

Hermes, swift bearer of the golden rod!

Whom I respect and love, thou art a guest
Unfrequent here—say, wherefore hast thou come?

Speak thy desire; I grant it, if thou ask

Things possible, and possible to me.

Stay not, but ent'ring farther, at my board

Due rites of hospitality receive.

So saying, the Goddess with ambrosial food

Her table cover'd, and with rosy juice

Nectareous charg'd the cup. Then ate and drank

The Argicide and herald of the skies,

And when, divinely banquetted, he felt

His heart refresh'd, his message thus declar'd:

Questionest thou, a Goddess, me a God?

I tell thee truth, since such is thy demand.

Not willing, but by Jove constrain'd, I come.

For who would, voluntary, such a breadth

Enormous measure of the salt expanse,

Where city none is seen, in which the Gods

Are serv'd with chosen hecatombs and pray'r?

But no divinity may the designs

imagine her consent to his departure, and the means with which she furnished him to construct his raft, the effects of kindness merely, and hold himself everlastingly indebted to her.—C.

Elude, or contravert, of Jove supreme.
He saith, that here thou hold'st the most distress
Of all those warriors, who nine years assail'd
The city of Priam, and (that city sack'd)
Departed in the tenth; but, going thence,
Offended Pallas, who with adverse winds
Oppos'd their voyage, and with boist'rous waves.
Then perish'd all his gallant friends, but him
Billows and storms drove hither; Jove commands
That thou dismiss him hence without delay,
For fate ordains him not to perish here
From all his friends remote, but he is doom'd
To see them yet again, and to arrive
At his own palace in his native land.

He said; divine Calypso at the sound
Shudder'd, and in wing'd accents thus replied:

Ye are unjust, ye Gods, and envious past
All others, grudging if a Goddess choose
A mortal husband, and avow the choice.
So, when the rosy-palm'd Aurora chose
Orion, even in your blest abodes
Ye rested not, till, in Ortygia, pierc'd
By fair Diana's gentle shafts he died.
So when the beauteous Ceres, in a deep
Thrice-labour'd fallow, sway'd by soft desire,

Infolded young Iasion in her arms,
Not long remain'd Jove ignorant, who smote
With his bright bolt and slew the favour'd swain*.
So also, O ye Gods, ye envy me
The mortal man, my consort. Him I sav'd
Myself, while solitary on his keel
He rode, for with his sulph'rous arrow Jove
Had cleft his bark amid the sable Deep.
Then perish'd all his gallant friends, but him
Billows and storms drove hither, whom I lov'd
Sincere, and fondly destin'd to a life
Immortal, unobnoxious to decay.
But since no Deity may the designs
Elude or controvert of Jove supreme,
Hence with him to a death abhorr'd, if such
The Sov'reign's will, and such his stern command.
But undimiss'd he goes by me, who ships
Myself well-oar'd and mariners have none,
To send with him athwart the spacious flood;
Yet will I counsel him, nor shall he want

* He was the son of Jupiter and Electra the daughter of Atlas, and by his amour with Ceres became the father of Plutus.—B. & C. This amour, however, was probably an allegorical one, as the scholiast observes, and the truth of his history amounted to no more, than that he was a person skilful in agriculture, and, profiting much by his art, grew rich in consequence.—C.

Such means of furth'rance to his native isle,
As my best help can furnish for his use.

Then Hermes thus, the messenger of Heav'n:
So send him hence, and quickly, through respect
For the command of Jove; whose fiery wrath,
If thou delay, thou mayst, thyself, incur.

So saying, the dauntless Argicide withdrew,
And she (Jove's mandate heard) all-graceful went,
Seeking the brave Ulysses; on the shore
She found him seated; tears that never ceas'd
His cheek bedew'd, and, since the lovely nymph
Had lost her pow'r to charm him, he resign'd
All thought of bliss besides, and in the pangs
Of hopeless exile pass'd his happiest hours,
Yet, through constraint, and listless to return
Her fond embraces, in her arch'd recess
He slept the night beside her, and, by day,
Reclining on the rocks that lin'd the shore,
And viewing wistfully the barren Deep,
Wept, groan'd, desponded, sigh'd, and wept again.
Then, drawing near, thus spake the nymph divine:

Unhappy! weep not here, nor life consume
In anguish; go, thou hast my glad consent.
Arise, and hewing from the trunks of trees
Long planks, with bolts of iron form a raft
Of needful breadth, which, closely floor'd above,

Shall hence convey thee o'er the gloomy Deep.
 Bread, water, and the red grape's cheering juice
 Myself will put on board, which shall preserve
 Thy life from famine; I will also give
 New raiment for thy limbs, and will dispatch
 Winds after thee to waft thee home unharm'd,
 If such the pleasure of the Gods who dwell
 In yonder boundless Heav'n, to whom belongs
 Unerring skill to judge, and not to me.

She spake; Ulysses shudder'd at the sound,
 And thus th' afflicted hero quick replied :

Ah ! other thoughts than of my safe return
 Employ thee, Goddess, now, who bidd'st me pass
 The perilous gulf of Ocean on a raft,
 That wild expanse, which even gallant ships
 Pass not, though form'd to cleave their way with ease,
 And joyful in propitious winds from Jove*.
 No—let me never, in despite of thee,
 Embark on board a raft, nor till thou swear,
 O Goddess ! the inviolable oath,
 That future mischief thou intend'st me none.

He said ; Calypso, beauteous Goddess, strok'd

* Ἀγαλλόμενοι. Homer, as Aristotle observes, frequently ascribes life to inanimate things, and endues them with a metaphorical sensibility.—C.

His wan, wet cheek, and, smiling, thus replied :

Thou dost asperse me rudely, and excuse
 Of ignorance hast none, far better taught.
 What words were these? How couldst thou thus reply?
 Now hear me Earth, and the wide Heav'n above!
 Hear, too, ye waters of the Stygian stream
 Under the Earth, (by which the blessed Gods
 Swear trembling, and revere the awful oath!)
 That future mischief I intend the none*.
 No, my designs concerning thee are such
 As, in an exigence resembling thine,
 Myself, most sure, should for myself conceive.
 I have a mind more equal, not of steel
 My heart is form'd, but much to pity inclin'd.

So saying, the lovely Goddess with swift pace
 Led on, whose footsteps he as swift pursu'd.
 Within the vaulted cavern they arriv'd,
 The Goddess and the man; on the same throne
 Ulysses sat, whence Hermes had aris'n,
 Where all refreshments, such as mortals use,
 Calypso plac'd before him, drink and meats

* The water of Styx, according to Pausanias, dripped from a fountain near to Nonacris a town of Arcadia, and fell into the hollow of a lofty rock, through which it passed into the river Cratis. He adds, that it was fatal to every animal that drank it.—C.

Of various kinds, then, opposite repos'd,
Was serv'd, herself, by her attendant train
With nectar and ambrosia. They their hands
Stretch'd forth together to the ready feast,
And when nor hunger more nor thirst remain'd
Unsated, thus the beauteous nymph began :

Laertes' godlike son, for wiles renown'd !
Canst thou resolve thus suddenly to seek
Thy native shores ?—I wish thee, not the less,
All joy—but knew'st thou to what num'rous woes
Thy fate ordains thee, in thy voyage hence,
This calm retirement and immortal life,
Enjoy'd with me, would win thee to remain,
Ardent and ceaseless as thy wishes are
To see Penelope ; for, whether face
Or form engage thee, well may I presume
Mine scarce inferiour, since immortal charms,
Compar'd with mortal merely, must excel.

To whom Ulysses, ever-wise, replied :
Dread Goddess ! bear with me. Myself, I know,
That my Penelope alike in form
And stature altogether yields to thee,
For she is mortal, and immortal thou,
From age exempt ; yet not the less I wish
My native home, and languish till the day,

That sees my safe arrival, shall arise.
But should some God amid the sable Deep
Dash me again into a wreck, my soul
Shall never, ev'n for such a cause, renounce
Her wonted fortitude; for I have borne
In storms and battle much; now, therefore, come
This evil also, following all the rest*!

He ended, and the sinking sun resign'd
The Earth to darkness. Then in a recess
Interior of the cavern, side by side
Repos'd, they took their amorous delight.
But when Aurora, daughter of the dawn,
Look'd rosy forth, Ulysses then in haste
Put on his vest and mantle, and the nymph
Her snowy vesture of transparent woof,
Graceful, redundant; to her waist she bound
Her golden zone, and veil'd her beauteous head,

* Maximus Tyrius considers the refusal of Ulysses to become immortal, exempt from all infirmity, and to dwell for ever with Calypso attended by beautiful nymphs and enjoying a perpetual pleasure, as an argument that he was of a dull and gross nature, and so destitute of all virtue, that but for his misfortunes and sufferings he would soon be utterly forgotten.—C. But surely he inverts the conclusion which the premises naturally suggest; and the hero may much more justly be said, when he prefers the barren Ithaca, because it is his proper home, to the delightful island of Calypso, to exhibit proof of the most consummate virtue. There seems no reason to doubt, that Homer designed it as his highest eulogium.

Then, musing, plann'd the noble chief's return.
 She gave him, fitted to the grasp, an axe
 Of iron, pond'rous, double edg'd, with haft
 Of olive wood, inserted firm, and wrought
 With curious art. Then, placing in his hand
 A polish'd adze, she led, herself, the way
 To her isle's utmost verge, where loftiest stood
 The alder, poplar, and cloud-piercing fir,
 Though sapless, sound, and fittest for his use,
 As buoyant most. To that once verdant grove
 His steps the beauteous Nymph Calypso led,
 And sought her home again. Then slept not he,
 But, swinging with both hands the axe, his task
 Soon finish'd; trees full twenty to the ground
 He cast, which dext'rous with his adze he smooth'd,
 The knotted surface chipping by a line.
 Mean-time the lovely Goddess to his aid
 Sharp augres brought, with which he bor'd the beams,
 Then plac'd them side by side, adapting each
 To other, and the seams with wadding clos'd*
 Broad as an artist, skill'd in naval works,
 The bottom of a ship of burden spreads,

* This, according to Eustathius, is the probable meaning of *ἀρμονίῃσιν ἄρρηπεν*. He supposes the *ἀρμονίη* to be a sort of tow made from vegetables, and applied by the ancients to naval uses, as hemp among us.—C.

Such breadth Ulysses to his raft assign'd.
He deck'd her over with long planks, upborn
On massy beams; he made the mast, to which
He added suitable the yard;—he fram'd
Rudder and helm to regulate her course,
With wicker-work he border'd all her length
For safety, and much ballast stow'd within,
Mean-time Calypso brought him for a sail
Fittest materials, which he also shap'd,
And to his sail due furniture annex'd
Of cordage strong, foot ropes, and ropes aloft,
Then heav'd her down with levers to the Deep.
He finish'd all his work on the fourth day,
And on the fifth, Calypso, nymph divine,
Dismiss'd him from her isle, but lav'd him first,
And cloth'd him in sweet scented garments new.
Two skins the Goddess also plac'd on board,
One charg'd with crimson wine, and ampler one
With water; nor a bag with food replete
Forgot, nutritious, grateful to the taste;
Nor yet, her latest gift, a gentle gale
And manageable, which Ulysses spread,
Exulting, all his canvass to receive.
Beside the helm he sat, steering expert,
Nor sleep fell ever on his eyes, that watch'd
Intent the Pleiads, tardy in decline

Bootes, and the Bear, call'd else the Wain,
 Which, in his polar prison circling, looks
 Direct toward Orion, and alone
 Of these sinks never to the briny Deep*.
 That star the lovely Goddess bade him hold
 Continual on his left through all his course.
 Ten days and sev'n he navigating cleav'd
 The brine, and on the eighteenth day at length
 The shadowy mountains of Phæacia's land
 Descried, where nearest to his course it lay
 Like a broad buckler on the waves afloat.

But Neptune, traversing, in his return
 From Æthiopia's sons, the mountain-heights
 Of Solymè, descried him from afar
 Borne on the smooth expanse†. His fiery wrath
 Redoubling at the sight, his brows he shook,
 And thus within himself indignant spake :

So then—while I with Æthiopia's sons
 Have dwelt secure, Ulysses as it seems,
 Hath found the Gods less adverse. He beholds
 Phæacia nigh, where he is doom'd to leap

* That Homer had an accurate knowledge of astronomy, says Dionysius Hal., is evident, and if he has not given us in his poems the whole theory of the heavens, as Aratus, or any other professed astronomer may have done, it is only because his subject did not call him to it.—C.

† The Solymi were a people on the confines of Lycia. Their country was also called Pisidia.—C.

The bound'ry of his woes ; yet such distress
As I can cause, he shall not want the while.

He spake, and grasping his huge trident, call'd
Storms from all quarters, cov'ring Earth and sea
With blackest clouds, and night rush'd down from
Heav'n.

The East, the South, the heavy-blowing West,
And the cold North-wind clear, assail'd at once
The raft, and heav'd on high the billowy flood.
All hope, all courage, in that moment, lost,
The hero thus within himself complain'd :

Wretch that I am, what destiny at last
Attends me ! much I fear the Goddess' words
All true, which threaten'd me with num'rous ills
On the wide sea, ere I should reach my home.
Behold them all fulfill'd ! with what a storm
Jove hangs the heav'ns, and agitates the Deep !
Swift comes the tempest on ; the gather'd winds
All rage at once, and there is no escape.
Thrice blest, and more than thrice, Achaia's sons
At Ilium slain for the Atridæ' sake !
O that contending with the Trojan host
For slain Achilles, when a thousand spears
Assail'd me, I had died ! Achaia's sons
Had then, with sounding shields, and solemn march,
And strains funereal compass'd me around,

Whom ruthless Fate now dooms to perish here.

A billow, at that word, with dreadful sweep
Roll'd o'er his head, and whirl'd the raft around.
Dash'd from the steerage o'er the vessel's side,
He plung'd remote; the gust of mingling winds
Snapp'd short the mast, and sail and sail-yard bore
Afar into the Deep. Long time beneath
The whelming waves he lay, nor could emerge
With sudden force, for furious was the shock,
And his apparel, fair Calypso's gift,
Oppress'd him sorely; but at length he rose,
And, rising, spatter'd from his lips the brine,
Which trickling left his brows in many a stream.
Nor, though distress'd, unmindful to regain
His raft was he, but, buffeting the waves
Pursu'd, and, wellnigh at his dying gasp
Recover'd it, and in the centre sat.
She, by the billows toss'd, at random roll'd.
As when, in Autumn, Boreas o'er the plain
Before him drives a mass of matted thorns,
They, tangled, to each other close adhere,
So her the winds drove wild about the Deep.
By turns, the South consign'd her, as in sport,
To the rude North-wind, and the West, by turns,
Receiv'd her from the intermitting East.
Him Cadmus' daughter, Ino nam'd of old,

But now Leucothea, saw. She, lovely Nymph,
 Once mortal trod the ground*, but in the gulfs
 Of Ocean shares immortal honours now.
 Her pity tempest-toss'd and worn with toil
 Ulysses mov'd, and in a seamew's form
 Emerging, with broad wing she skimm'd the waves,
 And perching on the raft, him thus address'd:

Alas! unhappy! how hast thou incens'd
 So terribly the Shaker of the shores,
 That he pursues thee with such num'rous ills?
 Sink thee he cannot, wish it as he may.
 Thus do (for I account thee not unwise)
 Thy garments putting off, let drive thy raft
 As the winds will; then, swimming, strive to reach
 Phæacia, where thy doom is to escape.
 Take this. This riband bind beneath thy breast,
 Celestial texture. Thenceforth ev'ry fear
 Of death dismiss, and, laying once thy hands
 On the firm continent, unbind the zone,
 Which thou shalt cast far distant from the shore
 Into the Deep; but turn thy face away.

So saying, the Goddess gave into his hand
 The wondrous zone, and seamew still in form,
 Plung'd from his sight beneath the rolling flood.

* The Translator finding himself free to choose between *ἀδύσσεια*
 and *ἐδηέσσα*, has preferred the latter.

But still th' afflicted hero sat perplex'd,
And with his noble heart thus commun'd sad:
 Alas! this counsel to forsake the raft—
I fear it—lest some Deity design
Another snare for me; nor shall I yield
Obedience soon; for I beheld the land
Of my foretold deliv'rance far remote.
Thus, therefore, will I do, for such appears
My wiser course. While yet the planks sustain
This tempest undisjoin'd, I will abide
A suff'rer on the raft; but when the waves
Shall once have shatter'd it, I will essay
This girdle then—my sole expedient left.
While thus he mus'd, the God of ocean heav'd
A mountainous and overwhelming wave,
And hurl'd it at the raft. As when the wind
Tempestuous, falling on some stubble-heap,
The arid straws disperses ev'ry way,
So flew the timbers. He, a single beam
Bestriding, oar'd it onward with his feet,
As he had urg'd a horse. Then putting off
Calypso's gift, his drench'd attire, he bound
His girdle on, and prone into the sea,
With wide-spread palms prepar'd for swimming, fell.
The God of Ocean ey'd him; in disdain
He shook his brows, and in his heart he said:

Thus, suff'ring many mis'ries roam the flood,
 Till thou shalt mingle with a race of men
 Heav'n's special favourites; yet even there
 Fear not that thou shalt feel thy sorrows light.

He said, and scourging his bright steeds, arriv'd
 At Ægæ, where his glorious palace stands*.

But other thoughts Minerva's mind employ'd,
 Jove's daughter; binding ev'ry wind beside,
 She lull'd them, and enjoin'd them all to sleep,
 But rous'd swift Boreas, and the billows bade
 Subside before him, till the noble chief,
 From death deliver'd and the grasp of fate,
 Should mingle with Phæacia's sons secure.

Two nights of terrour and two dreadful days—
 Bewilder'd in the Deep, and many a time
 Foreboding death, he roam'd; but when, at length,
 The third bright morn appear'd, the wind, assuag'd,
 Blew softly, and a breathless calm ensu'd.
 Then, casting from a billow's height a look
 Of anxious heed, he saw Phæacia nigh.

Precious as to his children seems the life
 Of some fond father, who hath long endur'd
 His adverse demon's rage, by slow disease
 And ceaseless anguish wasted, till the Gods
 Dispel at length their fears, and he revives,

* An island in front of Eubœa, sacred to Neptune.—B. & C.

So grateful to Ulysses' sight appear'd
Forests and hills. Impatient with his feet
To press the shore, he swam; but when within
Such distance as a shout may reach, he came,
The thunder of the sea against the rocks
Then smote his ear; for hoarse the billows roar'd
On the firm land, belch'd horrible abroad,
And the salt spray dimm'd all things to his view.
For neither port for ships nor shelt'ring cove
Was there, but the rude coast a headland bluff
Presented, rocks and craggy masses huge.
All hope and strength then failing him, he heav'd
A deep long groan, and in his heart he said—
 Alas! though Jove hath giv'n me to behold,
Unhop'd, the land again, and I have pass'd,
Furrowing my way, these num'rous waves, there seems
No egress from the hoary flood for me.
Sharp stones hem in the waters; wild the surge
Raves ev'rywhere; and smooth the rocks arise;
Deep also is the shore, on which my feet
No standing gain, or chance of safe escape.
What if some billow catch me from the Deep
Emerging, and against the pointed rocks
Dash me conflicting with its force in vain?
But should I, swimming, trace the coast in search
Of sloping beach, haven or shelter'd creek,

I fear lest, groaning, I be snatch'd again
By stormy gusts into the fishy Deep,
Or lest some monster of the flood receive
Command to seize me, of the many such
By the illustrious Amphitrite bred;
For that the mighty Shaker of the shores
Hates me implacable, too well I know.

While such discourse within himself he held,
A huge wave heav'd him on the rugged coast,
Where flay'd his flesh had been, and all his bones
Broken together, but for the infus'd
Good counsel of Minerva azure-ey'd.
With both hands suddenly he seiz'd the rock,
And, groaning, clench'd it till the billow pass'd.
So baffled he that wave; but yet again
The refluent flood rush'd on him, and with force
Resistless dash'd him far into the sea.
As when the polypus, enforc'd, forsakes
His rough recess, in his contracted claws
He gripes the pebbles still, to which he clung,
So he, within his lacerated grasp
The crumbled stone retain'd, when from his hold
The huge wave forc'd him, and he sank again.
Then had not Fate herself prevail'd to save
Hapless Ulysses, but that he pursu'd,
Admonish'd by the Goddess most his friend,

A course more prudent*. From the foamy flood
 Emerging, where the billows dash'd the shore,
 He swam behind them, with a landward look
 For some safe shelter open'd by the waves.
 But when, still swimming, to the mouth he came
 Of a smooth-sliding river, there he deem'd
 Safest th' ascent, for it was undeform'd
 By rocks, and shelter'd close from ev'ry wind.
 He felt the current, and thus, ardent, pray'd:

O king! whate'er thy name, whose welcome course
 Escaping Neptune's menaces, I reach,
 Propitious hear my pray'r! the Gods themselves
 Respect the fugitive forlorn as I,
 Who now, long-time a suff'rer, first behold
 Thy gentle stream, and seek thy gracious aid.
 O hear thy suppliant! Pity my distress!

He said; the river-God at once repress'd

* Plutarch, vindicating Homer against some who charged him with making mere machines of his heroes, who, as they alleged, perform arduous and incredible things not by efforts and exertions of their own, but by a divine irresistible impulse, observes, that on new and extraordinary emergencies, such as demand uncommon animation and exertion, the poet does not introduce his Deities to supersede, but merely to direct the will, not to force into action, but to suggest such ideas as may determine the agent, and by the effect of which he moves, not necessarily, but rationally and from a principle of free choice, with the additional advantage of fresh hope and courage.—C.

His current, and it ceas'd; then smooth he made
 The way before Ulysses, and the land
 Vouchsaf'd him easy at his channel's mouth.
 There, once again he bent for ease his limbs
 Both arms and knees, in conflict with the floods
 Exhausted; swoln his body was all o'er,
 And from his mouth and nostrils stream'd the brine*.
 Breathless and speechless, and of life wellnigh
 Bereft he lay, through dreadful toil immense.
 But when, reviv'd, his dissipated pow'rs
 He recollected, loosing from beneath
 His breast the zone divine, he cast it far
 Into the brackish stream, and a huge wave
 Returning bore it downward to the sea,
 Where Ino caught it †. Then, the river's brink
 Abandoning, among the rushes prone
 He lay, kiss'd oft the soil, and sighing, said:

* In the judgement of Eustathius Ulysses bends his limbs for a philosophical reason, and lest, the muscles having been kept on the stretch many days, his limbs should become stiff and useless. But Dacier, thinking the hero at present in no condition to philosophize, supposes rather, that he let fall his limbs through weariness. Clarke however observes justly, that to *let fall* is by no means the sense of *ἐκασψε*, and understands therefore, that he bent his legs and his arms, not philosophically, but simply to relieve them.

† The poet takes no notice of his obedience to the command of Ino, to turn his face another way when he should cast the zone into the water, but leaves us to take it for granted, that the ceremony was not neglected.

Ah me! what sufferings must I now sustain?
What doom, at last, awaits me? Should I watch
The long sad night beside the river's brink,
I fear lest spiritless and overtoil'd
I perish by the frost and chilling dews,
For cold o'er water comes the morning air.
But should I reach yon dusky woods, that crown
These sloping hills, and make my couch beneath
Their thickest boughs, if even there, at ease,
Reposing and from cold secure, I yield
To sleep's soft influence, may I not be torn
By some voracious prowler of the wild?

Long time he mus'd, but, at the last, his course
Bent to the woods, which near the river-side
He saw, encompass'd by an open lawn.
Arriv'd, between two neighbour shrubs he crept,
Both olives, this the fruitful, that the wild;
A covert, which nor rough winds blowing moist
Could penetrate, nor could the noon-day sun
Smite through it, or unceasing show'rs pervade,
So thick a roof the ample branches form'd
Close interwoven; under these the chief
Retiring, with industrious hands amass'd
An ample couch, for fallen leaves he found
Abundant there, such store as had suffic'd
Two travellers or three for cov'ring warm,

Though winter's roughest blasts had rag'd the while.
That bed with joy the suff'ring chief renown'd
Contemplated, and occupying soon
The middle space, heap'd higher still the leaves.
As when some swain hath hidden deep his torch
Beneath the embers, at the verge extreme
Of all his farm, where, having neighbours none,
He saves a seed or two of future flame *
Alive, doom'd else to fetch it from afar,
So with dry leaves Ulysses overspread
His body, on whose eyes Minerva pour'd
The balm of sleep, and eager to restore
His wasted strength, soon clos'd their weary lids.

* Homer says *σπέρμα πυρός*, and Virgil after him—*semina flammæ*.
—C.

ARGUMENT OF THE SIXTH BOOK.

Minerva, designing an interview between the daughter of Alcinoüs and Ulysses, admonishes her in a dream to carry down her clothes to the river, that she may wash them, and make them ready for her approaching nuptials. That task performed, the princess and her train amuse themselves with play; by accident they awake Ulysses; he comes forth from the wood, and applies himself with much address to Nausicaa, who compassionating his distressed condition, and being much affected by the dignity of his appearance, interests herself in his favour, and conducts him to the city.

BOOK VI.

WHILE thus by sleep and weariness subdu'd
 The brave Ulysses lay, Minerva sought
 The city of Phæacia*. In old time
 Phæacia's sons possess'd the fruitful plains

* It is a remark of Eustathius, that the poet, having laid Ulysses asleep, interweaves with his subject this short history of the first Phæacians, merely to enliven his matter, and to relieve it from an appearance of sameness.—C.

Of Hypereia, bord'ring on the fierce
Cyclopean race, from whose superior might
They suffer'd num'rous wrongs. At length arose
Godlike Nausithoüs; he, their leader thence,
In Scheria plac'd them, an unneighbour'd isle,
And far from all resort of busy man.
He circled round their city with a wall,
Their houses, and the temples of the Gods
He built, and made division of the soil.
But, victim of his fate, in Hades dwelt
Nausithoüs now, and, in his stead, endu'd
With wisdom by the Gods, Alcinoüs reign'd.
To his abode Minerva azure-ey'd
Repair'd, neglecting nought which might advance
Magnanimous Ulysses' safe return.
She sought the sumptuous chamber where, in form
And feature perfect as the Gods, the young
Nausicaa, daughter of the king, repos'd.
Fast by the pillars of the portal lay
Two damsels, one on either side, adorn'd
By all the Graces, and the doors were shut.
Soft as a breathing air, she stole toward
The virgin's couch, and, standing at her head
In form of her companion dearly lov'd
The daughter of a mariner renown'd
For skill and courage, Dymas, thus began:

Nausicaa! wherefore hath thy mother borne
 A child so negligent? Thy garments share,
 Thy most magnificent, no thought of thine.
 Yet thou must marry soon, and must provide
 Robes for thyself, and for thy nuptial train*.
 Thy fame, on these concerns, and honour stand;
 These manag'd well, thy parents shall rejoice.
 The dawn appearing, let us to the place
 Of washing, where thy work-mate I will be
 For speedier riddance of thy task, since soon
 The days of thy virginity shall end;
 For thou art woo'd already by the prime
 Of all Phæacia, country of thy birth.
 Come then—solicit at the dawn of day
 Thy royal father, that he send thee forth
 With mules and carriage for conveyance hence
 Of thy best robes, thy mantles and thy zones.
 Thus, more commodiously thou shalt perform
 The journey, for the cisterns lie remote.

So saying, the Goddess ceas'd, and sought at once
 Olympus, by repute th' eternal seat
 Of the ethereal Pow'rs, which never storms
 Disturb, rains drench, or snow invades, but calm

* It is said to have been the custom for the bride, to furnish the friends of the bridegroom with the apparel, in which it was proper that they should attend the nuptials.—C.

The expanse and cloudless shines with purest day.
 There the inhabitants divine rejoice
 For ever, and, the damsel thus advis'd,
 Thither the blue-ey'd Deity repair'd*.

Now came bright-charioted Aurora forth
 And waken'd fair Nausicaa; she her dream
 Remember'd wond'ring, and her parents sought
 Anxious to tell them. Them she found within.
 Beside the hearth her royal mother sat,
 Spinning soft fleeces with sea-purple dy'd
 Among her menial maidens; but she met
 Her father, whom the nobles of the land
 Had summon'd, issuing abroad to join
 The illustrious chiefs in council. At his side
 She stood, and thus her filial suit preferr'd:

Sir †! wilt thou lend me of the royal wains
 A sumpter-carriage? for our costly robes,
 All sullied now, the cleansing stream require:
 And thine, especially, when thou appear'st
 In council with the princes of the land,

* Aristotle, giving the etymology of Olympus, derives it from *ὀλολαμπής*—*all-splendid*. For it is a region, he says, exempt from obscurity, and secure from those irregular commotions, which storms and various other causes produce below.—C.

† In the original she calls him *papa!* a more natural style of address, and more endearing. But ancient as this appellative is, it is also so familiar in modern use, that the translator feared to hazard it.

Had need be pure. Thy sons are also five,
Two wedded, and the rest of age to wed,
Who go not to the dance unless adorn'd
With fresh attire—all which is my concern.

So spake Nausicaa; for she dar'd not name
Her own glad nuptials to her father's ear,
Who, conscious yet of all her drift, replied:

I grudge thee neither mules, my child, nor aught
That thou canst ask beside. Go, and my train
Shall furnish thee a sumpter-carriage forth
High-built, strong-wheel'd, and of capacious size.

So saying, he issu'd his command, whom quick
His grooms obey'd. They in the court prepar'd
The sumpter-carriage, and adjoin'd the mules.
And now the virgin from her chamber, charg'd
With raiment, came, which on the car she plac'd,
And in the carriage-chest, mean-time, the queen,
Her mother, viands of all flavours heap'd,
And fill'd a goatskin with delicious wine.
This done, the damsel mounted, but receiv'd,
For unction of herself and of her maids,
From the queen's hand a golden cruse of oil,
Ere yet she went. Then, seizing on the scourge
And on the splendid reins, she lash'd the mules.
They, straining, stamp'd the soil, hard task'd to draw
Princess and raiment both; nor sole she went,

But others also, maidens of her train*.
At the delightful rivulet arriv'd,
Where those perennial cisterns were prepar'd,
With purest crystal of the fountain fed
Profuse, sufficient for the deepest stains,
Loosing the mules, they drove them forth to browse
On the sweet herb beside the dimpled flood.
Light'ning the carriage, next, they bore in hand
The garments down to the unsullied wave,
And thrust them heap'd into the pools, their task
Dispatching brisk, and with an emulous haste.
When all were purified, and neither spot
Could be perceiv'd nor blemish more, they spread
The raiment orderly along the beach,
Where dashing tides had cleans'd the pebbles most,
And laving, next, and smoothing o'er with oil
Their limbs, all seated on the river's bank,
They took repast, while stretch'd the garments lay
In noon-day fervour of the sun, to dry.
Their hunger satisfied, at once arose
The mistress and her train, and putting off

* Pausanias says, there was an ancient picture to be seen in his time, representing two virgins drawn by mules, one holding the reins, the other attired in a veil. They were supposed to be Nausicaa and her maid driving to the cisterns or canals, where they washed their linen.—C.

Their head-attire, play'd wanton with the ball,
 The princess singing to her maids the while.
 As shaft-arm'd Dian o'er the mountains moves,
 Taygetus or Erymanth sublime,
 The wild boar chasing or the tim'rous deer,
 The rural nymphs, Jove's daughters, the delight
 Share also, and Latona's bosom swells
 With secret joy; for though the Nymphs be fair,
 In Dian's fairer form and statelier mien
 The Goddess shines, apparent from afar,
 So all her train she, virgin pure, excell'd*.

But when the hour of her departure thence
 Approach'd (the mules now yok'd again, and all
 Her elegant apparel folded neat)
 Then Pallas means devis'd from sleep to rouse
 Ulysses, and to shew him, ere she went,
 His future fair conductress to the town.
 The princess cast the ball, but missing her,
 At whom she cast it, plung'd it in the flood.

* The reader, if he will consult Clarke, will find in his annotations a curious extract from Gellius, in which he gives us the estimate made by Valerius Probus of the comparative merits of this simile, as it stands in Homer, with Virgil's imitation of it. The preference is given to Homer's, and for the best reasons.—The extract is too long to have place here.

Taygetus was a mountain of Laconia, at small distance from the sea, lofty and upright, and adjoined on its northern side to the bottom of the Arcadian mountains.

Loud shriek'd the damsels. Startled at the sound
Ulysses sat erect, and thus he mus'd :

Ah me ! what mortal race inhabit here ?

Rude are they, contumacious, and unjust ?

Or hospitable, and who fear the Gods ?

How piercing was that cry ! the voice it seem'd

Of nymphs who wanton on aerial heights,

Beside clear fountains, or in grassy vales.

Is this a neighbourhood of men endu'd

With voice articulate ? But what avails

Self-questioning ? I will go forth and see.

So saying, divine Ulysses from beneath

His thicket crept, and from the leafy wood

A spreading branch pluck'd forcibly, design'd

A decent screen effectual, held before.

Like a huge mountain-lion forth he went,

Whom winds have vex'd and rains ; fire fills his eyes,

And whether herds, or flocks, or woodland deer

He find, he rends them, and, adust for blood,

Abstains not even from the guarded fold,

Such sure to seem in virgin eyes, the chief,

All naked as he was, his covert left,

Reluctant, by necessity constrain'd.

To them, with weeds and briny foam defil'd,

All terrible he seem'd, and to the land's

Remotest points dispers'd at once they flew*.
 Nausicaa alone fled not : for her
 Pallas courageous made, and from her limbs,
 By pow'r divine, all tremour took away.
 Firm she expected him ; he doubtful stood
 Or to implore the lovely maid, her knees
 Embracing, or, at distance due, to ask
 In suppliant terms apparel, and the boon
 Of guidance to the city where she dwelt.
 Him so deliberating, most, at length,
 This counsel pleas'd ; in suppliant terms aloof
 To sue to her, lest if he clasp'd her knees,
 The virgin should that bolder course resent.
 Then gentle thus and well-advis'd he spake :
 O queen ! thy earnest suppliant I approach.
 Art thou some Goddess, or of mortal race ?
 For if some Goddess, and from Heav'n arriv'd,

* Some have deemed Ulysses so lately exhausted with fatigue no proper subject of comparison with a lion. But Eustathius judges, that the force of the comparison consists in the appearance he could not fail to make in the eyes of the timorous maidens, the attendants on Nausicaa. His strength, his bulk, the intrepidity with which he comes forth, are, in his opinion, by no means the circumstances which the poet means to illustrate by the simile ; but their astonishment only, which was such, that at the first glimpse of him they fled, as a flock of sheep, or as a deer before a lion.—C.

Polygnotus, we are told, made choice of this scene for the subject of one of his paintings.—C.

Then, Dian, daughter of all-pow'rful Jove
 I deem thee most, for such as hers appear
 Thy form, thy stature, and thy air divine.
 But if, of mortal race, thou dwell below,
 Thrice happy then thy parents I account,
 And happy thrice thy brethren. Ah! the joy
 Which always, for thy sake, their bosoms fills,
 When thee they view, all lovely as thou art,
 Ent'ring majestic on the graceful dance.
 But him beyond all others blest I deem,
 The youth, who, wealthier than his rich compeers,
 Shall win and lead thee to his honour'd home*.
 For never with these eyes a mortal form
 Beheld I comparable aught to thine,
 In man or woman. Wonder-rapt I gaze.
 Such erst, in Delos, I beheld a palm
 Beside the altar of Apollo, tall,
 And growing still † (for thither too I sail'd,

* Thus Eustathius interprets the expression—*Ὁς κέ σ' ἐέδυσισι βείσας*
 —The youth, says he, who shall surpass his competitors in the mul-
 titude of his nuptial presents, and shall therefore win thee. The
 word *βείσας*, he adds, is a metaphor, taken from things that prepon-
 derate in the scale.—C.

† Cicero says, that the palm here mentioned by Ulysses was shown
 as a curiosity in his time. It was fabled to have risen suddenly out
 of the ground for the use of Latona, that she might support herself
 either by grasping or leaning against it, when she brought forth
 Apollo.—B. & C.

And num'rous were my followers in a voyage
Ordain'd my ruin); and as then I view'd
That palm long time amaz'd, for never grew
So straight a shaft, so lovely from the ground,
So, princess! thee with wonder I behold,
Charm'd into fix'd astonishment, by awe
Alone forbidden to embrace thy knees,
For I am one on whom much wo hath fall'n.
Yesterday I escap'd (the twentieth day
Of my distress by sea) the dreary Deep;
For all those days the waves and rapid storms
Bore me along, impetuous, from the isle
Ogygia; till at length the will of Heav'n
Cast me, that I might also here sustain
Affliction, on your shore; for rest, I think,
Is not for me. No. The immortal Gods
Have much to accomplish ere that day arrive.
But, O queen, pity me! who, after long
Calamities endur'd, of all who live
Thee first approach, nor mortal know beside
Of the inhabitants of all the land.
Show me your city; give me, although coarse,
Some cov'ring (if coarse cov'ring *thou* canst give),
And may the Gods thy largest wishes grant,
House, husband, concord! for of all the gifts
Of Heav'n, more precious none I deem, than peace

'Twixt wedded pair, and union undissolv'd ;
 Envy torments their enemies, but joy
 Fills ev'ry virtuous breast, and most their own*.

To whom Nausicaa the fair replied :
 Stranger ! thou seem'st not worthless or unwise.
 But Jove, whose Sov'reign hand to bad men oft
 Appoints the happier lot, to thee assigns
 Affliction, which thy part it is t' endure ;
 And since the waves have cast thee on our isle,
 Nor garment thou shalt want, nor aught beside
 Due to a suppliant guest like thee forlorn.
 I will both show thee where our city stands,
 And who dwell here. Phæacia's sons possess
 This land ; but I am daughter of their king,
 The brave Alcinoüs, on whose sway depends
 For strength and wealth the whole Phæacian race.

She said, and to her beauteous maidens gave
 Instant commandment—My attendants, stay !
 Why flee ye thus, and whither, from the sight

* Phocylides, as quoted by Clarke, has beautifully expressed the same sentiment.

———Τὶ γὰρ ἡδύτερον καὶ ἄρειον,
 Ἡ ὅταν ἀνδρὶ γυνὴ φρονεῖ φίλα γήραος ἄχρι,
 Καὶ πόσις ἢ ἀλόχῳ, μηδ' ἐμπέσῃ ἀνδιχα νεῖκος ;
 What lovelier spectacle, than wedded pair
 Reciprocally kind from youth to age,
 And keeping perfect concord to the last !

Of a mere mortal? Seems he in your eyes
Some enemy of ours? The heart beats not,
Nor shall it beat hereafter, which shall come
An enemy to the Phæacian shores,
So dear to the immortal Gods are we.
Remote, amid the billowy Deep, we hold
Our dwelling, utmost of all humankind,
And free from mixture with a foreign race.
This man, a miserable wand'rer comes,
Whom we are bound to cherish, for the poor
And stranger are from Jove, and trivial gifts
To such are welcome. Bring ye therefore food
And wine, my maidens, for the guest's regale,
And lave him where the stream is shelter'd most.

She spake; they stood, and by each other's words
Encourag'd, plac'd Ulysses where the bank
O'erhung the stream, as fair Nausicaa bade,
Daughter of king Alcinoüs the renown'd.
Apparel also at his side they spread,
Mantle and vest, and, next, the limpid oil
Presenting to him in the golden cruise,
Exhorted him to bathe. The noble chief,
Ulysses, then the maidens thus bespake:

Ye maidens, stand apart, that I may cleanse,
Myself, my shoulders from the briny surf.
And give them oil, which they have wanted long.

But in your presence I bathe not, asham'd
T' appear uncover'd in a woman's sight.

He said; they went, and to Nausicaa told
His answer; then the hero in the stream
His shoulders lav'd and loins incrusted rough
With the salt spray, and with his hands the scum
Of the wild ocean from his locks express'd*.
Thus wash'd all over, and refresh'd with oil,
He put the garments on, Nausicaa's gift.
Then Pallas, progeny of Jove, his form
Dilated more, and from his head diffus'd
His curling locks like hyacinthine flow'rs.
As when some artist, by Minerva made
And Vulcan wise to execute all tasks
Ingenious, binding with a golden verge
Bright silver, finishes a graceful work,
Such grace the Goddess o'er his ample chest
Copious diffus'd, and o'er his manly brows.
Retiring, on the beach he sat, with grace
And dignity illum'd, where, viewing him,
The virgin princess with amazement mark'd
His beauty, and her damsels thus bespake :

* When a person newly emerged from the sea stands in the sun, the water is soon dried from his body by the heat, but the saline particles condensed will continue to adhere to his skin, till they are washed away with a lotion of some other kind.—Plutarch Symposiac. L. 1, Problem 9.—C.

My lovely maidens, listen to my voice !
 Not hated, sure, by all above, this man
 Among Phæacia's godlike sons arrives.
 At first I deem'd him of plebeian sort
 Dishonourable, but he now assumes
 A near resemblance to the Gods above.
 O that myself were his, and that he dwelt
 And would consent to dwell for ever here !
 Give him, my maidens, food, and give him wine*.

She spake, at whose command, her maidens plac'd
 With prompt alacrity both wine and food
 Before Ulysses ; he rapacious ate
 And drank with eager lips, for he had liv'd
 From taste of aliment long time estrang'd.

On other thoughts mean-time intent, her charge
 Of folded vestments neat the princess plac'd
 Within the royal wain, then yok'd the mules,
 And to her seat herself ascending, call'd
 Ulysses to depart, and thus she spake :

Up, stranger ! seek the city. I will lead

* If Nausicaa, now marriageable and expecting soon to be married, prates thus to her maidens merely because she has, like Calypso, conceived a passion for the stranger, her boldness and want of delicacy are much to be censured. But if, inferring his rank from his expression, and his good sense from his manner of addressing her, she prefers a union with such a man, rather than with any of the rich or the dancers of her own city, she is entitled then to our admiration.—Plutarch. de audiendis Poëtis.—C.

Thy steps toward my royal father's house,
Where all Phæacia's nobles thou shalt see,
But thou (for I account thee not unwise)
This course pursue. While through the fields we pass,
And labours of the rural hind, so long
With my attendants follow fast the mules
And sumpter-carriage. I will be thy guide.
But, once the summit gain'd, on which is built
Our city with proud bulwarks fenc'd around,
And lav'd on both sides by its pleasant port
Of narrow entrance, where our gallant barks
Line all the road, each station'd in her place,
And where, adjoining to the splendid fane
Of Neptune, stands the forum with huge stones
From quarries thither drawn, constructed strong,
In which the rigging of their barks they keep,
Sail-cloth, and cordage, and make smooth their oars
(For bow and quiver the Phæacian race
Heed not, but masts, and oars, and ships well-pois'd,
With which exulting they divide the flood);
Then, cautious, I would shun their bitter taunts
Disgustful, lest they mock me as I pass;
For of the meaner people some are coarse
In the extreme, and it may chance that one
The basest there, shall, seeing us, exclaim—
What handsome stranger of athletic form

Attends the princess? Where had she the chance
 To find him? We shall see them wedded soon,
 Either she hath receiv'd some vagrant guest
 From distant lands (for no land neighbours ours),
 Or some Divinity for whom she pin'd,
 And whose embrace with ceaseless pray'r she sought,
 Hath left the Heav'ns to be for ever hers.
 'Tis well if, searching, she have found at last
 A husband for herself, since she accounts
 All her Phæacian wooers nothing worth
 However noble. Thus shall I be scorn'd*.
 And I should blame, myself, a virgin much,
 Who, heedless how she might displease and grieve
 Her parents, were familiar with a man
 Ere celebration of her spousal rites†.

* It is well observed by Eustathius, that the contrivance of Nausicaa, to reveal to Ulysses the love she felt for him by the supposed remark of another, is truly admirable. Had she made the discovery to him speaking in her own person, as he adds, her behaviour would have been insufferable.—C. Neither ought it to be forgotten, that her morning dream, which spoke her nuptials near, connected with the arrival of Ulysses, would naturally seem to her to point out him as the man to whom she was destined.

† Παρθενικήν δὲ φύλασσε πολυκλείσσις θαλάμοισι,
 Μηδὲ μιν ἄχρι γάμων πρὸ δόμων ὀφθῆναι ἐάσης.

Phocylides, ποίημα νεθετικὸν, ver. 203.—C.

See that your virgin's chamber door shut fast,
 Nor let her, till she wed, be seen abroad.

But mark me, stranger! following my advice,
Thou shalt the sooner at my father's hands
Obtain safe conduct and conveyance home.
Sacred to Pallas a delightful grove
Of poplars skirts the road, which we shall reach
Erelong; within that grove a fountain flows,
And meads encircle it; my father's farm
Is there, and his luxuriant garden-plot;
A shout might reach it from the city-walls.
There wait, till, in the town arriv'd, we gain
My father's palace; and when reason bids
Suppose us there, then, ent'ring thou the town,
Ask where Alcinoüs dwells, my valiant sire.
His house is easily discern'd; a child
May lead thee to it; for Phæacia's sons
Possess not houses equalling in aught
The mansion of Alcinoüs, the king.
Within the court arriv'd, with hasty steps
Advancing, pause not till thou reach the queen,
My mother; she before the blazing hearth,
And at a column's base, sits twisting wool
Ting'd with sea-purple, and behind her sit,
Their task a wondrous web, her busy maids.
There also stands my father's throne, on which
Seated, he drinks and banquets like a God.

Pass that ; then suppliant clasp my mother's knees,
 So shalt thou quickly see the joyful day
 Of thy return, though distant far from home.
 Yes—if she favour thee, thou mayst indulge
 The hope thenceforth to see again thy friends,
 Thy mansion, and to tread thy native shores.

So saying, she with her splendid scourge the mules
 Lash'd onward. They (the stream soon left behind)
 With even footsteps graceful smote the ground ;
 But so she rul'd them, managing with art
 The scourge, as not to leave afar, although
 Following on foot, Ulysses and her train.
 The sun had reach'd the West, when in that grove
 To Pallas consecrated they arriv'd,
 In which Ulysses sat, and fervent thus
 Su'd to the daughter of Jove ægis-arm'd :

Daughter invincible of Jove supreme !
 O, hear me ! Hear me now, because when erst
 The mighty Shaker of the shores incens'd
 Toss'd me from wave to wave, thou heard'st me not.
 Grant me, among Phæacia's sons to find
 Benevolence and pity of my woes !

He spake, whose pray'r well-pleas'd the Goddess
 heard,

Yet would not, ere he reach'd his native home,
 Afford him open aid, through fear t'offend

The brother of her sire*, who still pursu'd
 Godlike Ulysses with a boundless hate†.

* Neptune.

† This is the sense in which Barnes understands the concluding lines of the book, and it seems the best sense. Others connect πάσης ἦν γαῖαν ἰκέσθαι with ἐπιζαφελῶς μενέαινεν, but they connect themselves much more properly with ἔγω φαίνομαι ἐναντίον, for Neptune occasioned no impediment to the last voyage of Ulysses, from Phæacia to Ithaca, and cannot therefore be said to have persecuted him till he arrived at home.

According to this interpretation, the words

————— αἶδετο γὰρ ῥα
 Πατροκασίγνητον, ὃ δ' ἐπιζαφελῶς μενέαινεν
 Ἄντιθέω Ὀδυσῆϊ—————

should be inclosed in a parenthesis.

ARGUMENT OF THE SEVENTH BOOK.

Nausicaa returns from the river, whom Ulysses follows. He halts by her direction, at a small distance from the palace, which at a convenient time he enters. He is well received by Alcinoüs and his queen; and having related to them the manner of his being cast on the shore of Scheria, and received from Alcinoüs the promise of safe conduct home, retires to rest.

BOOK VII.

SO pray'd Ulysses in the grove; mean-time,
Drawn by her sturdy mules, the royal maid
The city reach'd, and at her father's house
Magnificent arriv'd, the sumpter-wain
Stopp'd in the vestibule; her brothers five,
All godlike youths, assembling quick around,
Releas'd the mules, and bore the raiment in.
Mean-time to her own chamber she return'd,

Where, soon as she arriv'd, an ancient dame
 Eurymedusa, by peculiar charge
 Attendant on that service, kindled fire.
 Sea-rovers her had from Epirus brought
 Long since, and to Alcinoüs she had fall'n
 By public gift, for that he govern'd all
 Phæacia, and as oft as he harangu'd
 The multitude, was rev'renc'd as a God*.
 She waited on the fair Nausicaa, she
 Her fuel kindled, and her food prepar'd.
 And now Ulysses from his seat arose
 To seek the city, whom his heav'nly friend
 Minerva in impenetrable mist
 Involv'd, lest some Phæacian should insult
 His ear with questions—Who, and whence were he?
 Then, when within few paces he arriv'd
 Of that fair city, meeting him, in form
 A little maid, bearing her pitcher forth,
 She stood before him, and the noble chief,
 Unconscious of the Goddess thus inquir'd:
 Child! wilt thou not conduct me to the house
 Of great Alcinoüs, sov'reign of the land?

* It is Clarke's opinion, that she had neither been captiv'd in war (for the Phæacians waged no wars) nor obtained by purchase, but seized by pirates according to the common practice of the ancients.

For I arrive a stranger here, forlorn,
 And from a distant shore, and all who dwell
 In all this country are unknown to me.

To whom the Goddess of the azure-eyes :
 My stranger-friend ! the mansion of thy search
 Myself will show thee ; for not distant dwells
 Alcinoüs from my father's own abode :
 But hush ! be silent—I will lead the way ;
 Mark no man ; question no man ; for the sight
 Of strangers is unusual here, and cold
 The welcome by this people shown to such*.
 They, trusting in swift ships, by the free grant
 Of Neptune traverse his wide waters, borne
 As if on wings, or with the speed of thought.

So spake the Goddess, and with nimble pace
 Led on, whose footsteps he as quick pursu'd.
 But still the seaman-throng through whom he pass'd
 Perceiv'd him not ; Minerva, Goddess dread,
 That sight forbidding them, whose eyes she dimm'd
 With darkness shed miraculous around
 Her fav'rite chief. Ulysses, wond'ring, mark'd

* How comes it then to pass, that they are represented as so extremely hospitable in the sequel? Perhaps the vulgar only are intended in this description ; or more probably, as the scholiast observes, Minerva gives them this character, to guard Ulysses against the danger of troublesome and impertinent inquiry, to which he would be exposed, should he make any inquiries himself.—B. & C.

Their port, their ships, their forum the resort
 Of heroes, and their battlements sublime
 Fenc'd with sharp stakes around, a glorious show !
 But when the king's august abode he reach'd,
 Then Pallas thus instructed him again :

My father ! thou behold'st the house, to which
 Thou bad'st me lead thee. Thou shalt find our chiefs
 And high-born princes banquetting within.
 But enter fearing nought, for boldest men
 Speed ever best, come whencesoe'er they may*.
 First thou shalt find the queen, Areta nam'd.
 Lineal in her descent is she from those
 Who gave Alcinoüs birth, her royal spouse.
 Neptune begat Nausithoüs, at the first,
 On Peribæa, loveliest of her sex,
 Latest-born daughter of Eurymedon,
 Heroic king of the proud giant race,
 Who, losing all his impious people, shar'd
 The same dread fate himself. Her Neptune lov'd,
 To whom she bore a son, the mighty prince
 Nausithoüs, king of the Phæacian race.
 Nausithoüs himself two sons begat,
 Rhexenor and Alcinoüs. Phæbus slew

* The same sentiment is found in a fragment of Menander.

Οὐκ ἐστὶ τὸ λήμης ἐφοδίων μεῖζον βίη.

The best viaticum through life is courage.—C.

Rhexenor at his home, a bridegroom yet,
 Who, father of no son, one daughter left,
 Areta, wedded to Alcinoüs now *,
 And whom the sov'reign in such honour holds,
 As woman none enjoys of all the Earth,
 Whose house is subject to a husband's pow'r.
 Such honours have attended long, and still
 Attend her, from her children, from himself
 Alcinoüs, and from all Phæacia's race,
 Who, gazing on her as she were divine,
 Shout when she moves in progress through the town.
 For she no wisdom wants, but sits, herself,
 Arbitress of such contests as arise
 Between her fav'rites, and decides aright †.

* Alcinoüs therefore was the uncle of his wife, and we have seen more than one instance in the Iliad of a man wedded to his niece. This double relationship was not uncommon among the Grecians.—B.

† Barnes, referring his reader to Onomacritus and Apollonius Rhodius, gives the following instance of Areta acting in her judicial capacity. When the ambassadors of Æeta, in the name of their master, demanded from Alcinoüs that his daughter Medea, who had forsaken him and fled to Phæacia with Jason, should be restored to him, and Alcinoüs was willing to comply, considering the condition as a reasonable one, his queen immediately interposed this condition—If she were still a virgin, she might go; otherwise she was Jason's wife, and they ought not to be separated. Jason, being privately informed of the terms, instantly qualified the fugitive to claim him as her husband, and she was protected accordingly.

If she once favour thee, thou mayst indulge
 The hope, thenceforth, to see again thy friends,
 Thy mansion, and to tread thy native shore.

So saying, the Goddess of the azure-eyes
 From pleasant Scheria o'er the barren Deep
 Glided to Marathon, which left afar,
 In spacious Athens she arriv'd, and found,
 Beneath Erectheus' glorious roof, her home*.
 Ulysses then toward the palace mov'd
 Of king Alcinoüs, but immers'd in thought
 Stood first, and paus'd, ere with his foot he press'd
 The brazen threshold; for a light he saw
 As of the sun or moon illuming clear
 The palace of Phæacia's mighty king.
 Walls plated bright with brass, on either side
 Stretch'd from the portal to th' interior house,
 With azure cornice crown'd; the doors were gold,
 Which shut the palace fast; silver the posts
 Rear'd on a brazen threshold, and above,
 The lintels, silver, architrav'd with gold.
 Mastiffs, in gold and silver, lin'd the approach
 On either side, with art celestial fram'd
 By Vulcan, guardians of Alcinoüs' gate

* Marathon was a place so named in Attica; and when Pallas is said to enter the house of Erectheus, the meaning is, that she entered her own temple, in which Erectheus had his education.—B. & C.

For ever, unobnoxious to decay*.
 Sheer from the threshold to the inner house
 Fix'd thrones the walls through all their length adorn'd,
 With mantles overspread of subtlest warp
 Transparent, work of many a female hand.
 On these the princes of Phæacia sat,
 Holding perpetual feasts, while golden youths
 On all the sumptuous altars stood, their hands
 With burning torches charg'd, which, night by night,
 Shed radiance over all the festive throng.
 Full fifty female menials serv'd the king
 In household offices; the rapid mills
 These turning pulverize the mellow'd grain,
 Those, seated orderly, the purple fleece
 Wind off, or ply the loom, restless as leaves
 Of lofty poplars flutt'ring in the breeze;
 Bright as with oil the new-wrought texture shone†.
 Far as Phæacian mariners all else
 Surpass, the swift ship urging through the floods,

* Some affirm, that these mastiffs were given by Juno to Neptune as the price of his assistance against Jupiter, and that from Neptune they had passed to Alcinoüs.—B. & C.

† *Καιροσέων δ' ὀθονέων ἀπολείβεται ὑγρὸν ἔλαιον.*

Pope has given no translation of this line in the text of his work, but has translated it in a note. It is variously interpreted by commentators; the sense which is here given of it is that recommended by Eustathius.

So far in tissue-work the women pass
All others, by Minerva's self endow'd
With richest fancy and superiour skill.
Without the court, and to the gates adjoin'd,
A spacious garden lay, fenc'd all around
Secure, four acres measuring complete.
There grew luxuriant many a lofty tree,
Pomegranate, pear, the apple blushing bright,
The honey'd fig, and unctuous olive smooth.
Those fruits, nor winter's cold nor summer's heat
Fear ever, fail not, wither not, but hang
Perennial, while unceasing zephyr breathes
Gently on all, enlarging these, and those
Maturing genial; in an endless course
Pears after pears to full dimensions swell,
Figs follow figs, grapes clust'ring grow again
Where clusters grew, and (ev'ry apple stripp'd)
The boughs soon tempt the gath'rer as before.
There too, well-rooted, and of fruit profuse,
His vineyard grows; part, wide-extended, basks
In the sun's beams; the arid level glows;
In part they gather, and in part they tread
The wine-press, while, before the eye, the grapes
Here put their blossom forth, there gather fast
Their blackness. On the garden's verge extreme

Flow'rs of all hues smile all the year, arrang'd
 With neatest art judicious, and amid
 The lovely scene two fountains welling forth,
 One visits, into ev'ry part diffus'd,
 The garden-ground, the other soft beneath
 The threshold steals into the palace-court,
 Whence ev'ry citizen his vase supplies.

Such were the ample blessings on the house
 Of king Alcinoüs by the Gods bestow'd.

Ulysses wond'ring stood, and when, at length,
 Silent he had the whole fair scene admir'd,
 Enter'd with hasty step the royal gate.
 The chiefs he found and senators within
 Libation pouring to the vigilant spy
 Mercurius, whom with wine they worshipp'd last
 Of all the Gods, and at the hour of rest*.
 Ulysses, circumfus'd with thickest shades
 By Pallas still, pass'd on, till he arriv'd
 Where king Alcinoüs and Areta sat.
 Around Areta's knees his arms he cast,

* Because Mercury gave sleep by the touch of his rod, and because he delivered his messages in dreams and visions of the night; but chiefly, according to Plutarch, because he of all the Gods was most attentive to the discourse that passed on convivial occasions, and most concerned in the inspiration of such as was agreeable.—C.

This last libation was called the *Ἀγαθὸν Δαίμονος πόμα*.—B.

And, in that moment, the mysterious cloud
Which veil'd his godlike form, all broke away.
Amazement seiz'd the guests ; in mute suspense
They ey'd the chief, who thus his suit preferr'd :

Areta, daughter of the godlike prince,
Rhexenor ! after num'rous woes sustain'd,
Behold me here a suppliant at thy knees,
Imploring thee, the king, and these your guests
(To whom Heav'n grant abundance, and to leave
Their children in possession of the wealth,
And all the well-earn'd honours, now their own),
That ye vouchsafe me swift conveyance hence
To my regretted home, which, tempest-toss'd
And wretched, I have sought long time in vain.

Such suit he made, and in the ashes sat
At the hearth-side ; they mute long time remain'd,
Till, at the last, the ancient hero spake,
Echeneus, eldest of Phæacia's sons,
With eloquence beyond the rest endow'd,
Rich in traditionary lore, and wise
In all, who thus, benevolent, began :

Not honourable to thyself, O king !
Is such a sight, a stranger on the ground,
Seated beside the hearth, and in the dust.
Mean-time, thy guests, expecting thy command,
Move not ; thou therefore, raising by his hand

The suppliant, lead him to a seat, and bid
 The heralds mingle wine, that we may pour
 Libation forth to thunder-bearing Jove,
 Dread guardian of the suppliant stranger's rights ;
 Then bid the sewer spread for his regale
 A plenteous board, with viands now within.

Soon as those words Alcinoüs heard, the king,
 Upraising by his hand the prudent chief,
 Ulysses, from the hearth, he made him sit
 On a bright throne, displacing for his sake
 Laodamas his son, the virtuous youth,
 Who sat beside him, and whom most he lov'd.
 And now a maiden charg'd with golden ew'r,
 And with an argent laver, pouring, first,
 Pure water on his hands, before him plac'd
 A polish'd table, which the matron, charg'd
 With service of the guests, with bread supplied
 And viands largely, from her present stores*.
 Then ate the hero toil-inur'd, and drank,
 And to his herald thus Alcinoüs spake :

Pontonöüs ! mingle wine, and bear it round
 To ev'ry guest in turn, that we may pour

* It is remarked, that Ulysses in this poem washes his hands ere he eats, which neither he nor any other hero does in the Iliad. The reason of the difference, says Athenæus, is, that in the Odyssey we have the customs that belonged to a time of peace, when there was leisure for neatness and self-indulgence.—C.

To thunder-bearer Jove, the stranger's friend,
And guardian of the suppliant's sacred rights.

He ended, and Pontonoüs, as he bade,
Mingling delicious wine, the cups dispens'd
With distribution regular to all.

When each had made libation, and had drunk
Sufficient, then, Alcinoüs thus began :

Phæacian chiefs and senators, attend,
While I pronounce the dictates of my heart !
Ye all have feasted—To your homes and sleep.
We will assemble at the dawn of day
More senior chiefs, that we may entertain
The stranger here, and to the Gods perform
Due sacrifice ; the convoy that he asks
Shall next engage our thoughts, that, free from pain
And from vexation, by our friendly aid
He may revisit, joyful and with speed,
His native shore, however far remote.
No inconvenience let him feel or harm,
Ere his arrival ; but, arriv'd, thenceforth
He must endure whatever lot the Fates
Spun for him in the moment of his birth.
But should he prove some Deity from Heav'n
Descended, then the Immortals have in view
Designs not yet apparent ; for the Gods
Have deign'd not seldom, from of old, to mix

In our solemnities ; have fill'd a seat
Where we have sat, and made our banquet theirs.
And even if a single traveller
Of the Phæacians meet them, all reserve
They lay aside ; for with the Gods we boast
As near affinity as do themselves
The Cyclops, or the Giant race profane*.

To whom Ulysses, ever-wise, replied :
Alcinoüs ! think not so. Resemblance none
In figure or in lineaments I bear
To the immortal tenants of the skies,
But to the sons of earth ; if ye have known
A man afflicted with a weight of wo
Peculiar, let me be with him compar'd ;
Woes even passing his could I relate,
And all inflicted on me by the Gods.
But let me eat, comfortless as I am,
Uninterrupted ; for no call is loud
As that of hunger in the ears of man ;
Importunate, unreas'nable, it constrains
His notice, more than all his woes beside.

* The scholiast explains the passage thus—We resemble the Gods in righteousness, as much as the Cyclops and Giants resembled each other in impiety.—B. & C. But in this sense of it there is something intricate, and contrary to Homer's manner. We have seen, that they derived themselves from Neptune, which sufficiently justifies the above interpretation.

So I much sorrow feel, yet not the less
 Hear I the blatant appetite demand
 Due sustenance, and with a voice that drowns
 E'en all my suff'rings, till itself be fill'd*.
 But expedite ye at the dawn of day
 My safe return into my native land,
 After much mis'ry; and let life itself
 Forsake me, may I but once more behold
 My fair possessions, my domestic train,
 And the high-vaulted roof my former home.

He spake, whom all applauded, and advis'd,
 Unanimous, the guest's conveyance home,
 Who had so fitly spoken. When, at length,
 All had libation made, and were suffic'd,
 Departing to his house, each sought repose.
 But still Ulysses in the hall remain'd,
 Alcinoüs and Areta at his side;
 And while their busy menials clear'd the board,

* Athenæus reproaches Ulysses with gluttony on this occasion, and observes, that, however hungry he might be, his hunger afforded no excuse for want of civility.—B. & C. But when Athenæus was thus rigorous in his demand of good manners, his patience probably had not been exercised with a fast of many days. Ulysses indeed had lately eaten by the bounty of Nausicaa; but seamen who have been reduced to short allowance, or for some time to absolute famine, well know, that the return of appetite even after a plentiful meal is almost immediate. The heroes of Homer may not always be polite, but they always behave naturally.

Areta (for his mantle and his vest
Wrought by her women and herself, she knew)
In accents wing'd with eager haste began :
 Stranger ! the first inquiry shall be mine ;
Who art, and whence ? From whom receiv'dst thou
 these ?

Saidst not—I came a wand'rer o'er the Deep ?

 To whom Ulysses, ever-wise, replied :
O queen ! the task were difficult t' unfold
In all its length the story of my woes,
For I have num'rous from the Gods receiv'd ;
But I will answer thee as best I may.
There is a certain isle, Ogygia, plac'd
Far distant in the Deep ; there dwells, by man
Alike unvisited, and by the Gods,
Calypso, lovely nymph, but deeply skill'd
In artifice, and terrible in pow'r,
Daughter of Atlas. Me alone my fate
Her miserable inmate made, when Jove
Had riv'n asunder with his candent bolt
My bark in the mid-sea. There perish'd all
The valiant partners of my toils, and I
My vessel's keel embracing day and night
With folded arms, nine days was borne along.
But on the tenth dark night, as pleas'd the Gods,
They drove me to Ogygia's island, where

Calypso, dread Divinity, resides *.
 She rescu'd, cherish'd, fed me, and her wish
 Was to confer on me immortal life,
 Exempt for ever from the sap of age.
 But me her offer'd boon sway'd not. Sev'n years
 I there abode continual, with my tears
 Bedewing ceaseless my ambrosial robes,
 Calypso's gift divine; but when, at length
 (Sev'n years elaps'd), the circling eighth arriv'd,
 She then, herself, my quick departure thence
 Advis'd, by Jove's own mandate overaw'd,
 Which even her had influenc'd to a change.
 Borne on a well-join'd raft she sent me forth
 With num'rous presents; bread she put and wine
 On board, and cloth'd me in immortal robes;

* Longinus considers this ten-days distress of Ulysses, during which he had neither rest nor sustenance, as a symptom of the declension of Homer's genius, and as a proof that he began to dream.—B. & C. Barne's vindicates the poet against the charge, by alleging, that he is to be understood in a qualified sense, not as representing Ulysses destitute entirely of all sustenance, but of his usual diet only.—B. But what sustenance could he procure, or how could he possibly preserve any, while he clung to the keel of his vessel?

The scholiast's is therefore the best justification of the passage, who says—It is unreasonable to ask how he subsisted—for does not Minerva in the 20th book inform him

Αὐτὰρ ἐγὼ Θεός εἰμι, διαμπερὲς ἦ σε φυλάσσω

Ἐν πάντεσσι πονοῖσι. ————— B. & C.

————— But I, who keep
 Thee in all difficulties, am divine.

She sent before me also a fair wind
Fresh-blowing, but not dang'rous. Sev'nteen days
I sail'd the flood, and, on the eighteenth, saw
Your lofty mountain-tops with forests crown'd,
And seeing them rejoic'd; but premature
Was that delight, and soon by Neptune chang'd
To deepest wo; for he with adverse winds
My course resisted, and, with billows huge
Shatt'ring my raft, constrain'd me sore distress'd
And groaning, to divide with wearied arms
This vast abyss of ocean, till the winds
And mighty waters cast me on your shore.
Me, there emerging, had the tempest driv'n
Full on the land, where, incommodious most,
The shore presented only roughest rocks,
But, leaving it, I swam the Deep again,
Until at last a river's gentle stream
Receiv'd me, by no rocks deform'd, and where
No violent winds the shelter'd bank annoy'd.
I flung myself on shore, exhausted, weak,
Needing repose; then came the silent night,
And from the Jove-descended stream withdrawn,
I in a thicket laid me down on leaves,
Which I had heap'd together, and the Gods
O'erwhelm'd my eye-lids with a flood of sleep.
There under wither'd leaves, forlorn, I slept

All the long night, the morning, and the noon ;
 But balmy sleep, at the decline of day,
 Broke from me ; then, your daughter's train I heard
 Sporting, with whom she also sported, fair
 And graceful as the Gods*. To her I kneel'd.
 She swerv'd not from the dictates of a mind
 Most pure, but pass'd in her behaviour all,
 Which even ye could from an age like hers
 Have hop'd ; for youth is ever indiscreet.
 She gave me plenteous food, with richest wine
 Refresh'd my spirit, taught me where to bathe,
 And cloth'd me as thou seest ; thus, though a prey
 To many sorrows, I have told thee truth.

To whom Alcinoüs answer thus return'd :
 Stranger ! my daughter overlook'd at least
 One rule of decent manners ; for although
 She first receiv'd thee suppliant, she return'd
 With all her women, and thee left to find
 These doors, unfriended, and without a guide.

Then answer, thus, the wary chief return'd :
 Blame not, O hero, for so slight a cause
 Thy faultless child ; she bade me follow them,

* Eustathius deemed it worthy of remark, that Ulysses makes no mention of their daughter's singing and tossing the ball, lest he should seem to accuse her of levity. But he expressly says, that her women amused themselves with play, and that she was among them.—C.

But I refus'd, by fear and awe restrain'd,
 Lest thou shouldst feel displeasure at that sight,
 Thyself; for we are all, in ev'ry clime,
 Suspicious, and to worst constructions prone.

So spake Ulysses, to whom thus the king :
 I bear not, stranger ! in my breast a heart
 Much giv'n to causeless wrath, yet due respect
 To decency's demands require from all.
 And Jove, Apollo, and Minerva know,
 How fervent is my wish, that being such,
 And of such kindred sentiments with mine,
 Thou wouldst accept my daughter, wouldst become
 My son-in-law, and dwell contented here*.
 House would I give thee, and possessions too,
 Were such thy choice; else, if thou choose it not,
 No man in all Phæacia shall by force
 Detain thee. Jove would disapprove the deed.
 For proof, I will appoint thee convoy hence
 To morrow; and while thou by sleep subdu'd

* The scholiast judges, that Alcinoüs makes this offer merely as a trial and test of the veracity of Ulysses. If he had refused Calypso, he would of course refuse his daughter, but if he accepted his daughter, it could not then be true, that he had refused Calypso.—B. & C. But Clarke affirms, that the remark is groundless, since we are assured by Eustathius, that it was customary with the ancients, to give their daughters, not to people of their own country by preference, but rather, if they had opportunity, to some accomplished stranger.

Shalt press thy bed, my people with their oars
 Shall brush the placid flood, till thou arrive
 At home, or at what place soe'er thou wouldst,
 Though far more distant than Eubœa lies,
 Remotest isle from us, by the report
 Of ours, who saw it when they thither bore
 Sage Rhadamanthus of the golden locks,
 To visit earth-born Tityus*. To that isle
 They went, they reach'd it, and they brought him
 thence

Back to Phæacia, in one day, with ease.
 Thou also shalt be taught what ships I boast,
 Unmatch'd in swiftness, and how far my crews
 Excel, upturning wth their oars the brine.

He ended, whom Ulysses in his heart
 Exulting heard, and praying, thus replied :

Eternal Father ! may the king perform
 His whole kind promise ! grant him in all lands
 A never-dying name, and grant to me
 To visit safe my native shores again † !

* Jupiter being enamoured of Elora daughter of Orchomenus, or as others say, of Minos, to avoid the jealousy of Juno, concealed her underground. There she bore him this most extraordinary son, named Tityus, who was beloved by Latona, and shot by Apollo.—Rhadamanthus is supposed to have made this visit to Tityus on a charitable account, and, being himself a just man, for the sake of instructing him.—B. & C.

† Ulysses gives not a direct answer to the obliging proposal of

Thus they conferr'd ; and now Areta bade
Her fair attendants dress a fleecy couch
Beneath the portico, with purple rugs
Resplendent, and with arras spread beneath,
And over all with cloaks of shaggy pile.
Forth went the maidens, bearing each a torch,
And, as she bade, prepar'd in haste a couch
Of depth commodious ; then, returning, gave
Ulysses welcome summons to repose :

Rise, stranger ! all is ready ; come to rest.
So they ; thrice welcome to Ulysses seem'd
Their invitation, and his sculptur'd couch,
Beneath the sounding portico prepar'd,
With willing feet the toil-worn hero sought ;
But far within th' interiour palace slept
Alcinoüs, and, lodg'd in royal state,
The queen, his virtuous consort, at his side.

Alcinoüs to bestow on him his daughter, because it would have seemed harsh to refuse her. His prayer, expressive as it is of his impatience to return, and of his gratitude to the person who furnishes him with means of doing so, is an indirect indeed, but a delicate and sufficient answer.—Dacier.

ARGUMENT OF THE EIGHTH BOOK.

The Phæacians consult on the subject of Ulysses. Preparation is made for his departure. Antinoüs entertains them at his table. Games follow the entertainment. Demodocus, the bard, sings first the loves of Mars and Venus, then the introduction of the wooden horse into Troy. Ulysses, much affected by his song, is questioned by Alcinoüs, whence, and who he is, and what is the cause of his sorrow.

BOOK VIII.

SOON as Aurora, daughter of the dawn
Look'd forth, upsprang Phæacia's mighty king,
And from his couch the town-destroying chief
Ulysses hasted, whom Alcinoüs led
To early council at the ships conven'd.
Arriving, side by side on polish'd stones
They sat; mean-time, Minerva in the form
Of king Alcinoüs' herald rang'd the town,
With purpose to accelerate the return

Of brave Ulysses to his native home,
And thus to ev'ry chief the Goddess spake* :

Phæacian chiefs and senators, away !
To council hasting, hear a stranger's tale,
A guest of king Alcinoüs, new-arriv'd,
A shipwreck'd wand'rer hither, of a form
Superiour, and majestic as a God.

So saying, she rous'd the people, and at once
The seats of all the senate-court were fill'd
With fast-assembling throngs, no few of whom
Had mark'd Ulysses with admiring eyes.

Then, Pallas o'er his head and shoulders broad
Diffusing grace celestial, his whole form
Dilated, and to statelier height advanc'd,
That worthier of all rev'rence he might seem
To the Phæacians, and might many a feat
Achieve, with which they should his force assay†.

* By Minerva we are to understand here, either a rumour that a very intelligent stranger had arrived in their country, on whose account they are called together, or that the Phæacians, by their natural discernment finding Ulysses to be a person of that description, a rarity among themselves, assemble for satisfaction of their curiosity, and to prove if the account of him be a true one.—Eustathius.—C.

† The poet pluralizes the single effort with the *discus*, probably because, though Ulysses performed no feat beside, he offered himself to a trial in many others, excepting against the foot-race only. Minerva therefore thus improves his figure that it may evidence the justness of his pretensions.

When, therefore, the assembly now was full,
Alcinoüs, thus addressing them, began :

Phæacian chiefs and senators attend,
That I may speak as my best judgement bids.
This guest, unknown to me, hath, wand'ring, found
My palace, either from the East arriv'd,
Or from some nation on our western side.
Safe conduct home he asks, and our consent
Here wishes ratified, whose quick return
Be it our part, as usual, to promote ;
For at no time the stranger, from what coast
Soe'er, who hath resorted to our doors,
Hath long complain'd of his detention here.
Haste—draw ye down into the sacred Deep
A vessel of prime speed, and, from among
The people, fifty and two youths select,
Approv'd the best ; then, lashing fast the oars,
Leave her, that at my palace ye may make
Short feast, for which myself will all provide.
Thus I enjoin the crew ; but as for those
Of sceptred rank, I bid them all alike
To my own board, that here we may regale
The stranger nobly, and let none refuse.
Call, too, Demodocus, the bard divine,
To share my banquet, whom the Gods have blest
With pow'rs of song delectable, what theme

Soe'er his animated fancy choose.

He ceas'd, and led the way, whom follow'd all
The sceptred senators, and at his house
Mean-time a herald sought the bard divine.
Then, fifty mariners and two, from all
The rest selected, to the coast repair'd,
And, from her station on the sea-bank, launch'd
The galley down into the sacred Deep.
They plac'd the canvass and the mast on board,
Arrang'd the oars, unfurl'd the shining sail,
And, leaving her in depth of water moor'd,
Resorted to the sov'reign's grand abode.
There soon the portico, the court, the hall
Were fill'd with multitudes of young and old,
For whose regale the mighty monarch slew
Two beeves, twelve sheep, and twice four fatted
brawns.

They flay'd them first, then busily their task
Administ'ring, prepar'd the joyous feast.
And now the herald thither led with care
The tuneful bard ; him partially the Muse
And dearly lov'd, yet gave him good and ill ;
She quench'd his sight, but gave him strains divine*.

* As in the Iliad, says Eustathius, the poet deals out good and evil from his two casks respectively, so here he represents the Muse as dispensing the same mixture to Demodocus. And it was the opi-

For him Pontonoüs in the midst dispos'd
 An argent-studded throne, thrusting it close
 To a tall column, where he hung his lyre
 Above his head, and taught him where it hung.
 He set before him next a polish'd board,
 And basket, and a goblet fill'd with wine
 For his own use, and at his own command*.
 Then all assail'd at once the ready feast,
 And when nor hunger more nor thirst they felt,
 Then came the Muse, and rous'd the bard to sing
 Exploits of men renown'd; it was a song,
 In that day, to the highest Heav'n extoll'd†.
 He sang the fierce dispute, which, at a feast
 In honour of the Gods at Ilium, chanc'd

nion of Maximus Tyrius, that Homer, in this short history of the Phæacian bard, gives us in reality his own.—C.

The scholiast asks, if the Muse deprived him of sight, how then can she be said to have loved him? A question which he answers by observing, that the Blind, being disqualified for other employments, have the more leisure for poetry.—B. & C.

* Clarke on this sentence quotes an epigram of the Anthologia, Lib. II, 47.

Ἀυτοθελὴς ἡδίστος αἰεὶ πότος.

The happiest always is the glass,
 Which we are free to drink or pass.

† The poet is here supposed by Eustathius to allude to the Iliad.
 —C.

Between Achilles and Laertes' son.
 That contest, Agamemnon, king of men,
 Between those princes of his host remark'd
 With silent joy; for when in Pytho* erst
 He pass'd the marble threshold, to consult
 The oracle of Apollo, such dispute
 The voice divine had to his ear announc'd;
 For then it was, that first the storm of war
 Came rolling on, ordain'd long time to afflict
 Troy and the Grecians, by the will of Jove†.

So sang the bard illustrious; then his robe
 Of purple dye with both hands o'er his head
 Ulysses drew, behind its ample folds
 Veiling his face, through fear to be observ'd
 By the Phæacians weeping at the song;
 And ever as the bard harmonious ceas'd,
 He wip'd his tears, and, drawing from his brows
 The mantle, pour'd libation to the Gods.
 But when the chiefs (for they delighted heard

* A city of Phocis, named also Delphi, famous for the temple and oracle of Pythian Apollo.

† Agamemnon having inquired at Delphi, at what time the Trojan war should end, was answered, that the conclusion of it should happen at a time, when a dispute should arise between two of his principal commanders. That dispute occurred at the time here alluded to, Achilles recommending force as most likely to reduce the city, and Ulysses stratagem.—B. & C.

Those sounds) solicited again the bard,
 And he renew'd the strain, then cov'ring close
 His count'nance, as before, Ulysses wept.
 Thus, unperceiv'd by all, the hero mourn'd,
 Save by Alcinoüs; he alone his tears
 (Beside him seated) mark'd, and his deep sighs
 O'erhearing, the Phæacians thus bespake:

Phæacia's chiefs and senators, attend!
 We have long time sat feasting, and long time
 Sat list'ning to the lyre, companion sweet
 And seasonable of the festive hour.
 Now go we forth for honourable proof
 Of our address in games of ev'ry kind,
 That this our guest may to his friends report,
 At home arriv'd, that none like us have learn'd,
 To leap, to box, to wrestle, and to run.

So saying, he led them forth, whose steps the guests
 All follow'd, and the herald, hanging high
 The sprightly lyre, took gently by his hand
 Demodocus, and leading him abroad
 Follow'd Phæacia's princes to the games.
 They sought the forum; countless swarm'd the throng
 Behind them as they went, and many a youth
 Strong and courageous to the strife arose.
 Upstood Acroneus and Ocyalus,
 Elatreus, Nautcus, Prynneus, after whom

Anchialus with Anabeesineus
 Arose, Eretmeus, Ponteus, Proreus bold,
 Amphialus and Thoön*. Then arose,
 In aspect dread as homicidal Mars,
 Euryalus, and for his graceful form
 (After Laodamas) distinguish'd most
 Of all Phæacia's sons, Naubolides.
 Three also from Alcinoüs sprung, arose,
 Laodamas, his eldest; Halius, next,
 His second-born; and godlike Clytoneus.
 Of these, some started for the runner's prize.
 They gave the race its limits†. All at once
 Along the dusty champaign swift they flew.
 But Clytoneus, illustrious youth, outstripp'd
 All competition; far as mules surpass
 Slow oxen, furrowing the fallow ground,
 So far before all others he arriv'd
 Victorious, where the throng'd spectators stood.
 Some tried the wrestler's toil severe, in which
 Euryalus superiour prov'd to all.

* The Phæacians being a maritime people, these names are all derived from maritime subjects.—C.

† Τοῖσιδ' ἀπὸ νύσσης τέτατο δρόμος—This expression is by the commentators generally understood to be significant of the effort, which they made at starting; but it is not improbable, that it relates merely to the measurement of the course, otherwise, *καρπαλίμως ἐπέτοντο*—will be tautologous.

In the long leap Amphialus prevail'd ;
 Elatreus most successful hurl'd the quoit ;
 And at the cestus*, last, the noble son
 Of Scheria's king, Laodamas excell'd.
 When thus with contemplation of the games
 All had been gratified, Alcinoüs' son
 Laodamas, arising, them address'd† :

Friends! ask we now the stranger, if he boast
 Proficiency in aught. His figure seems
 Not ill ; in thighs, and legs, and arms he shows
 Much strength, and in his brawny neck ; nor youth
 Hath left him yet, though batter'd he appears
 With num'rous troubles, and misfortune-flaw'd.
 Nor know I hardships in the world so sure,
 To break the strongest down, as those by sea.

Then answer thus Euryalus return'd :
 Thou hast well said, Laodamas ; thyself
 Approaching, speak to him, and call him forth.

Which when Alcinoüs' noble offspring heard,
 Advancing from his seat, amid them all
 He stood, and to Ulysses thus began :

Stand forth, O guest, thou also ; prove thy skill

* In boxing.

† The poet having already given us a description at large of similar contests at the funeral of Patroclus, judiciously speaks of these in the most summary manner.—C.

(If any such thou boast) in games like ours,
Which, likeliest thou hast learn'd; for greater praise
Hath no man, while he lives, than that he know
His feet to exercise and hands aright*.

Come, then; make trial; scatter wide thy cares;
We will not hold thee long; the ship is launch'd
Already, and the crew stand all prepar'd.

To whom replied the wily chief renown'd:
Wherefore, as in derision, have ye call'd
Me forth, Laodamas, to these exploits?
No games have I, but many a grief, at heart,
And, with far other struggles worn, here sit,
Desirous only of conveyance home,
For which both king and people I implore.

Then him Euryalus aloud reproach'd:
I well believ'd it friend! in thee the guise

* Exactly the same sentiment is found in Pindar, Pythior. Od. X, ver. 34: a very natural one in an age, when the most enviable public honours were bestowed on pre-eminent force and agility.

————— ὑμνητὸς ἔτος
'Ανὴρ γίνεται σοφοῖς,
'Ὅς ἂν χερσὶν, ἢ ποδῶν ἀρετᾶ
Κράτησε, τὰ μέγισ' ἀέθλων ἐλῶν
Τόλμα τε καὶ σθένει.—C.

The praises of the wise his toils repay,
Who, whether hand or foot be tried,
With force and valour on his side
Excels, and bears the noblest prize away.

I see not of a man expert in feats
 Athletic, of which various are perform'd
 In ev'ry land; thou rather seem'st with ships
 Familiar; one accustom'd to control
 Some crew of trading mariners; well-learn'd
 In stowage, pilotage, and wealth acquir'd
 By rapine, but of no gymnastic pow'rs.

To whom Ulysses, frowning dark, replied:
 Thou hast ill spoken, sir, and like a man
 Regardless whom he wrongs. Thus Heav'n, it seems,
 Imparts not, all to one, the various gifts
 And ornaments of body, mind, and speech*.
 This man in figure less excels, yet Jove
 Crowns him with eloquence; his hearers charm'd
 Behold him, while with unassuming tone
 He bears the prize of fluent speech from all,
 And, when he walks the city, as they pass,

* Ἄλλ' ἔ γὰρ ὡτὸς πάντ' ἐπίσασθαι βροτῶν
 Πέφυκεν, ἄλλω δ' ἄλλο πρόσκειται γέρας·
 Σὲ μὲν μάχεσθαι, τὸς δὲ βελεύειν καλῶς.

Euripides. Rhes. ver. 106.—C.

Each hath his talent; of the human race
 None e'er was born to universal skill;
 Thou shin'st in battle, but in council they.

In like manner Maharbal in Livy, Book 22, §. 51.

“The Gods impart not every thing to any. You, Annibal, know how to conquer, but are ignorant in the use of victory.”

All turn and gaze as they had pass'd a God*.
 Another, form'd with symmetry divine,
 Yet wants the grace that twines itself around
 The list'ning hearers' hearts. Such deem I thee.
 Thy form is excellent. Not Jove himself
 Could mend it. But thy mind is nothing worth.
 Thou much hast mov'd me; thy unhandsome phrase
 Hath rous'd my wrath; I am not as thou say'st,
 A novice in these sports, but took the lead
 In all, while youth and strength were on my side.
 But I am now in bands of sorrow held,
 And of misfortune, having much endur'd
 In war, and buffeting the boist'rous waves.
 Yet, though with mis'ry worn, I will essay
 My strength among you; for thy words had teeth,
 Whose bite hath pinch'd and pain'd me to the proof.

He said; and mantled as he was, sprang forth
 And seiz'd a quoit in bulk and weight all those
 Transcending far, by the Phæacians us'd.
 Swiftly he swung, and from his vig'rous hand
 Dismiss'd it. Sang the stone, and as it flew

* So Cicero de Oratore, L. iii, §. 14.

“ In whose presence do men shake with awe? Whom, while he speaks, do they contemplate with astonishment? Whom do they applaud with exclamations? and consider, if I may so say, as a God among them? The man who is distinct both in his words and matter, clear, abundant, luminous.”—C.

The maritime Phæacians low inclin'd
 Their heads beneath it ; over all the marks
 It flew with ease, and struck the ground beyond.
 Minerva in a human form, the cast
 Prodigious measur'd, and aloud exclaim'd :

Stranger! the blind himself might with his hands
 Feel out the 'vantage here, so far thy quoit
 Hath left its best competitors behind.

This prize, be sure, is thine ; for, of us all,
 Thy measure none will reach, much less exceed.

She ceas'd ; Ulysses, hardy chief, rejoic'd
 That in the circus he had found a judge
 So favourable, and with brisker tone,
 As less in wrath, the multitude address'd :

Young men reach this, and I will quickly heave
 Another such, or yet a heavier quoit.
 Then come the man, whose courage prompts him forth,
 To box, to wrestle with me, or to run ;
 For ye have chaf'd me much, and I decline
 No strife with any here, but challenge all
 Phæacia, save Laodamas alone.

He is mine host. Who combats with his friend ?
 To call to proof of hardiment the man,
 Who entertains him in a foreign land,
 Would but evince the challenger a fool,
 Who so should cripple his own int'rest there.

As for the rest, I none refuse, scorn none,
 But wish for trial of you, and to match
 In opposition fair my force with yours.
 There is no game athletic in the use
 Of all mankind too difficult for me ;
 I handle well the polish'd bow, and first
 Amid a thousand foes strike whom I mark,
 Although a band of warriors on my side
 At the same foe their num'rous arrows aim*.
 Of all the Grecians who at Ilium erst
 Drew bow, the sole superiour to myself
 Was Philoctetes ; and of all mankind
 Now living, I will yield to none besides.
 Yet will I not profess myself expert
 As some of ancient times, as Hercules,
 Or as Æchalian Eurytus, who durst
 The Gods themselves in archery defy.
 Soon, therefore, died huge Eurytus, ere yet

* So Eustathius understands the passage, who thus observes on it—Ulysses is celebrated here as an expeditious archer, so quick, that though he were one among many shooting at the same time, his arrow would be the first to strike the enemy. But Dacier supposes the *μάλα πολλοὶ* to refer to the adverse host, and Ulysses to affirm, that, though a multitude were prepared to shoot at *him*, he would be nimbler than they, and send his arrow to the mark before them.

The former, however, of these two senses is preferred by Clarke, and is certainly the more probable.

Old age he reach'd ; him, angry to be call'd
 To proof of archership, Apollo slew.
 But if ye name the spear, mine flies a length
 By no man's arrow reach'd ; nor fear I foil
 From the Phæacians, save in speed alone ;
 For I have suffer'd hardships, dash'd and drench'd
 By many a wave, nor had I food on board
 At all times, therefore am I much unstrung*.

He spake, and silent the Phæacians sat,
 Of whom alone Alcinoüs thus replied :

Since, stranger, not ungraceful is thy speech,
 Who hast but vindicated in our ears
 Thy question'd prowess, angry that this youth
 Reproach'd thee in the presence of us all,
 That no man, qualified to give his voice
 In public, might affront thy courage more ;
 Now mark me, therefore, that in time to come,
 While feasting with thy children and thy spouse,
 Thou mayst inform the heroes of thy land,

* By this, according to the scholiast, he must be understood to mean, not that while his raft could swim he wanted sustenance, but after the wreck of it ; yet Barnes understands the passage as a general observation only on the scanty fare of a mariner. An interpretation which Clarke rejects as unreasonable, because his vessel is said expressly to have been abundantly stored by Calypso with all things necessary ; so that, till it was wrecked, he could not possibly feel a want of provision.

That even we some skill can boast in arts
By Jove enjoin'd us in our fathers' days.
We boast not much the boxer's skill, nor yet
The wrestler's; but light-footed in the race
Are we, and navigators well inform'd.
Our pleasures are the feast, the harp, the dance,
Garments for change; the tepid bath; the bed.
Come, ye Phæacians, beyond others taught
To tread the circus with harmonious steps,
Come, play before us; that our guest, arriv'd
In his own country, may inform his friends
How far in seamanship we all excel,
In running, in the dance, and in the song.
Hence, therefore, herald! Bring the tuneful bard
His lyre, left somewhere in our hall at home.

So spake the godlike king, at whose command
The herald to the palace quick return'd
To seek the charming lyre. Mean-time arose
Nine public umpires, offic'd to correct
All rude disturbance of the games, to smooth
The circus, to repress the curious throng,
And give the narrow'd ring an ampler round.
Then came the herald sent to seek the lyre,
With which supplied, Demodocus advanc'd
Into the middle area, where a band
Of blooming youths, all practis'd in the dance

Encircled him. With nimble steps they smote
The sacred floor, so swift, that with amaze
Ulysses ey'd them, dazzled at the sight.

And now Demodocus his tuneful chords
Adapted to a sprightlier train, the loves
Of Mars and Cytherea chaplet-crown'd;
How, first, clandestine, they embrac'd beneath
The roof of Vulcan; her, by many a gift
Seduc'd, Mars won, and with adult'rous lust
The bed dishonour'd of the King of fire*.
The Sun, a witness of their am'rous sport,
Bore swift the tale to Vulcan; he, appris'd
Of that foul deed, at once his smithy sought,
In secret darkness of his inmost soul
Contriving vengeance; to the stock he heav'd
His anvil huge, on which he forg'd a snare
Of bands indissoluble, by no art
To be untied, durance for ever firm.

* The Phæacians, being a licentious and effeminate people, are entertained by Demodocus with a song suited to their character. Plato condemned it as having a tendency to debauch the morals, but Plutarch vindicates it as an intended lesson to the reader, that the sure way to become Phæacians in heart is to be such in practice; and that lewd songs, accompanied with suitable music, will make a light and a lascivious hearer.—C.

Dionysius Hal. thinks it probable, that this ludicrous episode furnished the first hint for Comedy.—C.

The net prepar'd, he bore it, fiery-wroth,
To his own chamber and his nuptial couch,
Where, stretching them from post to post, he wrapp'd
With those fine meshes all his bed around,
And hung them num'rous from the roof, diffus'd
Like spiders' filaments, which not the Gods
Themselves could see, so subtle were the toils.
When thus he had encircled all his bed
On ev'ry side, he feign'd a journey thence
To Lemnos, of all cities that adorn
The Earth, the city that he favours most.
Nor Mars, who reins with gold his fiery steeds,
Kept drowsy watch, but mark'd the going forth
Of the illustrious artist from his home,
And thither flew, impatient to enjoy
The Goddess with the wreath-encircled brows.
She, newly from her potent sire return'd,
The son of Saturn, sat. Mars, ent'ring, seiz'd
Her snow-white hand, which grasping, thus he said :
 To bed, my fair, and let us love ! for lo !
Thine husband is from home, to Lemnos gone,
And to the Sintians, men of barb'rous speech.
 He spake, nor she was loth, but bedward too
Like him inclin'd ; so then to bed they went,
And as they laid them down, down stream'd the net

Around them, labour exquisite of hands
By ingenuity divine inform'd.
Small room they found, so prison'd ; not a limb
Could either lift, or move, but felt at once
Entanglement, from which was no escape.
And now, ere he had reach'd the Lemnian isle,
Returning (for his faithful spy the Sun
Had told him all), with aching heart approach'd
The limping Deity. Resentment boil'd
Within him ; in his vestibule he stood,
And roar'd tremendous to the Pow'rs of Heav'n:
 O Jove ! and all ye Pow'rs for ever blest !
Look forth, and witness with your eyes a sight
Both ludicrous and not to be endur'd.
Behold how Venus, for my lameness' sake,
Dishonours *me*, and loves the fiery Mars !
And wherefore ? for that he is fair in form,
And sound of foot, but feeble I and lame.
Whose fault is this ? Their fault, and theirs alone,
Who gave me being ; ill-employ'd were they
Begetting me, one better far unborn.
See where they couch together on my bed
Lascivious ! ah, sight hateful to my eyes !
Yet cooler wishes will they feel, I ween,
To press my bed hereafter ; here to sleep
Will little please them, fondly as they love.

But these my toils and tangles will suffice,
 To hold them here, till Jove shall yield me back
 Complete the sum of all my nuptial gifts,
 Paid to him for the shameless strumpet's sake,
 His daughter, as incontinent as fair.

He said, and in the brazen-floor'd abode
 Of Jove the Gods assembled. Neptune came,
 Earth-circling Pow'r; came Hermes, friend of man;
 And, regent of the far-commanding bow,
 Apollo also came; but coy reserve
 Forbade the Goddesses to share the scene.
 The Gods, by whose beneficence all live,
 Stood in the portal; infinite arose
 The laugh of Heav'n, all looking down intent
 On that shrewd project of the smith divine,
 And, turning to each other, thus they said:

Bad works speed ill. The slow o'ertakes the swift.
 So Vulcan, tardy as he is, by craft
 Hath outstripp'd Mars, although the fleetest far
 Of all who dwell in Heav'n, and the light-heel'd
 Must pay the adult'rer's forfeit to the lame.

So spake the Gods; and thus in Hermes' ear
 The King of radiant shafts, Apollo, next:

Jove's son, Heav'n's herald, Hermes, bounteous God!
 Wouldst *thou* such stricture close of bands endure
 For golden Venus lying at thy side?

Whom answer'd thus the messenger of Heav'n :
 Archer divine ! yea, and with all my heart ;
 And be the bands, which wind us round about,
 Thrice these, innumerable, and let all
 The Gods and Goddesses in Heav'n look on,
 So I may lovely Venus clasp the while.

He spake ; then laugh'd the Immortal pow'rs again.
 But not so Neptune ; he with earnest suit
 The glorious artist urg'd to the release
 Of Mars, and thus in accents wing'd he said :

Loose him ; accept my promise ; he shall pay
 Full recompense in presence of us all.

To whom the glorious Artist of the skies :
 Earth-circling Neptune ! Spare me that demand.
 Lame suitor, lame security*. What snares
 Could I contrive, that should imprison thee
 In presence of the Gods, were Mars releas'd,
 And free to leave both debt and bands behind ?

Him answer'd then the Shaker of the shores :
 I tell thee, Vulcan, that if Mars by flight

* The original line has received such a variety of interpretations, that a translator seems free to choose. It has, however, a proverbial turn, which I have endeavoured to preserve ; and have adopted that sense of the words which appears best to accord with what immediately follows. Vulcan pleads his own inability to enforce the demand, as a circumstance that made Neptune's promise unacceptable.

Shun payment, I will pay, myself, the fine.

To whom the glorious artist of the skies :
Thou must not, canst not, shalt not be refus'd.

So saying, the might of Vulcan loos'd the snare,
And they, detain'd by those coercive bands
No longer, from the couch upstarting, flew,
Mars into Thrace, and to her Paphian home
The Queen of smiles, where deep in myrtle groves
Her incense-breathing altar stands embow'r'd.
Her there the Graces lav'd, and oils diffus'd
O'er all her form, ambrosial, such as add
Fresh beauty to the Gods for ever young,
And cloth'd her in the loveliest robes of Heav'n.

Such was the theme of the illustrious bard.
Ulysses with delight that song, and all
The maritime Phæacian concourse heard.

Alcinoüs then (for in the dance they pass'd
All others) call'd his sons to dance alone,
Halios and Laodamas ; he gave
The purple ball into their hands, the work
Exact of Polybus ; one, resupine,
Upcast it high toward the dusky clouds,
The other, springing into air, with ease
Receiv'd it, ere he sank to earth again.
When thus they oft had sported with the ball
Thrown upward, next with nimble interchange

They pass'd it to each other many a time,
 Footing the plain, while ev'ry youth around
 The circus clapp'd his hands, and from beneath
 The din of stamping feet fill'd all the air.

Then, turning to Alcinoüs, thus the wise
 Ulysses spake: Alcinoüs! mighty king!
 Illustrious above all Phæacia's sons!
 Incomparable are ye in the dance,
 Ev'n as thou saidst. Astonish'd I behold
 Feats unperform'd but by yourselves alone.

His praise the king Alcinoüs with delight
 Receiv'd, and the Phæacians thus bespake:

Phæacian chiefs and senators, attend!
 Wisdom beyond the common stint I mark
 In this our guest; good cause in my account,
 For which we should present him with a pledge
 Of hospitality and love. The chiefs
 Are twelve, who, highest in command, control
 The people, and the thirteenth chief am I.
 Bring each a golden talent, with a vest
 Well-bleach'd, and tunick; gratified with these,
 The stranger to our banquet shall repair
 Exulting; bring them all without delay;
 And let Euryalus by word and gift
 Appease him, for his speech was unadvis'd.

He ceas'd, whom all applauded, and at once

Each sent his herald forth to bring the gifts,
When thus Euryalus the king address'd :

Alcinoüs ! o'er Phæacia's sons supreme !
I will appease the stranger, as thou bidd'st.
This sword shall be his own, the blade all steel,
The hilt of silver, and the unsullied sheath
Of iv'ry recent from the carver's hand.
A gift like this he shall not need despise.

So saying, his silver-studded sword he gave
Into his grasp, and, courteous, thus began :

Hail, honour'd stranger ! and if word of mine
Have harm'd thee, rashly spoken, let the winds
Bear all remembrance of it swift away !
May the Gods give thee to behold again
Thy wife, and to attain thy native shore,
Whence absent long, thou hast so much endur'd !

To whom Ulysses, ever-wise, replied :
Hail also thou, and may the Gods, my friend,
Grant thee felicity, and may never want
Of this thy sword touch thee in time to come,
By whose kind phrase appeas'd my wrath subsides !

So spake Ulysses, and the glitt'ring sword
Athwart his shoulders slung. Now sank the sun,
And those rich gifts arriv'd, which to the house
Of king Alcinoüs the heralds bore.
Alcinoüs' sons receiv'd them, and beside

Their royal mother plac'd the precious charge.
The king then led the way, at whose abode
Arriv'd, again they press'd their lofty thrones,
And to Areta thus the monarch spake :

Haste, bring a coffer ; bring thy best, and store
A mantle and a sumptuous vest within ;
Warm for him, next, a brazen bath, by which
Refresh'd, and viewing in fair order plac'd
The noble gifts by the Phæacian Lords
Conferr'd on him, he may the more enjoy
Our banquet, and the bard's harmonious song.
I give him also this my golden cup
Splendid, elaborate ; that, while he lives,
What time he pours libation forth to Jove
And all the Gods, he may remember me.

He ended, at whose words Areta bade
Her maidens with dispatch place o'er the fire
An ample tripod ; they, at her command,
A tripod o'er the glowing embers plac'd,
Water infus'd, and kindled wood beneath.
The flames, encircling bright the bellied vase,
Warm'd soon the flood within. Mean-time, the queen,
Producing from her chamber-stores a chest
All-elegant, within it plac'd the gold
And raiment, gifts of the Phæacian chiefs,
With her own gifts, the mantle and the vest,

And in wing'd accents to Ulysses said :

Now take, thyself, the coffer's lid in charge ;
Girdle it quickly with a cord, lest loss
Befall thee on thy way, while thou perchance
Shalt sleep secure on board the sable bark*.

Which when illustrious Ulysses heard,
Closing the chest, he girded it around,
And with a knot most intricate, erewhile
By Circe taught him, made the cord secure.
And now the mistress of the household charge
Summon'd him to his bath ; he glad beheld
The steaming vase, uncustom'd to its use
E'er since he left Ogygia, where he knew
No want of aught, attended like a God.
Now, therefore, once again by female hands
Lav'd and anointed, and with rich attire,
Both vest and mantle, serv'd, he left the bath
With sprightlier steps, and sought the social hall,
To share the feast of wine ; but, as he pass'd,
Nausicaa, to whom the Gods had giv'n
Surpassing beauty, saw him, where she stood
Beside the portal, with admiring eyes,

* Portable property was anciently secured by cords, the only practicable mode of guarding it till locks were invented.—C. But it was precarious, and therefore probably gave occasion to the exercise of much ingenuity in the art of knot-making.

And in wing'd accents thus the chief address'd :

Hail, stranger ! at thy native home arriv'd,
Remember me, thy first deliv'rer here.

To whom Ulysses, ever-wise, replied :
Nausicaa ! daughter of the noble king
Alcinoüs ! So may Jove, high-thund'ring mate
Of Juno, grant me to behold again
My native land, and my delightful home,
As, even there, I will present my vows
To thee, adoring thee as I adore
The Gods themselves, virgin, by whom I live !

He said, and on his throne beside the king
Alcinoüs sat. And now they portion'd out
The feast to all, and charg'd the cups with wine,
And introducing by his hand the bard,
Phæacia's glory, at the column's side
The herald plac'd Demodocus again.

Then, carving forth a portion from the loins
Of a huge brawn, of which uneaten still
Large part and delicate remain'd, thus spake
Ulysses—Herald ! bear it to the bard
For his regale, whom I will soon embrace
In spite of sorrow ; for respect is due
And veneration to the sacred bard
From all mankind, for that the muse inspires
Herself his song, and loves the tuneful tribe.

He ended, and the herald bore his charge
 To the old hero, who with joy receiv'd
 That meed of honour at the bearer's hand.
 Then all at once assail'd the ready feast,
 And when nor hunger more nor thirst they felt,
 Thus to Demodocus Ulysses spake :

Demodocus ! I give thee praise above
 All mortal men ; since either thee the Muse,
 Jove's tuneful daughter, or the son of Jove,
 Apollo, prompts ; for of Achaia's host,
 Their glorious deeds and arduous toils, thou sing'st
 As thou hadst present been thyself, or learnt
 From others present there the mournful tale*.
 Come, then, proceed ; that rare invention sing,

* Maximus Tyrius, in his sixteenth Dissertation, not far from the beginning of it, speaks thus—Having fallen on the mention of Homer, and being unqualified myself to praise him worthily, I will entreat him to accommodate me with an expression of his own, that I may not seem to depreciate him by mine—

——“*Ἐξοχα δὴ σε βροτῶν,*” ὡς Ὀμηρε, “*ἀνίξομαι πάντων.*”—C.

The application however is not very happy, for it totally spoils the verse.

It is evident, Eustathius observes, that the poet here had an eye to himself, who seems indeed to have been inspired. With such scanty materials has he framed so beautiful a story, interweaving them with incidents so various, and with such an air of truth, that knowing he was not present nor had conversed with others who were, we are ready to conclude, that the Muse must have taught him all.—C.

The horse of wood, which by Minerva's aid
Epeus fram'd, and which Ulysses erst
Convey'd into the citadel of Troy
With warriors fill'd, who laid all Ilium waste.
Sing but this theme as sweetly, and thenceforth
I will proclaim thee in all ears a bard
Of pow'rs divine, and by the Gods inspir'd.

He ended; then Apollo with full force
Rush'd on Demodocus, and he began:
What time the Greeks, first firing their own camp,
Steer'd all their galleys from the shore of Troy,
Already, in the horse conceal'd, his band
Around Ulysses sat; for Ilium's sons
Had drawn it to the citadel themselves,
And there the mischief stood. Then strife arose
Among the Trojans compassing the horse,
And threefold was the doubt; whether to cleave
The hollow trunk asunder, or, updrawn
Aloft, to cast it headlong from the rocks,
Or to permit the enormous image, kept
Entire, to stand an off'ring to the Gods,
Which was their destin'd course; for Fate had fix'd
Their ruin sure, when once they had receiv'd
Within their walls that engine huge, in which
Sat all the bravest Greecians with the fate
Of Ilium charg'd, and slaughter of her sons.

He sang, how, from the horse effus'd, the Greeks
Left their capacious ambush, and the town
Made desolate. To others, in his song,
He gave the praise of wasting all beside,
But told how, fierce as Mars, Ulysses, join'd
With godlike Menelaus, in his house
Assail'd Deiphobus ; him there engag'd
In direst fight he sang, and, through the aid
Of glorious Pallas, conqu'ror over all*.

So sang the bard illustrious, at whose song
Ulysses melted, and tear following tear
Fell on his cheeks. As when a woman weeps
Her husband, fall'n in battle for her sake
And for his children's sake, before the gate
Of his own city ; sinking to his side,
She close enfolds him with a last embrace,
And, gazing on him as he pants and dies,
Shrieks at the sight ; mean-time the ruthless foe,
Smiting her shoulders with the spear, to toil
Command her, and to bondage far away,
And her cheek fades with horror at the sound ;
Ulysses so from his moist lids let fall
The frequent tear. Unnotic'd by the rest

* Helen, after the death of Paris, is said to have been married to Deiphobus.—B. & C. The tradition affords at least a probable reason for the assault of his house in particular.

Those drops, but not by king Alcinoüs, fell,
 Who, seated at his side, his heavy sighs
 Remark'd, and the Phæacians thus bespake* :

Phæacian chiefs and senators attend !

Now bid the bard withhold his skilful hand,
 Since not alike delightful to us all
 Is this new theme, which hearing (while ourselves
 Have supp'd and listen'd to the noble strain
 Well-pleas'd), the stranger hath not ceas'd from tears
 And lamentation, by remembrance caus'd
 Of some great wo, which wraps his soul around
 Bid therefore cease the bard, that all alike
 Be gratified, the stranger and ourselves,
 As is most seemly ; for his conduct hence
 To his own home, and these our lib'ral gifts
 Prove that we prize him, as the soul that feels,
 Though in the least degree, will ever prize
 And as a brother love the suppliant guest.
 And thou conceal not, artfully reserv'd,
 What I shall ask, far better plain declar'd
 Than smother'd close ; who art thou ? speak thy name,
 The name by which thy father, mother, friends,

* The story of the Trojan horse is artfully introduced, that Ulysses weeping at the recital of it, and being questioned concerning the cause of his tears, an easy and natural introduction may be afforded to the narrative of his adventures.—C.

And fellow-citizens, with all who dwell
Around thy native city, in times past
Have known thee; for of all things human none
Lives altogether nameless, whether base
By birth, or noble, but each man receives,
Ev'n in the moment of his birth, a name*.
Thy country, people, city, tell; the mark
At which my ships, intelligent, shall aim,
That they may bear thee thither; for our ships
No pilot need or helm, as ships are wont,
But know, themselves, our purpose; know beside
All cities, and all fruitful regions well
Of all the Earth, and, though in clouds involv'd,
Skim the rude billows, fearing neither wreck
Nor inj'ry, rage the tempest as it may.
Yet thus, long since, my father I have heard,
Nausithoüs, speaking; Neptune, he would say,
Is angry with us, for that safe we bear
Strangers of ev'ry nation to their home;
And he foretold a time, when he would break
In pieces some Phæacian gallant bark
Returning after convoy of her charge,
And that, behind a mountain huge conceal'd,

* The parents had by law not only a power to name their child, but also to give him a new name afterward, proclaiming it by the public crier.—C.

Our city should, thenceforth, be found no more.

So spake my hoary sire, which let the God
At his own pleasure do, or leave undone.
But tell me truth, and plainly. Where have been
Thy wand'rings? in what regions of the Earth
Hast thou arriv'd? what nations hast thou seen,
What cities? say, how many hast thou found
Harsh, savage, and unjust? how many, kind
To strangers, and dispos'd to fear the Gods?
Say also, from what secret grief of heart
Thy sorrows flow, oft as thou hear'st the fate
Of the Achaians or of Ilium sung?
That fate the Gods prepar'd; they spin the thread
Of man's destruction, that in after days
The bard may make the sad event his theme.
Perish'd thy father or thy brother there?
Or hast thou at the siege of Ilium lost
Father-in-law, or son-in-law? for such
Are next and dearest to us after those,
Who share our own descent; or was the dead
Thy bosom-friend, whose heart was as thy own?
For worthy as a brother of our love
The constant friend and the discreet I deem.

ARGUMENT OF THE NINTH BOOK.

Ulysses discovers himself to the Phæacians, and begins the history of his adventures. He destroys Ismarus, city of the Ciconians; arrives among the Lotophagi; and afterward at the land of the Cyclops. He is imprisoned by Polypheme in his cave, who devours six of his companions; intoxicates the monster with wine, blinds him while he sleeps, and escapes from him.

BOOK IX.

THEN answer, thus, Ulysses wise return'd:
 Alcinoüs! o'er Phæacia's sons supreme!
 Pleasant it is to listen, while a bard
 Like this, melodious as Apollo, sings.
 The world, in my account, no sight affords
 More gratifying, than a people blest
 With cheerfulness and peace, a palace throng'd
 With guests in order seated and regal'd
 With harp and song, while plenteous viands steam

On ev'ry table, and the cups, with wine
 From brimming beakers fill'd, pass brisk around.
 No lovelier sight know I*. But thou, it seems,
 Thy thoughts hast turn'd to ask me whence my groans
 And tears, that I may sorrow still the more†.
 What first, what next, what last shall I rehearse,
 On whom the Gods have show'r'd such various woes?
 Learn first my name, that even in this land
 Remote I may be known, and that, escap'd

* Lucian ludicrously considers it as a demonstrative proof, that the life of a parasite, or of one who subsists at another's table, is supremely happy, that Homer, the wisest of poets, introduces the wise Ulysses admiring the spectacle here described as the pleasantest that the Earth affords. But Plato is very angry with Homer on account of this sentiment, and, asking if this be a lesson of temperance fit for a youth to study, swears by Jupiter, that in his opinion it is not. His indignation, however, seems rather unreasonable; since it is plainly a speech of complaisance merely, and designed to gratify Alcinoüs, the king of a voluptuous people. Thus Megaclides and Hermogenes considered it, and thus Eustathius; and, thus understood, it is a strong instance of the poet's attention to character, who so often extols the prudence of Ulysses.—C.

† So Sophocles in *Œdipus Colon.* ver. 501.

Δεινὸν μὲν τὸ πάλαι κείμενον ἤδη κακὸν,
 ὦ ξεῖν', ἐπεγείρειν. —————

O guest! 'tis hard to wake a sleeping wo!

And so Plutarch in his *Symposiacs* observes—We should be careful how we ask from others an account of their sufferings; for whether they have suffered by acts of injustice, or by the deaths of children, or by unsuccessful trading either by land or sea, the recital costs them pain.—C.

From all adversity, I may requite
Hereafter this your hospitable care
At my own home, though distant far from yours.
I am Ulysses, fear'd in all the Earth
For subtlest wisdom, and renown'd to Heav'n,
The offspring of Laertes; my abode
Is sun-burnt Ithaca; there stands, his boughs
Waving, the mountain Neritus sublime,
And it is neighbour'd close by clust'ring isles
All populous; thence Samos is beheld,
Dulichium, and Zacynthus forest-clad.
Flat on the Deep she lies, farthest remov'd
Toward the West, while, situate apart,
Her sister islands face the rising day;
Rugged she is, but fruitful nurse of sons
Magnanimous; nor shall these eyes behold,
Elsewhere, an object dear and sweet as she.
Calypso, beauteous Goddess, in her grot
Detain'd me, wishing me her own espous'd;
Ææan* Circe also, deeply skill'd
In subtlest arts, within her palace long
Detain'd me, wishing me her own espous'd;
But never could they warp my constant mind.
So much our parents and our native soil
Attract us most, and even though our lot

* So called from Aia, a city of Colchis.—B. & C.

Be fair and plenteous in a foreign land.

But come—my painful voyage, such as Jove
Gave me from Ilium, I will now relate.

From Troy to Thracian Ismarus I sail'd,
City of the Ciconians; them I slew,
And laid their city waste*; whence bringing forth
Much spoil with all their wives, I portion'd it
With equal hand, and each receiv'd a share.
Next I exhorted to immediate flight
My people; but in vain; they madly scorn'd
My sober counsel, and much wine they drank,
And sheep and beeves slew num'rous on the shore.
Mean-time, Ciconians to Ciconians call'd,
Their neighbours summoning, a mightier host
And braver, dwelling distant from the shore,
And skilful, either mounted, to maintain
Fierce fight, or, if occasion bade, on foot.
Num'rous they came as leaves, or vernal flow'rs
At day-spring. Then, by the decree of Jove,
Misfortune found us. At the ships we stood
Piercing each other with the brazen spear,
And till the morning brighten'd into noon,
Few as we were, we yet withstood them all;
But, when the sun verg'd westward, then the Greeks
Fell back, and the Ciconian host prevail'd.

* Because they had been allies of Priam.—B. & C.

Six warlike Grecians from each galley's crew
Perish'd in that dread field; the rest escap'd*.

Thus, after loss of many, we pursu'd
Our course, yet, difficult as was our flight,
Went not till first we had invok'd by name
Our friends whom the Ciconians had destroy'd †.
But ether's Sov'reign, Jove, assail'd us soon
With a tempestuous North-wind; earth alike
And sea with storms he overhung, and night
Fell fast from Heav'n. Their heads deep-plunging oft
Our galleys flew, and rent, and rent again,
Our tatter'd sail-cloth crackled in the wind.
We, fearing instant death, within the barks
Our canvass lodg'd, and, toiling strenuous, reach'd
At length the continent. Two nights we lay
Continual there, and two long days, consum'd
With toil and grief; but when the beauteous morn
Had brought, at length, the third day to a close ‡

* The whole number of the slain was seventy-two, for it appears afterward, that his barks were twelve.—B.

† It was customary, when any died in a foreign land, for the survivors, using certain ceremonies at the same time, to invoke them by name, that they might thus seem, even though their bodies were left behind, to have them still in their company.—B. & C.

‡ 'Αλλ' ὅτε δὴ τρίτον ἡμαρ εὐπλόκαμος τέλεσ' ἦώς,

Or it may signify, *on the morning of the third day*, for τελέω has a double sence, importing not only to finish, but to make or bring to pass. As in that line—

Εἰ δύναμαι τελεσαι γε, καὶ εἰ τετελεσμένον ἔστι.

(Our masts erected, and white sails unfurl'd),
 Again we sat on board ; mean-time, the winds
 Well manag'd by the steersman, urg'd us on.
 And now, all danger pass'd, I had attain'd
 My native shore, but, doubling in my course
 Malea, waves, and currents, and North-winds
 Constrain'd me devious to Cythera's isle*.
 Nine days by cruel storms I thence was borne
 Athwart the fishy deep, but on the tenth
 Reach'd the Lotophagi, a race sustain'd
 On sweetest fruit alone†. There quitting ship,
 We landed and drew water, and the crews
 Beside the vessel took their ev'ning cheer.
 When hasty we had thus our strength renew'd,
 I order'd forth my people to inquire
 (Two I selected from the rest, with whom
 I join'd a herald, third) what race of men
 Might there inhabit. They departing mix'd
 With the Lotophagi ; nor hostile aught
 Or savage the Lotophagi devis'd

* Malea was a promontory and Cythera an island of Laconia.—
 B. & C.

† Meninx is supposed to have been the land of the Lotophagi mentioned by Homer. Some indications of it are shown there, such as the altar built by Ulysses, and the very fruit he found ; for it abounds with a sort of tree, which the inhabitants call the lotus, the fruit of which has the most agreeable flavour. Strabo. Geog. B. XVII.—It is also said, that they made wine of it.—C.

Against our friends, but offer'd to their taste
 The lotus ; of which fruit what man soe'er
 Once tasted, no desire felt he to come
 With tidings back, or seek his country more,
 But rather wish'd to feed on lotus still
 With the Lotophagi, and to renounce
 All thoughts of home. Them therefore I constrain'd
 Weeping on board, and, dragging each beneath
 The benches, bound him there. Then all in haste
 I urg'd my people to ascend again
 Their hollow barks, lest others also, fed
 With fruit of lotus, should forget their home.
 They quick embark'd, and, on the benches rang'd
 In order, thresh'd with oars the foamy flood.

Thence, o'er the Deep proceeding sad, we reach'd
 The land at length, where, giant-siz'd* and free
 From all constraint of law, the Cyclops dwell.
 They, trusting to the Gods, plant not, or plough,
 But earth unsow'd, untill'd, brings forth for them
 All fruits, wheat, barley, and the vinous grape
 Large-cluster'd, nourish'd by the show'rs of Jove†.

* So the scholium interprets in this place the word *ὑπερφιάλος*.—
B. & C.

† They trusted, as Clarke observes, not in a religious sense, for it appears in the sequel, that they accounted the Gods inferiour to themselves, but in an economical one ; depending in fact on their soil and climate, and leading a life of ease and inactivity.

No councils they convene, no laws contrive,
But caverns deep inhabit on the heads
Of lofty mountains, judging each his own,
And heedless of the welfare of the rest.
In front of the Cyclopean haven lies,
Nor close nor yet remote, an island, small
And cloth'd with woods. There wild-goats undisturb'd
Breed numberless ; for never huntsman there,
Inur'd to toil and hardship while he roams
The dreary woodland heights, their track pursues ;
No fleecy flocks dwell there, nor plough is known,
But the unseeded and unfurrow'd soil
Year after year, a wilderness by man
Untrodden, food for blatant goats supplies.
For crimson galleys none the Cyclops own,
Nor naval artist, whose industrious hand
Might build them barks for intercourse by sea
With distant cities, as the practice is,
For mutual 'vantage' sake, of wiser man,
Else man might people and improve their isle,
Not sterile in itself, but apt to yield
In their due season, fruits of ev'ry kind.
For stretch'd beside the hoary ocean lie
Green meadows moist, where vines would never fail ;
Light is the land, and they might yearly reap
The tallest crops, so unctuous is the glebe.

Safe is its haven also, where no need
 Of cable is or anchor, or to lash
 The hawser fast ashore, but pushing in
 His bark, the mariner might there abide,
 Till rising gales should tempt him forth again.
 At bottom of the bay clear water runs,
 Issuing from a cove hemm'd all around
 With poplars; down into that bay we steer'd
 Amid the darkness of the night, some God
 Conducting us; for all unseen it lay,
 Such gloom involv'd the fleet, nor shone the moon
 From Heav'n to light us, veil'd by pitchy clouds.
 Hence neither island we, nor lofty surge
 Rolling toward the beach, descried, or ere
 Our vessels struck the ground; but when they struck,
 Then, low'ring all our sails, we disembark'd,
 And on the sea-beach slept till dawn appear'd.
 Soon as Aurora, daughter of the dawn,
 Look'd rosy forth, we, with admiring eyes
 The isle surveying, roam'd it wide around.
 Mean-time the nymphs, Jove's daughters, rous'd the
 goats
 Bred on the mountains, to supply with food
 The partners of my toils; then bringing forth
 Bows and long-pointed jav'lins from the ships,
 Divided all into three sep'rate bands,
 We struck them, and the Gods requited soon

Our skill, so frequent on all sides they fell.
Twelve ships attended me, and ev'ry ship
Nine goats receiv'd by lot; myself alone
Selected ten. All day, till set of sun,
We, feasting largely, sat, and drinking wine
Delicious without stint; for dearth was none
Of ruddy wine on board, but much remain'd,
For much we found at Ismarus, where each
His vessel fill'd, when we despoil'd the town.
Thence looking to the near Cyclopean shore,
We saw smoke rising, and a mingled din
Of sheep, and goats, and of their owners heard.
Now sank the sun, and (night o'erhad'wing all)
We slept along the shore; but when again
The rosy-finger'd daughter of the dawn
Look'd forth, my crews conven'd, I thus began:

My friends! rest here, while, seeking yonder coast
With my own bark and people, I inquire
If the inhabitants be wild, unjust,
And to contention giv'n, or well-dispos'd
To strangers, and a race who fear the Gods.

So saying, I climb'd my bark, and bade my crew,
Casting her hawsers loose, attend me thence.
Obedient they soon enter'd, and with oars
Well-tim'd and even thresh'd the foamy flood.
Erelong, arriving on the coast, we found

At its extremity, fast by the sea,
A cavern, lofty, and dark-brow'd above
With laurels; in that cavern slumb'ring lay
Much cattle, sheep and goats, and a broad court
Enclos'd it, fenc'd with stones from quarries hewn,
With spiry firs, and oaks of ample bough.
Here dwelt a giant vast, who far remote
His flocks fed solitary, converse none
Desiring, sullen, savage, and unjust.
Monster, in truth, he was, hideous in form,
Far less resembling man by bread sustain'd,
Than some huge mountain-summit, tufted thick
With trees and shrubs, and tow'ring o'er the rest.
Enjoining then my people to abide
Fast by the ship, which they should closely guard,
I went; but not without a goat-skin fill'd
With richest wine, from Maron erst receiv'd,
The offspring of Evanthes, and the priest
Of Phœbus, whom in Ismarus I sav'd,
And, with himself, his children, and his wife,
Through rev'rence of Apollo; for he dwelt
Amid the laurels sacred to his God.
He gave me, therefore, noble gifts; from him
Sev'n talents I receiv'd of beaten gold,
A beaker, argent all, and after these
No fewer than twelve jars with wine replete,

Rich, unadult'rate, drink for Gods ; nor knew
One servant, male or female, of that wine
In all his house ; none knew it, save himself,
His wife, and the intendant of his stores.
Oft as they drank that luscious juice, he slak'd
A single cup with twenty from the stream,
And even then the beaker breath'd abroad
A scent celestial, which whoever smelt,
Thenceforth no pleasure found it to abstain.
Charg'd with an ample goat-skin of this wine
I went, and with provision in a bag ;
But felt a sudden presage in my soul,
That, haply, with terrific force endu'd,
Some savage would appear, untaught the laws
That guard the social rites of humankind.
We fearless enter'd his abode, but him
Found not, then pasturing his flocks abroad.
With curious eyes his cavern we explor'd
From side to side ; his strainers hung with cheese
Distended, and with lambs and kids his pens
Were crowded close, all sorted by their age
In sep'rate folds ; the fullest-siz'd apart,
Apart from these the smaller, and the least
Also apart. His pails and bowls with whey
Swam all, neat vessels into which he milk'd.
Me then my friends first importun'd to take

A portion of his cheeses, then to drive
Forth from the sheep-cotes to the rapid bark
His kids and lambs, and plough the brine again.
But me they mov'd not, happier had they mov'd!
I wish'd to see him, and to gain, perchance,
Some pledge of hospitality from one,
No pleasant host, when he should once appear.
Then, kindling fire, we offer'd to the Gods*,
And of his cheeses eating, patient sat
Till home he trudg'd from pasture. Charg'd he came
With dry wood bundled, an enormous load,
Fuel by which to sup. Loud crash'd the thorns,
Which down he cast before the cavern's mouth,
To whose interiour nooks we trembling flew.
At once he drove into his spacious cave
His batten'd flock, all those which gave him milk,
But left the males, both rams and goats, abroad,
And with a rock (uplifting it with ease)
Shut close his cavern's mouth. It was a load,
Which all the teams of twenty and two wains
Of amplest size had toil'd in vain to move.
Such was the crag, that serv'd him as a door

* Athenæus takes particular notice of it as an instance of the piety of Homer, that he represents Ulysses as scrupulously attentive to this religious duty, even in the cave of the Cyclops.—C. But the pious act had certainly this defect in it, that he offered what was not his own; a defect which Barnes has noticed.

For his capacious cave. Then down he sat,
 And milking, one by one, his goats and ewes,
 Applied her yeanling to the teats of each,
 And thick'ning half with rennet, thrust the curd
 Into his wicker sieves, but stor'd the rest
 In pans and bowls—his customary drink.
 His labours thus perform'd, he kindled, last,
 His fuel, and discerning *us*, inquir'd,

Friends, speak your names, and answer, whence ye
 come?

Plough ye the deep for traffic, or at large
 As pirates rove, who, fearing nought themselves,
 Alarm and terrour bear to foreign shores?

He ceas'd. We, struck with horreur, heard the growl
 Of his big voice, and view'd his form uncouth,
 To whom, though sore-appall'd, I thus replied:

Of Greece are we, and, bound from Ilium home,
 Have wander'd wide the expanse of ocean, sport
 For ev'ry wind, and, driven from our course
 (Such was the will of Jove), have landed here.

We boast ourselves of Agamemnon's train,
 The son of Atreus, at this hour the chief
 Beyond all others under Heav'n renown'd,
 So great a city he hath sack'd, and slain
 Such num'rous foes; but since we reach, at last,
 Thy knees, we beg such hospitable fare,

Or other gift, as guests are wont to obtain.
 Illustrious lord! respect the Gods, and us
 Thy suitors; suppliants are the care of Jove
 The hospitable; he their wrongs resents,
 And where the stranger sojourns, there is he.

I ceas'd, when answer thus he fierce return'd:
 Friend! either thou art fool, or hast arriv'd
 Indeed from far, who bidd'st me fear the Gods,
 Lest they be wroth. The Cyclops little heeds
 Jove ægis-arm'd, or all the pow'rs of Heav'n*.
 Our race is mightier far; nor shall I spare,
 Through fear of Jove's hostility, thyself
 Or thy companions, be not such my choice.
 But tell me now. Where touch'd thy gallant bark
 Our country, on thy first arrival here?
 Remote, or nigh? for I would learn the truth.

So spake he, tempting me; but artful thus
 I answer'd, penetrating his intent:

My vessel, Neptune, shaker of the shores,
 At yonder utmost promontory dash'd
 In pieces, hurling her against the rocks
 With winds that blew right thither from the sea,

* So the Cyclops of Euripides says,

*Ζηνὸς δ' ἐγὼ κεραυνὸν ἔφρισσω, ξένη,
 Οὐδ' οἶδ' ὅτι Ζεὺς ἔς' ἐμῆ κρείσσω θεός.—C.
 I quake not at the thunderbolt of Jove,
 O guest, nor know him more a God than I.*

And I, with these alone, escap'd alive.

So I, to whom, relentless, answer none
He deign'd, but, with his arms extended, sprang
Toward my people, of whom two at once
Seizing, like whelps against his cavern-floor
He dash'd them, and their brains spread all around.
These, piece-meal hewn, for supper he prepar'd,
And, like a mountain-lion, neither flesh
Nor entrails left, nor yet their marrowy bones.
We, viewing that tremendous sight, uprais'd
Our hands to Jove, all hope and courage lost.
When thus the Cyclops had with human flesh
Fill'd his capacious belly, and had quaff'd
Much undiluted milk, among his flocks
Outstretch'd immense, he press'd his cavern-floor.
Me then my courage prompted to approach
The monster with my glitt'ring falchion drawn,
And to transfix him where the vitals wrap
The liver; but maturer thoughts forbade.
For so we also had incurr'd a death
Tremendous, wanting pow'r to thrust aside
The rocky mass, that clos'd his cavern-mouth,
By force of hand alone. Thus many a sigh
Heaving, we watch'd the dawn. But when, at length,
Aurora, day-spring's daughter rosy-palm'd
Look'd forth, then, kindling fire, his flocks he milk'd

In order, and her yeanling kid or lamb
Thrust under each. When thus he had perform'd
His wonted task, two seizing, as before,
He slew them for his next obscene regale.
His breakfast ended, from the cave he drove
His fatted flocks abroad, moving with ease
That pond'rous barrier, and replacing it,
As he had only clos'd a quiver's lid.
Then, hissing them along, he drove his flocks
Toward the mountain, and me left, the while
Contemplating how best I might avenge
My friends, and by the aid of Pallas win
Deathless renown. This counsel pleas'd me most.
Beside the sheep-cote lay a massy club,
Hewn by the Cyclops from an olive stock,
Green, but which dried should serve him for a staff
To us consid'ring it, that staff appear'd
Tall as the mast of a huge trading bark,
Impell'd by twenty rowers o'er the Deep.
Such, in our eyes, its length and bulk appear'd.
From this I sever'd, at its tap'ring end,
A fathom's length, and bade my people shave
The scantling smooth. They smooth'd it, and the while
I gave it point, then sear'd it in the fire,
And cover'd it with ordure of the flocks,
With which the cavern-floor lay thick bespread.

And now commandment for the lots I gave,
 Who should with me the pointed brand enforce,
 When sleep should seize him next, into his eye,
 And grind the pupil out. They shook the lots,
 And four were chosen, in my own esteem
 The worthiest, and myself was chosen fifth*.
 At eventide he came, his fleecy flocks
 Assembling homeward, and compell'd them all
 Into his cavern, leaving none abroad,
 Either through some surmise, or so inclin'd
 By influence, haply, of the Gods themselves.
 The huge rock pull'd into its place again

* It was necessary to choose them by lot, lest those whom he left, had he chosen his assistants otherwise, should have thought themselves undervalued; or those whom he had taken, have complained of being selected for a service of so much danger.

Spondanus, as both Barnes and Clarke observe, has much foolish speculation here, on the question why Ulysses did not kill the Cyclops at once. Is he satisfied, says he, with such slight revenge for the loss of his six companions? I deny that it was slight. To blind him was a severer punishment than to slay him. By deprivation of sight his life is made more bitter to him than a thousand deaths. And I am not afraid to affirm, that this was the very consideration which determined Ulysses to act as he did, though the poet has not mentioned it. The learned critic, says Clarke, was wonderfully blind himself, for the true reason of the hero's conduct could not have been more plainly given than it is in that line,

Αὐτῶ γάρ κε καὶ ἄμμες ἀπωλόμεθ', &c.

The mouth of the cave being closed with a rock, which they could not move, they must infallibly have perished, had not Ulysses spared the life of Polypheme, that he might displace it for them.

At the cave's mouth, he, sitting, milk'd his sheep
 And goats in order, and her kid or lamb
 Thrust under each; thus, all his work dispatch'd,
 Two more he seiz'd, and to his supper fell.
 I then, presenting to his hand a bowl
 Of ivy-wood replete with ruddy wine,
 Before the Cyclops stood, and thus began:

Lo, Cyclops! this is wine*. Take this and drink
 After thy meal of man's flesh. Taste and learn
 What precious liquor our lost vessel bore.
 I brought it for libation, and in hope,
 That, mov'd to pity by that sacred rite,
 Thou wouldst dismiss us home; but limits none
 Thy fury knows; what man of all mankind
 Shall, after deeds thus lawless, visit *thee*?

I ceas'd. He took and drank, and hugely † pleas'd
 With that delicious bev'rage, thus inquir'd:

Give me again, and spare not. Tell me, too,
 Thy name, incontinent, that I may make
 Requital, gratifying also thee

* Hierocles being brought before the judge, he sentenced him to be beaten with rods, when, filling the hollow of his hand with the blood that streamed from him, he scattered it over the magistrate, saying,

Κύκλωψ, τῆ, πίε οἶνον, ἐπεὶ φάγεις ἀνδρόμεα κρέα.

Vide Suidam in voce Hierocles.—B. & C.

† Αἰνώς.

With somewhat to thy taste. We Cyclops own
 A bounteous soil, which yields *us* also wine
 From clusters nourish'd by the show'rs of Jove;
 But this—O this is from above—a stream
 Of nectar and ambrosia, all divine!

He ended, and receiv'd a second draught,
 Like measure. Thrice I bore it to his hand,
 And, foolish, thrice he drank. But when the fumes
 Began to play around the Cyclops' brain,
 With show of amity I thus replied:

Cyclops! thou hast my noble name inquir'd,
 Which I will tell thee. Give me, in return,
 The promis'd boon, some hospitable pledge.
 My name is Outis*; Outis I am call'd
 At home, abroad, wherever I am known.

* Clarke, who has preserved this name in his marginal version, contends strenuously, and with great reason, that Outis ought not to be translated; and in a passage which he quotes from the *Acta Eruditorum*, we see much fault found with Giphanius and other interpreters of Homer for having translated it. It is certain, that in Homer the word is declined not as $\sigma\tau\iota\varsigma$ - $\tau\iota\upsilon\omicron\varsigma$, which signifies no man, but as $\sigma\tau\iota\varsigma$ - $\tau\iota\delta\omicron\varsigma$, making $\sigma\tau\iota\upsilon$ in the accusative, consequently as a proper name. It is sufficient, that the ambiguity was such as to deceive the friends of the Cyclops. Outis is said by some (perhaps absurdly) to have been a name given to Ulysses on account of his having larger ears than common.

The gentleman who honoured this work with some very learned and acute criticisms in the *Analytical Review* for January 1793, and to whose remarks the translator with pleasure acknowledges himself indebted for several improvements, is still of opinion against

So I; to whom he, savage, thus replied:
 Outis, when I have eaten all his friends,
 Shall be my last regale*. Be that thy boon.

Clarke and the writer quoted by Clarke from the *Acta Eruditorum*, that OUTIS ought to be translated. But in all that he alleges to that purpose there seems to be no sufficient reason for it.

Outis, though a name of expedience only, and invented merely for the sake of its consequences, is as much a name, as that which really belonged to the inventor; and names are never translated. No, not even when our clear apprehension of a passage depends on our knowledge of their meaning. And for this plain reason; because a name translated is a new name, and not that which the person bore, or chose to assume. In all such cases, therefore, the reader's possible ignorance is overlooked in the text, and such information as he may want is given him in the margin.

Thus, in the first book of SAMUEL, where ABIGAIL, speaking of her husband, says, NABAL is his name, and folly is with him, it is sufficient, that in the margin the translators of the Bible inform us, that NABAL signifies *folly*. And again, when the mother of Ruth says, call me no longer NAOMI, but call me MARA, for the Lord hath dealt very *bitterly* with me, the reader unskilled in HEBREW is enlightened by a marginal reference, which teaches him, that NAOMI signifies *pleasant*, and MARA *bitter*.

Other proofs might be given, and one in particular from the 19th book of this very Poem, where the reason why AUTOLYCUS named the hero of it Ulysses, or rather ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ, is assigned, and where it would nevertheless be wrong, and even preposterous, to convey to the English reader the information he needs, by a translation of the name in the context.

* Homer seems to have been the inventor of the terrible Graces, one of which is that speech of the Cyclops—Οὐτιν ἐγὼ πύματον ἔδομαι—I will eat Outis last.—Such was the favour shown by the monster to Ulysses. Nor does he appear so dreadful, while he devours two Grecians, nor from the rock with which he closes up his cavern, nor from his club, as in this instance of savage urbanity. Demetrius Phalereus *περὶ Ἑρμηνείας*.—C.

He spake, and, downward sway'd, fell resupine,
With his huge neck aslant. All-conqu'ring sleep
Soon seiz'd him. From his gullet gush'd the wine
With human morsels mingled, many a blast
Sonorous issuing from his glutt'd maw.
Then, thrusting far the spike of olive-wood
Into the embers glowing on the hearth,
I heated it, and cheer'd my friends, the while,
Lest any should, through fear, decline his part.
But when that stake of olive-wood, though green,
Should soon have flam'd, for it was glowing hot,
I bore it to his side. Then all my aids
Around me gather'd, and the Gods infus'd
Heroic fortitude into our hearts.
They, grasping the sharp stake of olive-wood,
Infix'd it in his eye; myself, advanc'd
To a superiour stand, twirl'd it about.
As when a shipwright with his wimble bores
Tough oaken timber, plac'd on either side
Below, his fellow-artists strain the thong
Alternate, and the restless iron spins,
So, grasping hard the fiery-pointed stake,
We twirl'd it in his eye; the bubbling blood
Boil'd round about the brand; his pupil sent
A scalding vapour forth, that sing'd his brow,

And all his eye-roots crackled in the flame.
As when the smith, a hatchet or large axe
Temp'ring, immerges all the hissing blade
Deep in cold water (whence the strength of steel),
So hiss'd his eye around the olive-wood.

The howling monster with his outcry fill'd
The hollow rock, and I, with all my aids,
Fled terrified. He, plucking forth the spike
From his burnt socket, mad with anguish, cast
The implement all bloody far away.

Then, bellowing, he sounded forth the name
Of ev'ry Cyclops dwelling in the caves
Around him, on the wind-swept mountain-tops ;
They, flocking at his cry from ev'ry part,
Circl'd his den, and of his ail inquir'd.

What ail'st thou, Polypheme, with hideous cries
Troubling the peaceful night, and our repose ?
Fear'st thou to perish, or to lose thy flocks
By force or fraud of rovers o'er the Deep ?

Whom thus the Cyclops answer'd from within :
My friends ! By fraud of Outis here surpris'd,
By force of Outis here subdu'd, I die.

Then thus with accents wing'd his friends without :
If no man harm thee, but thou art alone,
And sickness feel'st, it is the stroke of Jove,

And thou must bear it; yet invoke for aid
Thy father Neptune, Sov'reign of the floods*.

So saying, they went, and in my heart I laugh'd,
That by the fiction only of a name,
Slight stratagem! I had deceiv'd them all.

Then groan'd the Cyclops, wrung with pain and grief,
And, fumbling with stretch'd hands, remov'd the rock
From his cave's mouth; which done, he sat him down,
Spreading his arms athwart the pass, to stop
Our egress with his flocks abroad; so dull,
It seems, he held me, and so ill-advis'd.

I, pondering what means might fittest prove,
To save from instant death (if save I might)

My people and myself, to ev'ry shift
Inclin'd, and various counsels fram'd, as one
Who strove for life, with instant death in view.

To me, thus meditating, this appear'd
The likeliest course. The rams well-thriven were,
Thick-fleec'd, full sized, with wool of sable hue.

These silently with osier twigs, on which
The Cyclops, hideous monster, slept, I bound
Three in one leash; the intermediate rams
Bore each a man, whom the exterior two

* *Outis*, as a *name*, could only denote him who bore it; but as a *noun*, it signifies *no man*, which accounts sufficiently for the ludicrous mistake of his brethren.

Preserv'd, concealing him on either side.
 Thus each was borne by three, and I, at last,
 The curl'd back seizing of a ram (for one
 I had reserv'd far stateliest of them all),
 Slipp'd underneath his belly, and both hands
 Infolding fast in his exub'rant fleece,
 Hung by that hold, and press'd the floor supine*.
 All thus dispos'd, we watch'd with many a sigh
 The sacred dawn; but when, at length aris'n,
 Aurora, day-spring's daughter rosy-palm'd,
 Again appear'd, the males of all his flocks
 Rush'd forth to pasture, and his ewes, the while,
 Stood bleating, unreliev'd from the distress
 Of udders overcharg'd. He, rack'd with pain
 Intolerable, handled, as they stood,
 The backs of all, but, in his folly, left
 Their bosoms, where we clung, still unexplor'd.
 And now (none left beside) the ram approach'd
 With his own wool encumber'd and with me,
 Whom many a fear molested. Polypheme,
 The giant, strok'd him as he sat, and said:

* Here again Spondanus makes a discovery. Namely, that Ulysses reserving the ram to himself, which was the largest of the whole flock, discovered by doing so more solicitude for his own safety than for that of his companions. As if it was not plainly impossible, that he should bind himself as he had bound them.—C. In fact, he was much less secure than they, having no ram on either side to conceal him.

My darling ram ! why, latest of the flock
 Com'st thou, whom never, heretofore, my sheep
 Could leave behind, but, stalking at their head,
 Thou first was wont to crop the tender grass,
 First to arrive at the clear stream, and first
 With ready will to seek my sheep-cote here
 At ev'ning ; but thou com'st now last of all.
 Is sorrow for thy master's eye the cause,
 Pierc'd by the leader of a worthless crew,
 Vile as himself, who vanquish'd me with wine,
 The vagrant Outis? Him I still believe
 Imprison'd here, and couldst thou but assist
 Thy master's search, and tell me with a voice
 Articulate in what recess conceal'd
 He 'scapes my fury now, from side to side
 His scatter'd brain should spread my cavern-floor,
 And lighter I should feel my wrong receiv'd
 From Outis, basely nam'd and nothing-worth*.

So saying, he left him to pursue the flock.
 When, thus drawn forth, we had, at length, escap'd

* Polyphemum Homerus cum immanem ferumque finisset, cum ariete etiam colloquentem facit, ejusque laudare fortunas, quod, qua vellet, ingredi posset; et, quæ vellet, attingere.—Cic. Tusc. Disp. Lib. V.—C.

Homer, having represented Polypheme as a fierce and savage being, makes him also hold discourse with his ram, which he accounts a happy creature, because he can go where he will, and find what his occasions require.

Few paces from the cavern and the court,
 Myself releasing first, my friends I loos'd.
 Then, turning seaward many a thriven ewe
 Sharp-hoof'd, we drove them swiftly to the ship,
 With joyful hearts my people us receiv'd,
 Who had escap'd, but much they mourn'd the dead.
 I suffer'd not their tears, but silent shook
 My brows, by signs commanding them to lift
 The sheep on board, and instant plough the main.
 They, quick embarking, on the benches sat
 Well-rang'd, and thresh'd with oars the foamy flood;
 But when my distance from the shore was such,
 As a loud voice may fly, with bitter taunts
 Insulting then the Cyclops, I exclaim'd:

Cyclops! when thou devour'd'st in thy cave
 With brutal force my followers, thou devour'd'st
 The followers of no timid chief, or base.
 Vengeance was sure to recompense that deed
 Atrocious. Monster! who wast not afraid,
 To eat the stranger hous'd beneath thy roof!
 Therefore the Gods have well requited thee.

I ended; he, exasp'rate, rag'd the more,
 And, rending from its hold a mountain-top,
 Hurl'd it toward us; at our vessel's stern
 Down came the mass, nigh sweeping in its fall
 The rudder's head. The ocean at the plunge

Of that huge rock, high on its refluent flood
 Heav'd, irresistible, the ship to land.
 I, seizing quick our longest pole on board
 Back thrust her from the coast, and, by a nod
 In silence giv'n, enjoin'd my crew to ply
 Their oars in haste, that so we might escape.
 Procumbent*, each obey'd, and when the bark
 Had twice her former distance interpos'd†,
 Again I greeted him although my friends
 Earnest dissuaded me on ev'ry side :

Ah, rash Ulysses ! why with taunts provoke
 The savage more, who hath this moment hurl'd
 A weapon, such as heav'd the ship again
 To land, where death seem'd certain to us all?
 For had he heard a cry, or but the voice
 Of one man speaking, he had all our heads
 With some sharp rock, and all our timbers crush'd
 Together, such vast force is in his arm.

So they, but my courageous heart remain'd
 Unmov'd, and thus again, incens'd, I spake :

Cyclops ! should any man hereafter ask

* προπεσόντες.

—————Olli certamine summo

Procumbunt.

VIRGIL.

† The seeming incongruity of this line with 555 is reconciled by supposing, that Ulysses exerted his voice, naturally loud, in an extraordinary manner on this second occasion.—K.

Who caus'd thy shameful blindness, thus reply—
Laertes' son of Ithaca, renown'd
For cities sack'd, Ulysses claims the praise.

I ceas'd, and with a groan thus he replied:
Ah me! an ancient oracle I feel
Accomplish'd. Here abode a prophet erst,
A man of noblest form, and in his art
Unrivall'd, Telemus Eurymedes.
He, prophesying to the Cyclops-race,
Grew old among us, and presag'd my loss
Of sight, in future, by Ulysses' hand.
I therefore watch'd for the arrival here,
Always, of some great chief, for stature, bulk
And beauty prais'd, and cloth'd with wondrous might.
But now, a puny dwarf, a wretch beneath
All prudent fear, subdu'd me first with wine,
Then blinded me. Come hither, O my guest!
Return, Ulysses! hospitable cheer
Awaits thee, and my pray'rs I will prefer
To glorious Neptune for thy prosp'rous course;
For I am Neptune's offspring, and the God
Is proud to be my sire; he, if he please,
And he alone can heal me; none beside
Of Pow'rs Immortal, or of men below.

He spake, to whom I answer thus return'd:
I would that of thy life amerc'd as sure

I could dismiss thee to the shades, as none—
Not Neptune's self shall sight restore to thee.

So I; then pray'd the Cyclops to his sire,
With hands uprais'd toward the starry Heav'n:

Hear, Ocean's Sov'reign! Neptune azure-hair'd!
If I indeed am thine, and if thou boast
Thyself my father, grant that never more
Laertes' son of Ithaca, renown'd
For cities sack'd, Ulysses, reach his home.
But should the fates ordain, that he behold
Once more his home, his country, and his friends,
Late, in distress, on board a foreign bark,
All his companions lost, may he arrive,
Nor find his mis'ries ended even there.

He spake, whose imprecation Neptune heard.
Then lifting from the shore a stone of size
Still more unwieldy, with enormous force
He whirl'd it round, and launch'd it from his hand.
Behind my sable bark the burden fell,
Threat'ning the rudder's head. Huge rose the waves
Under concussion of the plunging rock,
And wellnigh wafted us at once to land.

But when we reach'd the isle where we had left
Our num'rous barks, and where my people sat
Watching with ceaseless sorrow our return,
We thrust our vessel to the sandy shore,

Then disembark'd, and of the Cyclops' sheep
Gave equal share to all. To me alone
My fellow-voyagers the ram consign'd
In distribution, my peculiar meed.
Him to the cloud-girt Sov'reign over all
Devoting, on the shore his thighs I burn'd.
But adverse Jove, designing, even then,
The wreck of all my galleys, and the death
Of all my followers, heeded not the gift.
Thus, feasting largely, on the shore we sat
Till even-tide, and quaffing gen'rous wine ;
But when the sun was set, and darkness fell,
Then on the shore we slept ; and when again
Aurora, rosy daughter of the Dawn,
Look'd forth, I bade my people, casting loose
Without delay their moorings, climb the barks.
They, all obedient, took their seats on board
Well-rang'd, and thresh'd with oars the foamy flood.
Thus, happy to escape, though sad for those,
Whom we had lost, we roam'd the Deep again.

ARGUMENT OF THE TENTH BOOK.

Ulysses, in pursuit of his narrative, relates his arrival at the island of Æolus, his departure thence, and the unhappy occasion of his return thither. The monarch of the wind dismisses him at last with much asperity. He next tells us of his arrival among the Læstrygonians, by whom his whole fleet, together with their crews, are destroyed, his own ship and crew excepted. Thence he is driven to the island of Circe. By her the half of his people are transformed into swine. Assisted by Mercury, he resists her enchantments himself, and prevails with the Goddess, to recover them to their former shape. In consequence of Circe's instructions, after having spent a complete year in her palace, he prepares for a voyage to the infernal regions.

BOOK X.

WE came to the Æolian isle; there dwells
 Æolus, son of Hippotas, belov'd
 By the Immortals, in an isle afloat*.

* The Æolian isles, commonly so called, were in the Tyrrhene sea, and not far from Sicily. But whether one of those is here intended, or a distinct one, perhaps of the poet's creation, is doubted by the commentators.

Heraclides Ponticus supposes Æolus himself an allegorical person, representing the year, and his six sons and six daughters the twelve months of it.—B. & C.

A brazen wall force-proof, and smoothest rocks
Of steep ascent, environ it around.

Twelve are his children, in his palace born,
Six sons, six daughters ; and his daughters six
To his six sons by nuptial rites he join'd.

They with their father hold perpetual feast
And with their royal mother, still supplied
With dainties numberless ; the sounding dome
Is fill'd with sav'ry odours all the day,

And with their consorts chaste at night they sleep
On stateliest couches with rich arras spread.

Their city and their splendid courts we reach'd.

A month complete he, friendly, at his board
Regal'd me, and inquiry made minute

Of Ilium's fall, of the Achaian fleet,

And of our voyage thence. I told him all.

But now, desirous to embark again,

I ask'd dismissal home, which he approv'd,

And well provided for my prosp'rous course.

He gave me, furnish'd by a bullock flay'd

In his ninth year, a bag ; ev'ry rude blast

Which from its bottom turns the Deep, that bag

Imprison'd held ; for him Saturnian Jove

Hath offic'd arbiter of all the winds,

To rouse their force, or calm them, at his will.

He gave me them on board my bark, so bound

With silver twine, that not a breath escap'd,
 Then order'd gentle Zephyrus abroad,
 To speed us homeward. Order vain, alas!
 So fatal prov'd the folly of my friends*.

Nine days continual, night and day we sail'd,
 And on the tenth my native land appear'd.
 Not far remote my Ithacans I saw
 Fires kindling on the coast†; but worn with toil
 And watchful care me gentle sleep subdu'd;
 For constant I had rul'd the helm, nor giv'n
 That charge to any, fearful of delay.
 Then, in close conference my crew bespake
 Each other, and, he carries home, they said,
 Silver and gold from Æolus receiv'd,
 Son of the valiant Hippotas; and thus
 A seaman murmuring, the rest harangu'd:
 Ye Gods! what city or what lands so'er
 Ulysses visits, how is he belov'd
 By all, and honour'd! many precious spoils
 He homeward bears from Troy; but we return,

* The poet is supposed to have bound these bags with silver twine, that the mistake of the mariners, who imagined them filled with treasure, might seem more probable.—B. & C.

† They kindled fires on the coast for the information of navigators, the fire itself serving them as a signal by night, and the smoke by day. This was the smoke, which Ulysses, while detained by Calypso, so ardently wished to see.—C.

Partners of all his perils by the way,
With thriftless hands. Now also he hath gain'd
This pledge of friendship from the King of winds.
But come—be quick—search we the bag, and learn
What stores of gold and silver it contains.

So he, whose mischievous advice prevail'd.
They loos'd the bag ; forth issu'd all the winds,
And, rapt by tempests back, with fruitless tears
They mourn'd their native country lost again.
Just then awaking, in my troubled mind
I doubted, whether from the vessel's side,
To plunge and perish, or, with patient mind,
To suffer and to live. The suff'rer's part
At length I chose, and resolute surviv'd.
But, with my mantle wrapp'd around my brows,
I laid me down, till, hurried by the blast,
We groaning, reach'd again th' Æolian isle.

First, from refreshing streams our barks we stor'd,
Then, my companions at their galley's sides
All seated, took repast ; short meal we made,
When, with a herald and a chosen friend,
The hall of Æolus once more I sought.
Him banquetting with all his sons we found,
And with his consort. Ent'ring, down we sat
All on the threshold, whom astonish'd they
Beheld, and of our coming thus inquir'd :

Return'd? Ulysses! by what adverse Pow'r
Repuls'd, hast thou arriv'd? we sent thee forth
Well-fitted to regain thy native isle,
Or soon to reach what port soe'er thou wouldst.

So they—to whom, heart-broken, I replied:
My base companions, and the traitor, Sleep,
Alike are culpable; but, O my friends!
Redress the mischief, for the pow'r is yours.

So I their favour woo'd. Mute sat the sons,
But thus the father answer'd: Hence—begone—
Thou worst of men! I may not entertain
Or give safe conduct homeward to a wretch
Abhorr'd by all in Heav'n. Haste—leave the isle,
For hated by the Gods hast thou arriv'd.

He said, and sent me sorrowing from the gate.
Thence, therefore, wearied at the toilsome oar,
Through our own folly, and with mournful hearts,
We plough'd the Deep, no longer hoping aid,
From Æolus, of winds to waft us home.
Six days we navigated, day and night,
The briny flood, and on the seventh arriv'd
At lofty Læstrygonia, city built
By Lamus, for its distant gates renown'd*.

* The distant gates are mentioned as a *datum*, from which to estimate the extent of the city.—B. & C.

The herdsman there, his cattle driving home,
 Calls forth the shepherd; there th' industrious swain,
 Renouncing sleep, may double wages earn,
 Attending both; for when the flocks forsake
 At eventide the pastures, which they range
 Throughout the fervid day, the cooler hours
 Nocturnal to the grazing herds belong*.
 To that capacious port we came, by rocks
 Uninterrupted flank'd on either side
 Of tow'ring height, while prominent the shores
 And bold, converging at the haven's mouth,
 Leave narrow pass†. We push'd our galleys in,
 Then moor'd them side by side; for never surge
 There lifts its head, or great or small, but clear
 We found, and motionless, the shelter'd flood.
 I only, stationing my bark without,
 Secur'd her well with hawsers to a rock
 At the land's point, then climb'd the rugged steep,
 And stood to spy the country. Labours none
 Of men or oxen in the land appear'd,

* It is supposed by Eustathius, that, the pastures being infested by gad-flies and other noxious insects in the day-time, they drove their sheep afield in the morning, which by their wool were defended from them, and their cattle in the evening, when the insects had withdrawn.—B. & C. It is one of the few passages in Homer, that must lie at the mercy of conjecture.

† Which accounts for the destruction of the fleet, the difficulty of the egress rendering their escape impracticable.—C.

Nor aught beside saw we, but from the earth
Smoke rising, therefore of my friends I sent
Two well-selected, with a herald, third,
To learn, what race of men that country fed.
Departing, they an even track pursu'd,
Made by the waggons bringing timber down
From the high mountains to the town below.
Ere yet they reach'd the city, on the way
A damsel met them bearing forth an ew'r,
The daughter of Antiphatas, the king,
Descending to the crystal fountain nam'd
Artacia, whence the city was supplied.
Approaching they accosted her, and ask'd
What king reign'd there, and over whom he reign'd.
She, prompt and pleas'd, soon taught them how to find
Her father's house, where ent'ring, they beheld,
And shudder'd at the sight, a woman, huge
And hideous, like a mountain's tow'ring head.
She, seeing them, from council instant call'd
Her spouse Antiphatas, who teeming came
With dreadful purposes, and of the three
Seiz'd one, whom crush'd and broken he devour'd.
With headlong terrour the surviving two
Fled to the ships. Then sent the ruthless king
Loud proclamation forth, and, at the sound,
From side to side of all the city, fierce

And countless, stalk'd the Læstrygonian host,
 Gigantic forms, not human. From the rocks
 Huge stones, a strong man's burden each, they cast;
 And, terrible, at once a mingled sound
 Of shatter'd ships and dying men arose,
 Whom spear'd like fishes to their home they bore,
 A loathsome prey. While them within the port
 They slaughter'd, I (the falchion at my side
 Drawn forth) cut loose the hawsers of my ship,
 And all my crew enjoin'd, with bosoms laid
 Prone on their oars, to fly the threaten'd wo.
 They, dreading instant death, tugg'd resupine
 Together, and my galley from beneath
 Those beetling* rocks into the open sea
 Shot gladly; but the rest all perish'd there.

Proceeding thence, we sigh'd and roam'd the waves,
 Glad that we liv'd, but sorrowing for the slain.
 We came to the Ææan isle; there dwelt
 Circe, dread Goddess, skill'd in magic song,
 Sister of sage Æætēs†; them the sun,
 Bright luminary of the world, begat
 On Perse, daughter of Oceanus.

* The word has the authority of Shakspeare, and signifies overhanging.

† Æætēs was king of Colchis, and father of Medea.—B. & C.

Our vessel silently* we grounded there
Within a spacious haven, thither led
By some celestial Pow'r. We disembark'd,
And on the coast two days and nights entire
Extended lay, with labour worn, and each
The victim of his heart-devouring woes.
Then, with my spear and with my falchion arm'd,
I left the ship to climb with hasty steps
An airy height, thence hoping to espy
Some works of man, or hear, perchance, a voice.
Exalted on a rough rock's craggy point
I stood, and on the distant plain, beheld
Smoke, which from Circe's palace through the gloom
Of trees and thickets rose. That smoke discern'd,
I ponder'd next if thither I should haste,
Seeking intelligence. Long time I mus'd,
But chose at last, as my discreeter course,
To seek the sea-beach and my bark again
And, when my crew had eaten, to dispatch
Before me others, who should first inquire.
But, ere I yet had reach'd my gallant bark,
Some God, with pity viewing me alone
In that untrodden solitude, sent forth

* Being made extremely cautious by the mischiefs they had suffered both from the Cyclops and the Læstrygonians.—C.

An antler'd stag full-siz'd into my way.
His woodland pastures left, he sought the stream,
For he was thirsty and already parch'd
By the sun's heat. Him issuing from his haunt,
Sheer through the back beneath his middle spine
I wounded, and the lance sprang forth beyond.
Moaning he fell, and in the dust expir'd.
Then, treading on his breathless trunk, I pluck'd
My weapon forth, which leaving there reclin'd,
I tore away the osiers with my hands
And sallows green, and to a fathom's length
Twisting the gather'd twigs into a band,
Bound fast the feet of my enormous prey,
And, slinging him athwart my neck, repair'd
Toward my sable bark, propp'd on my lance,
Which now to carry shoulder'd as before
Surpass'd my pow'r, so bulky was the load.
Arriving at the ship, I there let fall
My burden, and, assembling on the beech
My people, thus their drooping spirits cheer'd :
 Rejoice, my friends ! We shall not, though distress'd,
Seek Pluto's realm, till thither sent by Fate.
Come—we will banquet now, not die consum'd
With famine, wanting neither food nor wine.
 I spake ; at once obedient from the ground,
Their folded brows unmantling, all arose,

And with admiring eyes (for of a bulk
To be admir'd was he) the stag survey'd,
Till having gaz'd their fill, their hands they lav'd,
And preparation made of noble cheer.
That day complete, till set of sun, we spent
Feasting deliciously without restraint,
And quaffing gen'rous wine ; but when the sun
Went down, and darkness overshadow'd all,
Extended then on Ocean's bank we lay ;
And when Aurora, daughter of the dawn,
Look'd rosy forth, convening all my crew
To council, I arose, and thus began :

My fellow-voyagers, however worn
With num'rous hardships, hear ! for neither West
Know we, nor East, where rises, or where sets
The all-enlight'ning sun. But let us think
If thought perchance may profit us, of which
Small hope I see ; for when I lately climb'd
Yon craggy rock, I saw that we had reach'd
An isle encircled by the boundless Deep ;
Flat lies the land, and in the midst I mark'd
Dun smoke ascending from an oaken bow'r.

I spake, whom they with hearts half-broken heard,
Recalling fell Antiphatas to mind,
The Læstrygonian, and the Cyclops' deeds
Ferocious feeder on the flesh of man.

Aloud they wept ; fast flow'd the tears of each ;
 But neither tears nor cries avail'd them aught.
 Then, separating all my valiant friends
 In equal portions, I assign'd a chief
 To either band, myself to these, to those
 Godlike Eurylochus. This done, we cast
 The lots into the helmet, and at once
 Forth sprang the lot of bold Eurylochus.
 He went, and with him of my people march'd
 Twenty and two ; they sorrowing to depart,
 Nor we less mourning to be left behind,
 Low in a vale, but on an open spot,
 They found the splendid house of Circe, built
 With polish'd stones and compass'd all around
 By lions on all sides and mountain-wolves,
 Tam'd by herself with drugs of noxious pow'rs*.

* *Hinc exaudiri gemitus, iræque leonum
 Vincla recusantum, et serà sub nocte rudentum :
 Setigerique sues, atque in præsepibus ursi
 Sævire, ac formæ magnorum ululare luporum :
 Quos hominum ex facie Dea sæva potentibus herbis
 Induerat Circe in vultus ac terga ferarum. Æn. VII, 15.*

Hence groans were heard, and the vex'd lion's voice,
 Scorning his chain, and growling through the Dark,
 And bristly boars, and at the manger bound
 Bears murmuring, and huge wolves howling loud,
 Whom, human once, with drugs of mighty pow'r
 The sorceress had chang'd to brutal forms.

The passages are not exactly parallel ; Homer describes wild beasts

Nor were they mischievous, but as my friends
Approach'd, arising on their hinder feet,
Paw'd them in blandishment, and wagg'd the tail.
As, when from feast he rises, dogs around
Their master fawn, accustom'd to receive
Some soothing gift from his familiar hand,
Around my people so those talon'd wolves
And lions fawn'd. They, terrified, that troop
Of savage monsters horrible beheld.
And now, before the Goddess' gates arriv'd,
They heard the voice of Circe singing sweet
Within, while, busied at the loom, she wove
An ample web immortal, such a work
Transparent, graceful, and of bright design,
As hands of Goddesses alone produce.
Thus then Polites, prince of men, the friend
Highest in my esteem, the rest bespake:
My friends! some damsel or some Goddess weaves
An ample web within, and strikes, the while,
With such melodious strains the marble walls,
That all the palace rings. Haste—Call aloud.
He ceas'd; they call'd; soon issuing at the sound,
The Goddess open'd wide her splendid gates,

tamed, and Virgil men transformed to beasts. There is no room, therefore, for the comparison made by Scaliger, or for the preference which he gives to Virgil.—See Clarke.

And bade them in ; they, heedless, all complied,
All save Eurylochus, who fear'd a snare*.
She, introducing them, conducted each
To a bright throne, then gave them Pramnian wine,
With grated cheese, pure meal, and honey new,
But medicated with her pois'nous drugs
Their food, that in oblivion they might lose
The wish of home. She gave them, and they drank,—
When, smiting each with her enchanting wand,
She shut them in her sties. In head, in voice,
In body, and in bristles they became
All swine, yet intellected as before.
There Circe shut them all, who weeping fed
On acorns, chesnuts, and the cornel-fruit,
Food grateful ever to the grov'ling swine.

Back flew Eurylochus toward the ship,
To tell the woful tale ; struggling to speak,
Yet speechless, there he stood, his heart transfix'd
With anguish, and his eyes with tears replete.
Me boding terrours occupied. At length,
When, gazing on him, all had oft inquir'd,
He thus rehears'd to us the dreadful change :

* He feared a snare from the singularity of all that he observed ; wild beasts tractable as spaniels, and a person, woman in appearance, and all alone, inviting so many men unknown to her, without discovering the smallest apprehension.—B. & C.

Renown'd Ulysses! as thou bad'st, we went
 Through yonder oaks! imbosom'd in a vale,
 But built conspicuous on a swelling knoll
 With polish'd rock, we found a stately dome*.
 Within, some Goddess or some woman wove
 An ample web, and caroll'd sweet the while.
 They call'd aloud; she, issuing at the voice,
 Unfolded soon her splendid portals wide,
 And bade them in. Heedless they enter'd, all,
 But I remain'd, suspicious of a snare.
 Erelong the whole band vanish'd, none I saw
 Thenceforth, though, seated there, long time I watch'd.

He ended; I my studded falchion huge
 Athwart my shoulder cast, and seiz'd my bow,
 Then bade him lead me thither by the way
 Himself had gone; but with both hands my knees
 He clasp'd, and in wing'd accents sad exclaim'd:

My king! ah lead me not unwilling back,
 But leave me here; for confident I judge,
 That neither thou wilt bring another thence,
 Nor come thyself again. Haste—fly we swift
 With these, for we, at least, may yet escape.

* *Ἦρομεν ὡς ἐκέλευες,* —————

Εὔρομεν ἐν βῆσσησι —————

The omission of the conjunctive *καὶ* is admired by Dionysius Halicarnassensis as a great beauty, the effect of it being not only rapidity but emphasis.—C.

So he, to whom this answer I return'd :
Eurylochus ! abiding here, eat thou
And drink thy fill beside the sable bark ;
I go ; necessity forbids my stay.

So saying, I left the galley and the shore.
But ere yet, travelling that gloomy vale,
I reach'd the palace, where th' enchantress dwelt,
Hermes, possessor of the golden wand,
Met me. Some stripling in his prime he seem'd,
His cheeks cloth'd newly with their earliest down,
For youth is then most graceful ; fast he lock'd
His hand in mine, and thus familiar spake :

Unhappy ! whither, wand'ring o'er the hills,
Stranger to all this region, and alone,
Go'st thou ? Thy people are within the walls
Of Circe prison'd, where as swine in sties
She keeps them. Com'st thou to release thy friends ?
I tell thee, never wilt thou thence return
Thyself, but wilt be prison'd with the rest.
Yet hearken—I will disappoint her wiles,
And will preserve thee. Take this precious drug ;
This holding, enter thou the Goddess' house
Boldly, for it shall save thy life from harm.
Lo ! I reveal to thee the cruel arts
Of Circe ; learn them. She will mix for thee
A potion, and will also drug thy food

With noxious herbs ; but she shall not prevail
 By all her pow'r to change thee ; for the force
 Superiour of this noble plant, my gift,
 Shall baffle her. Hear still what I advise.
 When she shall smite thee with her slender rod,
 With falchion drawn and with death-threat'ning looks
 Rush on her ; terrified, to her embrace
 She will invite thee ; neither thou refuse
 The Goddess' offer'd love, secure to win
 Deliv'rance for thy friends, and for thyself
 Reception kind and bounteous in return.
 But force her swear the dreaded oath of Heav'n
 That she will other mischief none devise
 Against thee, lest she strip thee of thy might,
 And, quenching all thy virtue, make thee vile*.

So spake propitious Hermes, and the drug
 Pluck'd from the soil to my possession gave,
 With knowledge of its pow'rs. The root was black,
 Milk-white the blossom ; moly is its name

* ————— Circes pocula nôsti ;
 Quæ si cum sociis stultus cupidusque bibisset,
 Sub dominâ meretrice fuisset turpis et excors ;
 Vixisset canis immundus, vel amica luto sus.

Hor. Epis. Lib. I, 2, 23.—C.

————— thou hast heard of Circe's cup ;
 Which drinking, like the greedy fools his friends,
 He had become a harlot's heartless drudge ;
 A filthy cur had lived, or filthier swine.

In Heav'n; not easily by mortal man
Dug forth, but all is easy to the Gods*.
Then Hermes through the island-woods repair'd
To Heav'n, and I to Circe's dread abode,
In gloomy musings busied as I went.
Within the vestibule arriv'd, where dwelt
The beauteous Goddess, staying there my steps,
I call'd aloud; she sudden at the voice
Appearing, threw the splendid portals wide,
And bade me in; I sorrowful obey'd.
She plac'd me on an argent-studded throne
Foot-stool'd beneath, and for my drink prepar'd
The Pramnian mixture in a golden cup,
Impregnating, on my destruction bent,
With noxious herbs the draught. I drain'd secure
And unimpair'd the goblet, when, incens'd,
She smote me with her wand, and thus exclaim'd:
 Now seek the sty. There wallow with thy friends.
She spake; I drawing from beside my thigh
My falchion keen, with death-denouncing looks
Rush'd on her; she with screams of terrour ran
Beneath my lifted arm, seiz'd fast my knees,
And in wing'd accents plaintive thus began:
 Who? whence? thy city and thy birth declare.

* Mercury was the God of instruction, and moly is an allegorical plant, by which instruction or salutary discipline is intended.—B.

Amaz'd I see thee with that potion drench'd,
Yet uninchanted ; never man before
Once pass'd it through his lips, and liv'd the same ;
But in thy breast a mind inhabits, proof
Against all charms. Come then—I know thee well.
Thou art Ulysses versatile and shrewd,
Of whose arrival here, in his return
From Ilium, Hermes of the golden wand
Was ever wont to tell me. Sheath again
Thy sword, and let us, on my bed reclin'd,
Mutual embrace, that we may trust thenceforth
Each other, without jealousy or fear.

The Goddess spake, to whom I thus replied :
O Circe ! canst thou bid me meek become
And gentle, who beneath thy roof detain'st
My fellow-voyagers transform'd to swine ?
And, fearing my escape, invit'st thou me,
To share thy couch, with fraudulent design
First to unarm, and to unman me next ?
No—trust me—never will I share thy bed,
Till first, O Goddess, thou consent to swear
The dread all-binding oath, that other harm
Against myself thou wilt imagine none.

I spake, and, undelaying, she complied.
When, therefore, nought of all her solemn oath
Unsworn remain'd, I climb'd her stately bed.

Four graceful nymphs, mean-time, their household trust
Administ'ring, the palace briskly pac'd,
Her menials, from the fountains sprung and groves,
And from the sacred streams that seek the sea.
Of these one cast fine linen on the thrones,
Which next with purple arras rich she spread ;
Bright silver stands with golden dishes charg'd
Before the gorgeous thrones another plac'd,
The third an argent beaker fill'd with wine
Delicious, which in golden cups she serv'd ;
The fourth brought water, which she warm'd within
An ample vase, and, when the simm'ring flood
Sang in the tripod, led me to a bath,
And lav'd me with the pleasant stream profuse
Pour'd o'er my neck and body, till my limbs,
Refresh'd, all sense of lassitude resign'd.
When she had bath'd me, and with limpid oil
Anointed me, and cloth'd me in a vest
And mantle, next she led me to a throne
Of royal state, with silver studs emboss'd,
And footstool'd soft beneath ; then came a nymph,
With golden ewer charg'd and silver bowl,
Who pour'd pure water on my hands, and plac'd
The shining stand before me, which with food
Various, selected from her present stores,
The cat'ress spread ; then courteous bade me eat.

But me it pleas'd not ; with far other thoughts
My spirit teem'd, on vengeance more intent.
Soon then as Circe mark'd me on my seat
Fast-rooted, sullen, nor with outstretch'd hands
Deigning to touch the banquet, she approach'd,
And in wing'd accents suasive thus began :

Why sits Ulysses like the dumb, dark thoughts
His only food? loathes he the touch of meat,
And taste of wine? Thou fear'st, as I perceive,
Some other snare, but idle is that fear,
For I have sworn th' inviolable oath.

She ceas'd, to whom this answer I return'd:
How can I eat? what virtuous man and just,
O Circe! could endure the taste of wine,
Or food, till he should see his prison'd friends
Once more at liberty? If then thy wish,
That I should eat and drink, be true, restore
My lov'd companions to these eyes again*.

So I; then Circe, bearing in her hand
Her potent rod, went forth, and op'ning wide
The sty, drove thence my friends, none smaller-siz'd
Than after nine years' growth the pamper'd brawn.

* Xenocrates arriving at the court of Antipater, in the office of an ambassador employed to solicit the release of Athenians whom he had taken prisoners, and being invited to his table, answered the invitation in these lines. The conqueror was so well pleased with the application, that he released the captives immediately.—C.

They stood before me; she through all the herd
Proceeding, each anointed with a charm
Of other pow'rs, and at the wholesome touch
All shed the swinish bristles by the drug,
Dread Circe's former magic gift, produc'd.
Restor'd at once to manhood, they appear'd
More vig'rous far, and sightlier than before.
Conscious of me, they seiz'd with tender grasp
Their leader's hand. Tears follow'd, but of joy,
And with loud cries the vaulted palace rang.
Even the awful Goddess felt, herself,
Compassion, and, approaching me, began:

 Laertes' noble son, for wiles renown'd!
Hence to the shore, and to thy gallant bark;
First hale her safe aground, then, hiding all
Your arms and treasures in the caverns, come
Thyself again, and hither lead thy friends.

 So spake the Goddess, and my gen'rous mind
Persuaded; thence repairing to the beach,
I sought my ship; arriv'd, I found my crew
Lamenting miserably, and their cheeks
With tears bedewing ceaseless at her side.
As when the calves within some village rear'd
Behold at eve the herd returning home
From fruitful meads, where they have graz'd their fill,
Forth rushing from the stall they blare and sport

Around their mothers with a ceaseless joy,
Such joy, at sight of me, dissolv'd in tears
My grateful friends, and each his spirit felt
With like affections warm'd as he had reach'd
At length his country, and his city seen,
Fair Ithaca, where he was born and rear'd.
Then in wing'd accents tender thus they spake :

Noble Ulysses! thy appearance fills
Our soul with transports, such as we should feel
Arriv'd in safety on our native shore.
But speak—how perish'd our unhappy friends?

So they ; when, cheering them, I thus replied :
Hale ye the vessel first ashore, and hide
In caverns all our treasures and our arms ;
Then haste to follow me, and ye shall soon
Behold your happy friends, beneath the roof
Of Circe banquetting and drinking wine,
For dearth of nought with her they feel or fear.

So I ; whom all with readiness obey'd,
All save Eurylochus ; he sought alone
To stay the rest, and eager interpos'd :

Ah whither tend we, miserable men ?
Why covet ye this evil, to go down
To Circe's palace ? she will change us all
To lions, wolves, or swine, that we may guard
Her palace ? by necessity constrain'd.

So some were pris'ners of the Cyclops erst,
When, led by rash Ulysses, our lost friends
Intruded needlessly into his cave,
And perish'd by the folly of their chief.

He spake; whom hearing, half resolv'd I stood
With my keen falchion from beside me drawn,
To tumble his lopp'd head into the dust,
Although he were my kinsman in the bonds
Of close affinity; but all my friends,
As with one voice, thus gently interpos'd:

Our noble chief! command that he remain
Our vessel's guard, while we thy steps attend,
That shall conduct us where the Goddess dwells.

So saying, they left the galley, and set forth
Climbing the coast; nor would Eurylochus
Beside the hollow bark remain, but join'd
His comrades, by my dreadful menace aw'd.
Circe the while my friends, her happy guests,
Had nought neglected, but to each had giv'n
Warm bath, smooth unction, vest, and fleecy cloak,
And feasting, when we came, we found them all.
They met, they greeted, and, the wondrous tale
Of transformation told, all wept aloud
Till the wide dome resounded. Then approach'd
The graceful Goddess, and address'd me thus:
Laertes' noble son, for wiles renown'd!

Provoke ye not each other, now, to tears.
I am not ignorant, myself, how dread
Have been your woes, both on the fishy Deep,
And on the land by force of hostile pow'rs.
But come—Eat now, and drink ye wine, that so
Your freshen'd spirit may revive, and ye
Like courage feel again, as when ye left
The rugged shores of Ithaca, your home.
For now, through recollection, day by day,
Of all your pains and toils, ye are become
Exhausted, strengthless, and a cheerful mind
Know never, such have been your num'rous woes.

She spake, whose invitation kind prevail'd,
And won us to her will. There then we dwelt
The year complete, with sav'ry viands fed
Day after day, and quaffing gen'rous wine.
But when, the year with all its waning moons
And tedious days fulfill'd, another year
Its circling course began, my faithful friends
Then summon'd me abroad, and thus they said :

Sir ! recollect thy country, if indeed
Propitious fate ordain thee to behold
Thy native shores and high-built home again.

So they ; whose admonition I receiv'd
Well-pleas'd. Then all the day regal'd we sat

At Circe's board with sav'ry viands rare,
And quaffing richest wine; but when, the sun
Declining, darkness overshadow'd all,
Then each within the dusky palace took
Custom'd repose, and to the Goddess' bed
Magnificent ascending, there I urg'd
My earnest suit, which gracious she receiv'd,
And in wing'd accents earnest thus I spake:

O Circe! let us prove thy promise true;
Dismiss us hence. My own desires at length,
Tend homeward vehement, and the desires
No less of all my friends, who with complaints,
By thee unwitness'd, wear my heart away.

So I; to whom the Goddess in return:
Laertes' noble son, Ulysses, fam'd
For deepest wisdom! dwell not longer here,
Thou and thy followers, in my abode
Reluctant; but your next must be a course
Far diff'rent; hence departing, ye must seek
The dreary house of Ades, and of dread
Persephone, that ye may there consult
Theban Tiresias, prophet blind, but blest
With faculties which death itself hath spar'd,
On whom alone Persephone bestows
A mind prophetic, while all others flit

Mere forms, the shadows of what once they were*.

She spake; whose awful tidings I receiv'd
Heart-broken; weeping on the bed I sat,
Reckless of life and of the light of day.

But when, with tears and rolling to and fro
Satiated, I felt relief, I thus replied:

O Circe! with what guide shall I perform
This voyage, unperform'd by living man?

I spake, when instantly the Goddess thus—
Brave Laertiades! let not the fear
To want a guide distress thee. Once on board,
Your mast erected, and your shining sail
Unfurl'd, sit thou; the breathing North shall waft
Thy vessel on. But when ye shall have cross'd
The broad expanse of Ocean, and shall reach
The oozy shore, where grow the poplar groves
And fruitless willows wan of Proserpine,
Push thither through the gulfy Deep thy bark,
And, landing, haste to Pluto's murky abode.

* A curious story, but unfit for translation, is related by the scholiast concerning the cause of his blindness.—B. & C.

Hauta, the daughter of Tiresias, rivalled her father in prophetic skill, and, residing at Delphi, carried the art to a much greater degree of perfection. Possessed of wonderful natural talents, she composed most of her oracular responses in verse of different structures, and many of her lines Homer is said to have appropriated, and to have applied them to the embellishment of his poems.

Diod. Sic. His. lib. iv.—C.

There into Acheron runs not alone
Dread Pyriphlegethon, but Cocytus loud,
From Styx deriv'd; there also stands a rock,
At whose broad base the roaring rivers meet*.
There thrusting, as I bid, thy bark ashore,
O hero! scoop a trench, in length and breadth
A measured cubit, and libation pour
Around, for all the nations of the Dead;
First milk with honey mix'd, then luscious wine,
Then water, sprinkling last meal over all.
Next offer supplication to the forms
And shadows of the Dead, and vow to slay
In thy own palace, shouldst thou safe return,
A heifer, fairest of thy num'rous herds,
And to enrich unsparingly the pyre
With delicacies such as please the shades;
But in peculiar to Tiresias vow
A ram all sable, and of noblest size.
When thus thou hast propitiated with pray'r
All the illustrious nations of the dead,
Slay for them next in sacrifice a ram
And sable ewe, turning the face of each
Right toward Erebus, and look thyself

* Acheron signifies the river of wo, Pyriphlegethon, the river that burns with fire, Cocytus the river of wailing, and Styx, of hatred.

Mean-time askance toward the river's course.
 Souls num'rous soon of the departed dead
 Will thither flock ; then strenuous urge thy friends,
 Flaying the victims, which thy ruthless steel
 Hath slain, to burn them, and to sooth by pray'r
 Illustrious Pluto and dread Proserpine.
 While thus is done, thou, seated at the foss,
 Falchion in hand, chase thence the airy forms
 Afar, nor suffer them to approach the blood,
 Till with Tiresias thou have first conferr'd.
 Then, glorious chief! the prophet shall himself
 Appear, who will instruct thee, and thy course
 Delineate, measuring from place to place
 Thy whole return athwart the fishy flood.

While thus she spake, the golden dawn arose,
 When, putting on my attire, the nymph
 Next cloth'd herself, and girding to her waist
 With an embroider'd zone her snowy robe
 Graceful, redundant, veil'd her beauteous head.
 Then, ranging the wide palace, I arous'd
 My followers, standing at the side of each—

Up! sleep no longer! let us quick depart,
 For so the Goddess hath herself advis'd.

So I, whose early summons my brave friends
 With readiness obey'd. Yet even thence
 I brought not all my crew. There was a youth,

Youngest of all my train, Elpenor ; one
Not much in estimation for desert
In arms, nor prompt in understanding more,
Who, seeking cooler air, which overcharg'd
With wine he needed, on the palace-roof
Of Circe slept, apart from all the rest.
Awaken'd by the clamour of my friends
Newly arisen, he also sprang to rise,
And, in his haste, forgetful where to find
The deep-descending stairs, plung'd through the roof.
That shock his neck-bone, parting at the joint,
Sustain'd not, and his spirit sought the shades.

Then thus to my assembling friends I spake:
Ye think, I doubt not, of a homeward course,
But Circe points me to the drear abode
Of Proserpine and Pluto, to consult
The spirit of Tiresias, Theban seer.

I ceas'd, and they those awful tidings heard
Heart-broken ; down they sat, lamenting loud
Their mournful lot, and plucking each his hair ;
Yet profit none of all their sorrow found.

But while we sought my galley on the beach,
With aching hearts and ever-flowing tears,
Circe, the while, descended to the shore,
That she might bind beside the bark a ram
And sable ewe, but pass'd us unperceiv'd ;

For who, when they consent not to be seen,
 Can see the Gods, what way soe'er they move*?

* ————— ἐδέ τις αὐτὸν

Εἰσορᾶα θνητῶν, αὐτὸς δε γε πάντας ὁρᾶται.

Orpheus apud Clem. Alex.—C.

————— who sees,

Himself invisible, all humankind.

ARGUMENT OF THE ELEVENTH BOOK.

Ulysses relates to Alcinoüs his voyage to the infernal regions, his conference there with the prophet Tiresias concerning his return to Ithaca, and gives him an account of the heroes, heroines, and others whom he saw there.

BOOK XI.

WE reach'd the ship, which haling downward first
Into the sacred Deep, we plac'd on board
Her mast and sails, the ram and sable ewe,
Then enter'd weeping and distress'd, ourselves.
And now, melodious Circe, nymph divine,
Sent after us a canvass-stretching breeze,
Pleasant companion of our course, and we
(The tackle once adjusted) on the seats
Reposing, needed but the pilot's aid.

All day, with sails distended, o'er the Deep
 She flew, and when the sun at length declin'd,
 And twilight dim had shadow'd all the ways,
 Approach'd the bourn of Ocean's vast profound.
 The city there of the Cimmerians * stands
 With clouds and darkness veil'd, on whom the sun
 Deigns not to look with his beam-darting eye,
 Or when he climbs the starry arch, or when
 Earthward he slopes again his west'ring wheels †,
 But sad night ‡ canopies the woful race.
 We hal'd the bark aground, and, landing there
 The ram and sable ewe, beside the brink
 Of Ocean journey'd whither Circe bade.
 Eurylochus and Perimedes here
 The victims held, while with my falchion drawn
 I scoop'd a hollow trench in measur'd length
 And breadth a cubit, and libation pour'd

* A people, who inhabited the shore of the Bosphorus, where they are said to have dwelt in excavations of the earth, communicating with each other by subterraneous passages. Strabo says, that they subsisted partly by mining for metals, and partly by prophecy; they had an oracle at a great depth underground, and those of them, whose business it was in particular to attend it, never saw the sun, emerging from their caverns only in the night.—C.

† Milton.

‡ The night is called *νύξ ὀλοή*, because it was an unnatural one. To the proper night Homer generally gives the epithet *ἀμβροσίη*.—C.

Around for all the nations of the Dead,
First milk with honey mix'd, then luscious wine,
Then water; sprinkling last meal over all.
This done, adoring the unreal forms
And shadows of the dead, I vow'd to lay,
In my own palace, should I safe return,
A heifer fairest of my num'rous herds,
And to enrich unsparingly the pyre
With delicacies, such as please the shades.
But in peculiar to the Theban seer
I vow'd in size superiour to the rest
A sable ram. When thus I had implor'd
With vows and pray'r the nations of the dead,
Piercing the victims next, I turn'd them both
To bleed into the trench; then swarming came
From Erebus the shades of the deceas'd,
Brides, youths unwedded, seniors who had liv'd
Long time familiar with oppressive cares,
And girls, afflicted never till they died.
Came also num'rous warriors by the spear
In battle pierc'd, with armour gore-distain'd,
And stalk'd in multitudes around the foss
With dreadful clamours; me pale horror seiz'd.
Then all in haste I importun'd my friends,
Flaying the victims which myself had slain,

To burn them, and to supplicate in pray'r
 Illustrious Pluto and dread Proserpine*.
 I sat the while, and with my falchion drawn
 Forbade the thronging ghosts to approach the blood,
 Till with Tiresias I should first confer.

The spirit first of my companion came,
 Elpenor; for no burial honours yet
 Had he receiv'd, but we had left his corse
 In Circe's palace, tombless, undeplor'd,
 Ourselves by pressure urg'd of other cares.
 Him seeing, with compassion touch'd I wept,
 And in wing'd accents of his fate inquir'd:

Elpenor! how cam'st thou into the realms
 Of darkness? Hast thou, though on foot, so far
 Outstripp'd my speed, who in my bark arriv'd?

So I, to whom with tears he thus replied:
 Laertes' noble son, for wiles renown'd!
 Fool'd by some demon and the intemp'rate bowl,
 I perish'd in the house of Circe; there,
 Forgetful of the deep-descending steps,
 I fell precipitated from the roof.
 That shock my neck-bone, parting at the joint,
 Sustain'd not, and my spirit sought the shades.

* Because Ulysses himself departed not from the trench he had opened, but stood guarding the blood continually, according to the instruction given him by Circe.—B. & C.

But now, by those whom thou hast left at home,
 By thy Penelope, and by thy sire,
 The gentle guardian of thine infant years,
 And by thy only son Telemachus,
 I now adjure thee, for full well I know,
 That, from the house of Pluto safe return'd,
 Thou shalt ere long thy gallant vessel moor
 At the Ææan isle. Ah! there arriv'd,
 Remember me, nor leave me undeplor'd
 And uninhum'd, lest vengeance, for my sake,
 Attend thee from the Gods; but burn my corse
 With whatsoever arms I left, and raise
 A kind memorial of me on the shore,
 Heap'd high with earth; that an unhappy man
 May yet enjoy an unforgotten name.
 Thus do at my request, and on my hill
 Funereal fix erect the polish'd oar,
 With which among my friends I lately row'd*.

He spake, to whom thus answer I return'd:
 Poor youth! I will perform thy whole desire.

Thus we, there sitting, doleful converse held,
 I, stretching my bright falchion o'er the blood,

* It was a prevalent opinion among the Greeks, that the shades of the unburied dead were not permitted to mix with the shades of others. The scholiast observes, that he saw not those who had been devoured by the Cyclops or the Læstrygonians, because they, however horrible their sepulture, had yet a tomb.—C.

And my companion's shadowy semblance sad
 With earnest speech discoursing me the while.
 The soul of my departed mother next,
 Of Anticleia, daughter of the brave
 Autolycus, approach'd, whom, going forth
 To Ilium, I had living left at home*.
 Her seeing, with compassion touch'd, I wept:
 Yet even her, although it pain'd my soul,
 Forbade, relentless, to approach the blood,
 Till with Tiresias I should first confer.
 Then came the spirit of the Theban seer
 Himself, his golden sceptre in his hand,
 Who knew me, and inquiring, thus began:

Why, wretched man! the sun's bright beams re-
 nounc'd,

Com'st thou to visit in this joyless place
 The shades of men departed? Leave the trench,
 And turn thy falchion's glitt'ring edge away,
 That I may drink the blood, and tell thee truth.

He spake; I, thence receding, deep infix'd
 My glitt'ring falchion in the sheath again,
 And when the prophet from the crimson pool
 Had drawn till satisfied, he thus began:

Thou seek'st a pleasant voyage home again,

* The tradition is, that, unable to endure the long absence of her son, she hanged herself.—B. & C.

Renown'd Ulysses! but a God will make
 That voyage difficult; for, as I judge,
 Thou wilt not pass by Neptune unperceiv'd,
 Whose anger still pursues thee, for the sake
 Of Polypheme his son, made blind by thee.
 At length, however, after num'rous woes,
 Thou mayst attain, perchance, thy native isle,
 If thy own appetite thou wilt control,
 And theirs who follow thee, what time thy bark
 Well-built shall at Thrinacia's shore* arrive,
 Escap'd from perils of the gloomy Deep.
 There grazing ye shall find the flocks and herds
 Of the all-seeing and all-hearing Sun,
 Which if, attentive to thy safe return,
 Thou leave unharm'd, though after num'rous woes,
 Ye may at length your Ithaca regain†.
 But if thou violate them, I denounce
 Destruction on thy ship and all thy band,
 And though thyself escape, thou shalt arrive
 Late and afflicted, all thy people lost,

* The shore of Sicily, commonly called Trinacria, but *euphonice*, by Homer, Thrinacia. It took this name from its three promontories, Pelorus, Pachynus, and Lilybæum.—B. & C.

† It is plain, that Homer, notwithstanding he says more than once, *Διὸς δ' ἔτελείετο βελή*, was not in the strict sense of the word a fatalist, but understood man to be a free agent, and to have an option respecting all those points of his conduct, with which his future happiness or misery was connected.—C.

And in a foreign bark. Distress, besides,
 Awaits thee there, for thou shalt find within
 Proud suitors of thy noble wife, who waste
 Thy substance, and with promis'd spousal gifts
 Ceaseless solicit her to wed; yet well
 Shalt thou avenge all their injurious deeds.
 That once perform'd, and ev'ry suitor slain,
 Either by stratagem, or face to face
 In thy own palace, bearing, as thou go'st,
 An oar, cease not to journey, till thou find
 A people who the sea know not, nor eat
 Food salted; they trim galley crimson-prow'd
 Have ne'er beheld, nor yet smooth-shaven oar,
 With which the vessel wing'd scuds o'er the waves*.
 Well thou shalt know them; this shall be the sign—
 When thou shalt meet a trav'ller, who shall name
 The oar, on thy broad shoulder borne, a van†,
 There, deep infixing it within the soil,
 Worship the king of Ocean with a bull,
 A ram, and a lascivious boar; then seek
 Thy home again, and sacrifice at home

* Evidently with a view to appease and propitiate Neptune, who would thus see a nation, lately ignorant of the sea and of all maritime affairs, instructed in them by Ulysses, suddenly become his votaries.

† Mistaking the oar for a corn-van. A sure indication of his ignorance of maritime concerns.

A hecatomb to the Immortal Gods,
 Adoring duly each, and in his course.
 So shalt thou die in peace a gentle death,
 Remote from Ocean*; it shall find thee late,
 In soft serenity of age, the chief
 Of a blest people.—I have told thee truth.

So spake the seer, to whom I thus replied—
 The Gods themselves, Tiresias! have ordain'd
 My suff'rings such. But tell me, for I need
 Thy sage instruction still, and tell me true.
 Sullen, and mute, and with averted looks,
 Here sits, beside the trench, my mother's shade—
 How shall she know me once so dearly lov'd?

So I; when answer thus the seer return'd:
 The means are easy; learn them; they are these.
 What shade soe'er, by leave from thee obtain'd,
 Shall taste the blood, that shade will tell thee truth;
 The rest, prohibited, will all retire.

When thus the spirit of the royal seer

* It is doubtful whether *θάνατος ἐξ ἄλλου* signifies a death, that should reach him *by means* of the sea, or *at a distance from it*. They who choose the former sense say, that Ulysses was slain by his son Telegonus, whom he had by Circe. He had wandered far in quest of his father, when arriving at Ithaca, and not being permitted to land, he fought with his opposers, who knew him not, and killed Ulysses. But this interpretation but very ill accords with the epithet, *ἄβληχρός*, *gentle, peaceful*, more like *sleep* than *death*.—B. & C.

Had his prophetic mind reveal'd, again
He enter'd Pluto's gates ; but I unmov'd
Still waited, till my mother's shade approach'd ;
She drank the blood, then knew me, and in words
Wing'd with affection, plaintive, thus began :

How, O my son ! still living, hast thou reach'd
This darksome region ? Arduous is the task,
For living man to mingle with the dead.
Broad rivers roll, and awful floods between,
And Ocean wider still, whose gulfs forbid
All access, save to well-built barks alone.
Is this sad shore the first, where thou and thine,
After long wand'ring, from the shores of Troy
Have disembark'd ? And hast thou not beheld
Thy consort yet, nor reach'd thy native home ?

She spake, to whom this answer I return'd :
My mother ! me necessity constrain'd
To Pluto's dwelling, anxious to consult
Theban Tiresias ; for I have not yet
Approach'd Achaia, nor have touch'd the coast
Of Ithaca, but have been evermore
A woful wand'rer, since I follow'd first
King Agamemnon to the war of Troy.
But speak, my mother, and the truth alone ;
What stroke of fate slew *thee* ? Fell'st thou a prey
To some slow malady ? or by the shafts

Of gentle Dian suddenly subdu'd*?
 Speak also of my sire, and of my son;
 Share they such honours, as, allied to me,
 They justly claim? Or have the people crown'd
 Some other, through despair of my return?
 What views have influenc'd, and what counsels most
 The conduct of my wife? Persists she still
 Discharging tenderly the mother's part,
 And wisely managing her home-concerns?
 Or hath she wander'd to another mate,
 And weddeā with the noblest of the Greeks?

I ceas'd; when thus the venerable shade:
 Not so; she faithful still and patient dwells
 Beneath thy roof; but dwells a mourner there,
 With weeping anguish wasted night and day.
 Thy dignities and fair possessions still
 Continue thine; Telemachus, thy son,
 Tills undisturb'd thy land, and sits a guest
 At many a noble banquet, such as well
 Beseems the splendour of his princely state,
 For all invite him†. At his farm retir'd

* Death by a *slow* malady, and death by the *shafts of Dian*, are set in opposition to each other: a sudden death being always signified by the latter.—C.

† The death of Anticlea seems to have happened prior to the intrusion of the suitors, and the havock they made of his substance.—C.

It appears to have been customary with the ancients, to invite their princes and judges to all their public entertainments.—C.

Thy father dwells, nor to the city comes
 For aught ; nor bed, nor furniture of bed,
 Furr'd cloaks or splendid arras he enjoys,
 But with his servile hinds all winter sleeps
 In ashes and in dust beside the fire,
 Coarsely apparell'd ; and when summer comes,
 Or genial autumn, on the fallen leaves
 In any nook, not curious where, he finds
 An humble couch among his fruitful vines.
 There, stretch'd forlorn, indulging hopeless grief,
 And worn with age, thy fortune he deplores.
 So perish'd I ; such fate I also found * ;
 Me neither from above Diana pierc'd,
 Right-aiming arch'ress, with her gentle shafts,
 Nor any dread distemper, such as wastes
 And slowly withers life, extinguish'd mine,
 But dear remembrance of thy filial love
 And kindness, that should never sooth me more.
 These, my Ulysses ! fatal prov'd to me.

She said ; I ardent wish'd to clasp the shade
 Of my departed mother ; thrice I sprang

* The comparison is between her grief and that of Laertes, not between the effects of it. His grief enfeebles and wears him out gradually ; hers impelled her at once to an act of desperation. She is silent, however, concerning the manner of her death, on account of the guilty nature of it, which would have shocked her son, had she owned it.

Toward her, by desire impetuous urg'd,
 And thrice she flitted from between my arms,
 Light as a passing shadow or a dream.
 Then, pierc'd by keener grief, in accents wing'd
 With filial earnestness I thus replied:

My mother, why elud'st thou my attempt
 To clasp thee, that ev'n here, in Pluto's realm,
 We might to full satiety indulge
 Our grief, infolded in each other's arms?
 Hath Proserpine, offended, sent me forth
 An empty shade, t' afflict me still the more?

Then instant thus the venerable form :
 Ah, son ! thou most afflicted of mankind !
 On thee Jove's daughter, Proserpine, obtrudes
 No vain illusion, but a fix'd decree
 Such renders, once deceas'd, all humankind.
 Thenceforth no muscular support they need,
 Divested, by the fierce funereal fires,
 Of flesh and bones ; and when the mind expell'd
 Hath left the limbs all lifeless, like a dream,
 The unsubstantial soul then flits away.
 But haste thou back to light, and, taught thyself
 These sacred truths, hereafter teach thy spouse*.

* Muretus understood this precept given to Ulysses by his mother in a sense similar to the sense of Virgil's—*portâque emittit eburnâ*—

Thus mutual we conferr'd. Then thither came,
 Sent from beneath by Proserpine, the shades
 Of num'rous women, wives and daughters all
 Of kings and heroes. Close around the trench,
 Eager to drink the crimson pool they stood.
 But I, consid'ring sat, how I might each
 Interrogate, and thus resolv'd. My sword
 Forth drawing from beside my sturdy thigh,
 Firm I prohibited the ghosts to drink
 The blood together; they successive came;
 Each told her own distress; I question'd all.

There first the high-born Tyro I beheld;
 She claim'd Salmoneus* as her sire, and her
 Had Cretheus, son of Æolus, espous'd.
 Enamour'd of Enipeus †, stream divine,
 Loveliest of all that water earth, beside
 His limpid current she was wont to stray,
 When Ocean's God, Enipeus' form assum'd,
 Within the eddy-whirling river's mouth

that is to say, as a concealed insinuation of the contempt, which the poet felt for the superstition on which his story was founded.

Plutarch also observes, that Homer has done well to treat this conference of Ulysses with the shades of the deceased as a tale credible only by credulous women.—C.

* Whom for counterfeiting his thunders Jove struck with a thunderbolt.—B. & C.

† Enipeus was a river of Elis, which also ran through Thessaly.—B. & C.

Embrac'd her ; there, while the o'er-arching flood,
Uplifted mountainous, conceal'd the God
And his fair human bride, her virgin zone
He loos'd, and o'er her eyes sweet sleep diffus'd.
His am'rous purpose satisfied, he grasp'd
Her hand affectionate, and thus he said :

Rejoice in this my love, and when the year
Shall tend to consummation of its course,
Illustrious twins produce ; for love divine
Is never fruitless. With affection due
Sustain and cherish them, and well beware,
That, going hence, thou boast not my embrace,
For I am Neptune, sov'reign of the Deep.

He said, and whelm'd in ocean disappear'd.
She Pelias bore and Neleus, heroes both,
And sceptre-swaying delegates of Jove.
Pelias the plains of Iäolchus own'd,
Of num'rous flocks possess'd ; but his abode
Amid the sands of Pylus Neleus chose.
To Cretheus wedded next, the lovely nymph
Yet other sons, Æson and Pheres, bore,
And Amythaon of equestrian fame.

I next the daughter of Asopus saw,
Antiope ; she gloried to have known
Th' embrace of Jove himself, to whom she brought
A double progeny, Amphion nam'd

And Zethus; they the first foundations laid
 And built the tow'rs of seven-gated Thebes,
 For that, though valiant both, in spacious Thebes,
 Unfenc'd by tow'rs, they could not dwell secure*.

Alcmena next, Amphitryon's wife, I saw,
 By Jove's embrace made mother of the bold
 And lion-hearted Hercules; with her
 Came also Megara, from Creon sprung,
 And by th' unconquer'd Hercules espous'd.

The beauteous Epicaste † saw I then,
 Mother of Œdipus, who guilt incurr'd
 Enormous, fatally deceiv'd and match'd
 With her own son; he first his father slew,
 Then wedded her, which soon the Gods divulg'd.
 He, under vengeance of offended Heav'n,
 In pleasant Thebes dwelt miserable, king
 Of the Cadmean race; she to the gates
 Of Ades brazen-barr'd despairing went,
 Self-strangled by a cord made fast aloft
 To her own palace-roof, and woes bequeath'd
 (Such as the Fury sisters execute
 Innumerable) to her guilty son.

* Homer takes no notice of the story of Amphion building the walls of Thebes by the magic influence of his lyre.—C. It was probably therefore invented since.

† By the tragedians called Jocasta.

There also lovely Chloris I beheld,
Amphion's last-born daughter, and the bride
Of Neleus, chosen for her beauty's sake,
And gifted at his hands with countless dow'r.
Neleus supreme in sandy Pylus reign'd,
And in Orchomenus, and sire became
Of an illustrious offspring; for she bore,
First, Nestor; Chromius, second; after whom
Undaunted Periclymenus; and, last,
His daughter Pero, wonder of all eyes,
Whom ev'ry neighbour of the Pylian realm
In marriage sought, but none might hope to win
From Neleus, save alone who should prevail,
To drive from Phylace the guarded herds
Of king Iphiclus. Of them all, alone,
Melampus undertook that arduous task,
The prophet; but by Fate's severe decree,
The herdsmen bound, and held him pris'ner there.
At length (the year, with all its months and days
Concluded, and the new-born year begun)
The king Iphiclus, for his wisdom's sake,
And grateful for mysterious sayings solv'd,
Releas'd him, and the will of Jove was done*.

* Iphicles had been informed by the Oracles, that he should have no children till instructed by a prophet how to obtain them; a service which Melampus had the good fortune to render him.—B.

Next Leda, wife of Tyndarus I saw,
 Who bore to Tyndarus a noble pair,
 Castor the bold, and Pollux, cestus-fam'd.
 Though pris'ners in the fertile womb of earth,
 They still survive, and honour even there
 From Jove obtain; by turns they die, they live,
 Nor less than Gods in Earth are deem'd or Heav'n*.

The consort of Aloëus next I view'd,
 Iphimedia. She to Neptune bore,
 For him she call'd their Father, a short-liv'd
 But godlike pair of never dying fame,
 Otus and Ephialtes. Such for height,
 And such for beauty, never by the fruits
 Of earth were nourish'd, since Orion died.
 Nine cubits were the breadth, nine ells the length,
 At nine years' growth, of each. The Gods themselves
 They menac'd, and preparing to disturb
 With all-confounding war the realms above,
 On the Olympian summit thought to fix

* Castor being slain by Meleager, or by Polynices, and Pollux being immortal, the latter entreated Jupiter, that his brother might share his immortality with him, and that they might alternately ascend to Olympus and sink into the shades. Thus the mythologists allegorized the alternate appearance and disappearance of the two stars named Castor and Pollux, one of which declines into the southern hemisphere, while the other is seen in ours.—C.

Huge Ossa, and on Ossa's tow'ring head
 Pelion with all his forests; so to climb,
 By mountains heap'd on mountains, to the skies*.
 Nor had they fail'd, to full-grown youth matur'd,
 But by the son † of fair Latona slain
 Both perish'd, ere the cheeks of either yet
 The fleecy down of blooming manhood wore.

Phædra I also there, and Procris saw,
 And Ariadne for her beauty prais'd,
 Whose sire was all-wise Minos. Theseus her
 From Crete toward the fruitful region bore
 Of sacred Athens, but enjoy'd not there;
 For first she perish'd by Diana's shafts
 In Dia, Bacchus witnessing her crime ‡.

Mæra and Clymene I saw beside,
 And odious Eriphyle, who receiv'd
 The price in gold of her own husband's life §.

* Ossa and Pelion were mountains of Thessaly. Olympus was a mountain of Macedonia.—B. & C.

† Apollo.

‡ Phædra was the daughter of Minos, and wife of Theseus; Procris was the daughter of Erectheus.—Dia was an island near to Crete, and was afterward called Naxos. It was sacred to Bacchus. Bacchus, therefore, accused her to Diana of having received the embraces of Theseus in his temple there, and the Goddess punished her with death.—B. & C.

§ Mæra was the daughter of Prætus and Anteia, and died a virgin. Clymene was the daughter of Minyus, son of Neptune and

But all the wives of heroes whom I saw,
 And all their daughters can I not relate ;
 Night first would fail ; and even now the hour
 Calls me to slumber either in my bark
 Or here ; mean-time I in yourselves confide,
 And in the Gods, to shape my conduct home.

He ceas'd, and through the gloomy mansion all
 Sat silent, charm'd to rapture, till at length
 The beauteous queen, Areta, thus began :

Phæacians ! how appears he in your eyes,
 This stranger, graceful as he is in port,
 In stature noble, and in mind discreet ?
 He is my guest ; an honour, which alike
 All here partake ; him therefore send not hence
 With urgent haste, nor scantily impart
 To one so destitute ; for ye are rich,
 And by kind Heav'n with rare possessions blest.

The hero next Echeneus spake, a chief
 Now ancient, eldest of Phæacia's sons :

Wisely, my friends, and not below the praise,
 Which all her prudent counsels ever claim,

of Euryanassa, and was married to Phylacus. Eriphyle was the daughter of Iphis ; bribed by a golden ornament, which she received either from Polynices or Adrastus, she betrayed her husband. Knowing as a prophet the event, he feared to go to the siege of Thebes, and, in consequence of her treachery, was constrained to go. His name was Amphiaraus.—B. & C.

The queen hath now advis'd, and, if it please
Alcinoüs also, thus will we perform.

To whom the king Alcinoüs replied:
As surely as I live, and as I reign,
So shall be done; I ratify the word.
Then let the guest, though anxious to depart,
Wait till the morrow, that I may complete
The whole donation. His safe conduct home
Shall be the gen'ral care, but mine in chief,
To whom dominion o'er the rest belongs.

Him answer'd then Ulysses ever-wise:
Alcinoüs! prince! exalted high o'er all
Phæacia's sons! should ye solicit, kind,
My stay throughout the year, preparing still
My conduct home, and with illustrious gifts
Enriching me the while, ev'n that request
Should please me; for the 'vantage all were mine.
I should return still wealthier, and, arriv'd
In Ithaca, should readier welcome find,
And rev'rence more profound obtain from all.

To whom Alcinoüs answer thus return'd:
Ulysses! viewing thee, no fears we feel,
Lest thou at length some false pretender prove,
Or subtle hypocrite, of whom no few,
Disseminated o'er its face, the earth
Sustains, adepts in fiction, and who frame

Fables, where fables could be least surmis'd.
 Thy phrase well turn'd, and thy ingenuous mind
 Proclaim *thee* diff'rent far, who hast in strains
 Harmonious, like a tuneful bard, rehears'd
 The woes of all thy Greecians and thy own.
 But say, and tell me true. Beheld'st thou there
 None of thy followers to the walls of Troy
 Slain in that warfare? Lo! the night is long—
 A night of utmost length; nor yet the hour
 Invites to sleep*. Tell me thy wondrous deeds,
 For I could watch till sacred dawn, couldst thou
 So long endure to tell me of thy toils.

Then thus Ulysses, ever-wise, replied:
 Alcinoüs! high exalted over all
 Phæacia's sons! the time suffices yet
 For converse and for sleep; and if thou wish,
 To hear still more, I shall not spare to unfold,
 More pitiable still, the woful end
 Of other Greecians, after mine destroy'd,
 Who 'scap'd, indeed, unslaughter'd from the field
 Of Ilium, but who reach'd their native shores,
 Only to perish, victims, at the last,

* This circumstance, according to Eustathius, is mentioned by the poet in order to ascertain the time,—C. which must have been in the winter, for at the end of the fourteenth book it is evidently a winter-night, which Ulysses spends with Eumæus.

Of a perfidious woman's dark designs*.

Now when chaste Proserpine had wide dispers'd
 Those female shades, the mournful spirit next
 Of Agamemnon, Atreus' son, appear'd ;
 Encircl'd by a throng he came ; by all,
 Who with himself, beneath Ægisthus' roof
 Their fate fulfilling, perish'd by the sword.
 He knew me quickly, soon as he had drunk
 The crimson pool ; with lamentations loud
 He pierc'd the gloom ; tears trickling bath'd his cheeks,
 And with spread palms, through ardour of desire,
 He sought to infold me fast, but vigour none,
 Or force, as erst, his agile limbs inform'd.
 I wept for pity at that sight, and thus
 In words by friendship wing'd his shade address'd :

Ah glorious son of Atreus, king of men !
 By what dire stroke of destiny subdu'd
 Becam'st thou pris'ner here ? By cruel force
 Of overbearing storms, that whelm'd thy barks
 Beneath the waves, at Neptune's dread command ?
 Or slain at home by robbers arm'd to seize
 Thy flocks and herds † ; or fighting to secure

* Clytemnestra.

† Having attempted himself the same thing at Ismarus, but unsuccessfully, and with the loss of many of his companions, he naturally suspects, that Agamemnon might have fallen in a similar enterprise.—B. & C.

From hostile pow'rs your city and your wives?

I ceas'd, when Agamemnon thus replied :

Ulysses, noble chief, Laertes' son,
For wisdom fam'd ! I neither died by force
Of overbearing storms, that whelm'd my barks
Beneath the waves, at Neptune's dread command,
Nor yet by spoilers of my flocks and herds,
But by the base Ægisthus. He, combin'd
With my perfidious wife, the fatal stroke
Contriv'd for me ; he bade me to his house,
And slew me at his board, as at his crib
Men slay an ox. Thus miserably died
I and my friends around me, slaughter'd all,
As at the nuptials of some wealthy chief,
Or other banquet, bleed the fatted boars
Bright-tusk'd, for service of his num'rous guests.
Thou hast already witness'd many a field
With warriors overspread, slain one by one ;
But that dire scene had most thy pity mov'd ;
For we, with brimming beakers at our side,
And underneath full tables, bleeding lay.
Blood floated all the pavement. Then the cries
Of Priam's daughter sounded in my ears
Most pitiable of all, Cassandra's cries,
Whom Clytemnestra close beside me slew.
Expiring as I lay, I yet essay'd,

To grasp my falchion, but the trait'ress quick
 Withdrew herself, nor would vouchsafe to close
 My languid eyes, or prop my drooping chin,
 Ev'n in the moment when I sought the shades.
 So that the thing breathes not, ruthless and fell
 As woman once resolv'd on such a deed
 Detestable, as my base wife contriv'd,
 The murder of the husband of her youth*.
 I thought to have gladden'd by my safe return
 My children, and the maidens of mine house,
 But she, past measure profligate, hath pour'd
 Shame on herself, on women yet unborn,
 And even on the virtuous of her sex.

He ceas'd, to whom, thus, answer I return'd :
 Gods ! how severely hath the Thund'rer plagu'd
 The house of Atreus, ev'n from the first,
 By female counsels ! we for Helen's sake
 Have num'rous died, and Clytemnestra fram'd,
 While thou wast far remote, this snare for thee !

* Homer more than once tells us, that Clytemnestra was never married till to Agamemnon ; but Euripides, says Eustathius, knew the contrary, who affirms, that she was married first to Tantalus. In his Iphigenia in Aulis he introduces her saying

*Ἐγγίμας ἄκυσάν με καὶ λάβες βία,
 Τὸν πρόσθεν ἄνδρα Τάνταλον κατακτανών.—C.*

Against my will thou took'st me, and by force,
 When thou hadst slain my first mate Tantalus.

So I, to whom Atrides thus replied :
 Thou, therefore, be not pliant overmuch
 To woman ; trust her not with all thy mind,
 But half disclose to her, and half conceal*.
 Yet from thy consort's hand no bloody death,
 My friend, hast thou to fear ; for passing wise
 Icarius' daughter is, far other thoughts,
 Intelligent, and other plans, to frame.
 Her, going to the wars, we left a bride
 New-wedded, nourishing her infant boy,
 Who, man himself, consorts ere now with men
 A prosp'rous youth ; his father safe restor'd
 To his own Ithaca, shall see him soon,
 And *he* shall clasp his father in his arms
 As nature bids ; but me, my cruel one
 Indulg'd not with the dear delight to gaze
 On my Orestes, for she slew me first.
 Yet deep repose this counsel in thy breast.
 Steer secret to thy native isle ; avoid
 Notice ; for woman merits trust no more †.

* And yet, not because she was a woman, but because she was a wicked one, Clytemnestra thus dealt with her husband, and woman is not on her account to be deemed less worthy of trust than man. But it is natural to look with a suspicious eye to the quarter, whence came the mischief, by which we ourselves have suffered, and to caution others against it.—Dio, Orat. 74.—C.

† This is, surely, one of the most natural strokes to be found in any poet. Convinced, for a moment, by the virtues of Penelope,

Now tell me truly. Know ye by report,
 That still my son survives? where dwells he, say?
 With ancient Nestor at his Pylian home,
 Or in Orchomenos, or else beneath
 My brother's roof in Sparta's wide domain?
 For my Orestes is not yet a shade.

So he, to whom I answer thus return'd:
 Atrides, ask not me, for of his life
 Or of his death I know not; words alone
 Are empty sounds, and better far suppress'd.

Thus we discoursing mutual stood, and tears
 Shedding disconsolate. Achilles' shade
 Mean-time approach'd me, Peleus' mighty son;
 Patroclus also, and Antilochus
 Appear'd, with Ajax, for proportion just
 And stature tall (Pelides sole except),
 Distinguish'd above all Achaia's sons.
 The soul of swift Æacides at once
 Knew me, and in wing'd accents thus began:

Brave Laertiades, for wiles renown'd!
 What bolder deed than this wilt thou devise?
 How hast thou dar'd descend into the gloom
 Of Hades, where the shadows of the Dead,

he mentions her with respect; but, recollecting himself suddenly, involves even her in his general ill opinion of the sex, begotten in him by the crimes of Clytemnestra.

Forms without intellect*, alone reside ?

So spake the chief, whom answ'ring thus I said :

O Peleus' son ! Achilles ! bravest far
 Of all Achaia's race ? I here arriv'd
 Seeking Tiresias, from his lips to learn
 By what means I may reach the rugged coast
 Of Ithaca ; for, toss'd by ceaseless storms,
 Never have I approach'd Achaia's shore,
 Or touch'd my country yet, from day to day
 Still seeking it in vain. But as for thee,
 Felicity like thine, Achilles ! none
 Hath known, or shall hereafter ; for the Greeks
 Thee living honour'd ever as a God,
 And thy control is even here supreme
 O'er all thy fellow-shades ; indulge not then,
 Achilles, causeless grief that thou hast died
 I ceas'd, and answer thus at once receiv'd :
 Renown'd Ulysses ! think not death a theme
 Of consolation ; I had rather live
 The servile hind for hire, and eat the bread
 Of some man scantily himself sustain'd,

* This is plainly the import of the word ἀφραδῆες, since none of them knew Ulysses, or could articulate, till they had drunk at the trench ; after which they were inspired by Proserpine, and enabled to converse with him.

Than sov'reign empire hold o'er all the shades*.
 But come—speak to me of my noble boy ;
 Proceeds he, as he promis'd, brave in arms,
 Or shuns he war ? Say also, hast thou heard
 Of royal Peleus ? shares he still respect
 Among his num'rous Myrmidons, or scorn
 In Hellas and in Phthia, for that age
 Predominates in his enfeebled limbs ?
 For help is none in me ; the glorious Sun
 No longer sees me such, as when in aid
 Of the Achaians I o'erspread the field
 Of spacious Troy with all their bravest slain.
 O might I, vigorous as then, repair
 For one short moment to my father's house,

* It seems plain, and so the answer of Achilles was understood by Dionysius Halicarnassensis, that the abhorrence in which he holds the state of the dead, and the emphatical preference he gives to life when compared with it, arose from his desire of still greater glory, and from his inability to endure the wearisomeness of a condition so inactive. Therefore it is, that, always consistent with himself, he had rather toil for lean wages and eat scanty bread, than be the supreme in authority over all below. In the same style of complaint he adds in the sequel

Οὐ γὰρ ἐγὼν ἐπαρωγός, &c.

For help is none in me, the glorious Sun
 No longer sees me such—————

What advantage have we, says the critic abovementioned, from the possession of virtue, where we have no room to exert it ?—C.

They all should tremble; I would show an arm
Such as should daunt the fiercest, who presumes
To injure *him*, or to despise his age*.

Achilles spake, to whom I thus replied:
Of noble Peleus have I nothing heard;
But I will tell thee; as thou bidd'st, the truth
Unfeign'd of Neoptolemus thy son;
For him, myself, on board my hollow bark,
From Scyros to Achaia's host convey'd†.
Oft as in council under Ilium's walls
Our chiefs assembled, foremost he pronounc'd
His mind, and ever prudently; by none,
Save godlike Nestor and myself, excell'd.
Oft, too, as we with battle hemm'd around
Troy's bulwarks, from among the mingled crowd
Thy son sprang foremost into martial act,
Emulous always of superiour fame.
Beneath him num'rous fell the sons of Troy
In dreadful fight, nor have I pow'r to name
Distinctly all, who by his glorious arm,

* Another most beautiful stroke of nature. Ere yet Ulysses has had opportunity to answer, the very thought, that Peleus may possibly be insulted, fires him, and he takes the whole for granted. Thus is the impetuous character of Achilles sustained to the last moment!

† This Ulysses did after the death of Achilles, for while he lived his son was not among the besiegers.—C. Scyros was a city of Dolopia.—B. & C.

Exerted in the cause of Greece, expir'd.
 Yet will I name Eurypylus, the son
 Of Telephus, a hero whom his sword
 Of life bereav'd, and all around him strew'd
 The plain with his Cetean warriors, won
 To Ilium's side by bribes to women giv'n*.
 Save noble Memnon only, I beheld
 No chief at Ilium beautiful as he.
 Again, when all our bravest to the horse
 Of wood ascended, by Epeüs fram'd,
 And I was charg'd to open or to shut
 The hollow fraud; then, many a Grecian chief
 And senator the tear in silence wip'd
 From his wan cheek, and trembled ev'ry limb;
 But never saw I chang'd to terrour's hue
His ruddy cheek, no tears wip'd *he* away,
 But oft he press'd me to go forth, his suit
 With pray'rs enforcing, griping hard his hilt
 And his brass-burden'd spear, and dire revenge
 Denouncing, ardent, on the race of Troy.
 At length, when we had sack'd the lofty town

* *Γυναίων εἴνεκα δώρων*—Priam is said to have influenced by gifts the wife and mother of Eurypylus, to persuade him to the assistance of Troy, he being himself unwilling to engage.—B. & C. The passage through defect of history has long been dark, and commentators have adapted different senses to it, all conjectural.

The Ceteans were a people of Mysia, and Telephus was their king.—B. & C.

Of Priam, laden with abundant spoils
 He safe embark'd, nor pierc'd by shaft or spear
 Sent from afar, nor smitten by the sword,
 As oft in war befalls, where wounds are dealt
 Promiscuous, at the will of fiery Mars.

I spake, whose praises of his son, the ghost
 Of swift Æacides exulting heard,
 And measuring with larger strides, for joy,
 The meadow gray with asphodel*, retir'd.

Thus many a mournful ghost beside me stood,
 Rehearsing each his sorrows, and alone
 The ghost of Ajax ey'd me from afar,
 Indignant that Achilles' armour left
 By Thetis to the worthiest at the ships,
 Troy and Minerva judges of the strife,
 Not to himself had fallen, but to me †.
 Fatal award ! and which I now deplore,

* Κατ' ἀσφοδελὸν λειμῶνα—Asphodel was planted on the graves, and around the tombs of the deceased, and hence the supposition, that the Stygian plain was clothed with asphodel. F.

† Agamemnon, desirous not to seem partial to either of the competitors for the armour of Achilles, assembling the Trojan captives, asked them whether Ajax or Ulysses had occasioned most lamentation in their city. They replied that their city had suffered most by Ulysses. When taking that as a just criterion of their respective merits, to Ulysses he gave the armour.—B. & C. The consequence to Ajax was such insupportable disappointment and mortification, that he slew himself.

Since Ajax (save Achilles) in his form
And martial exploits foremost of the Greeks,
Now lies sepultur'd for that armour' sake !
I, seeking to appease him, thus began :

O Ajax, son of glorious Telamon !
Canst thou remember, even after death,
Thy wrath against me, kindled for the sake
Of those pernicious arms ? arms which the Gods
Ordain'd of such dire consequence to Greece,
Which caus'd thy death, our bulwark ! Thee we mourn
With grief perpetual, nor the death lament
Of Peleus' son, Achilles, more than thine.
Yet none is blameable ; Jove evermore
With bitt'rest hate pursu'd Achaia's host,
And he ordain'd thy death. Hero ! approach,
That thou mayst hear the words with which I seek
To sooth thee ; let thy long displeasure cease !
Quell all resentment in thy gen'rous breast !

I spake ; nought answer'd he, but sullen join'd
His fellow ghosts ; yet still I had essay'd
To move the angry chief to some reply,
But for the wish, that in my soul I felt,
To view the sad estate of others there.

There saw I Minos, offspring fam'd of Jove ;
His golden sceptre in his hand, he sat
Judge of the dead ; they pleaded each in turn ;

Some stood, some sat, surrounding on his throne
The king, whose ample doors are never clos'd.

Orion next, huge ghost, engag'd my view,
Droves urging o'er the grassy mead of beasts,
Which he had slain himself, on the wild hills,
With strong club arm'd of ever-during brass.

There also Tityus on the ground I saw
Extended, offspring of the glorious Earth;
Nine acres he o'erspread, and, at his side
Station'd, two vultures on his liver prey'd,
Scooping his entrails; nor his hands were free
To chase them thence; for he had sought to force
Latona, glorious concubine of Jove,
What time through pleasant Panope* she pass'd,
A lonely trav'ler to the Pythian dome.

Next, suff'ring grievous torments, I beheld
Tantalus; in a pool he stood, his chin
Wash'd by the wave; thirst-parch'd he seem'd, but
found

Nought to assuage his thirst; for when he bow'd
His hoary head, and strove to drink, the flood
Vanish'd absorb'd, and at his feet adust
The soil appear'd, dried instant by the Gods.
Tall trees, fruit laden, with inflected heads
Stoop'd to him, pears, pomegranates, apples bright,

* A city of Phocis.—B. & C.

The luscious fig, and unctuous olive smooth ;
 Which when with sudden grasp he would have seiz'd,
 Winds whirl'd them high into the dusky clouds*.

There too the hard-task'd Sisyphus I saw
 Thrusting before him an enormous rock †.
 With hands and feet struggling, he shov'd the stone
 Up to a hill-top ; but the steep wellnigh
 Vanquish'd, by some great force repuls'd ‡, the mass
 Rush'd again, obstinate, down to the plain.
 Again, stretch'd prone, he toil'd ; sweat bath'd his
 limbs,

And thick the dust around his brows arose.

The might of Hercules I next survey'd ;
 His semblance ; for himself their banquet shares
 With the Immortal Gods, and in his arms
 Infolds neat-footed Hebe, daughter fair
 Of Jove, and of his golden-sandall'd spouse.
 Around him, clamorous as birds, the dead

* The offence of Tantalus was insatiable greediness ; for not contented to banquet with the Gods himself, he also stole their nectar and ambrosia, and gave them to his companions.—B. & C.

† *Βασάλοντα* must have this sense interpreted by what follows. To attempt to make the English numbers expressive as the Greek, is a labour like that of Sisyphus. The Translator has done what he could.

‡ It is now, perhaps, impossible to ascertain, with precision, what Homer meant by the word *κραταιῆς*, which he uses only here, and in the next book, where it is the name of Scylla's dam.—Some understand it in this place to be an adverb only, formed in the same manner as the adverb *λικριφῆς*.—B. & C.

Swarm'd turbulent ; he, gloomy-brow'd as night,
 With uncas'd bow and arrow on the string
 Peer'd terrible from side to side, as one
 Ever in act to shoot, a dreadful belt
 He bore athwart his bosom, thong'd with gold*.
 There broider'd, many a form stupendous shone,
 Bears, wild-boars, lions with fire-flashing eyes,
 Fierce combats, battles, bloodshed, homicide.
 The matchless artist, who that belt devis'd,
 And wrought those various forms, ne'er fram'd the like
 Before or after. Soon as he beheld
 He knew me, and in sorrow thus began :
 Laertes' noble son, for wiles renown'd !
 Ah, hapless hero ! thou art, doubtless, charg'd,
 Thou also, with some arduous labour, such
 As in the realms of day I once endur'd.
 Son of Saturnian Jove, I yet sustain'd
 Enormous toils, subjected to a man
 In worth and might inferiour far to me,
 For whom much arduous service I perform'd.
 He even bade me on a time lead hence
 The dog, that task believing above all
 Impracticable ; yet from Ades him
 I dragg'd reluctant into light, by aid

* A thong was attached to the belt, and the sword was suspended by it.—B. & C.

Of Hermes, and of Pallas azure-ey'd.

So saying, he penetrated deep again
 The abode of Pluto; but I still unmov'd
 There stood expecting, curious, other shades
 To see of heroes in old time deceas'd,
 And Theseus and Pirithoüs had beheld,
 Fam'd offspring of the Gods, with other chiefs
 Of old renown, and even whom I would;
 But nations countless of the shadowy Dead,
 Now gath'ring fast around me, rent the air
 With hideous outcry; me pale horror seiz'd,
 Lest awful Proserpine should thither send
 The Gorgon-head from Ades, sight abhorr'd!
 Thence therefore hasting to the shore, I bade
 My crew cast loose their moorings and embark.
 Obedient they their seats on board resum'd,
 And down th' Oceanus with oars we won
 Our passage first, then fann'd by pleasant gales*.

* The first two lines of the following book seem to ascertain the true meaning of the conclusion of this, and to prove sufficiently that by 'Ωκεανός here Homer could not possibly intend any other than a river. In those lines he tells us in the plainest terms, that *the ship left the stream of the river Oceanus, and arrived in the open sea.* Diodorus Siculus informs us, that 'Ωκεανός had been a name anciently given to the Nile.—C.

ARGUMENT OF THE TWELFTH BOOK.

Ulysses, pursuing his narrative, relates his return from the shades to Circe's island ; the precautions given him by that Goddess ; his escape from the Sirens, and from Scylla and Charybdis ; his arrival in Sicily, where his companions, having slain and eaten the oxen of the Sun, are afterward shipwrecked and lost ; and concludes the whole with an account of his arrival, alone, on the mast of his vessel, at the island of Calypso.

BOOK XII.

WHEN, down the smooth Oceanus impell'd
By prosp'rous gales, my galley, once again,
Cleaving the billows of the spacious Deep,
Had reach'd th' Ææan isle, where sprightly Morn
Comes dancing forth, and Phœbus first appears,
We thrust her to the sands, and, going forth,

Slept on the beach till ruddy dawn arose*.
 But soon as Dayspring's daughter rosy-palm'd
 Look'd forth again, sending my friends before,
 I bade them bring Elpenor's body down
 From the abode of Circe to the shore.
 Then, on the utmost headland of the coast
 We timber fell'd, and, sorrowing o'er the dead,
 Water'd his fun'ral rites with many tears.
 The dead consum'd, and with the dead his arms,
 We heap'd his tomb, and, the sepulchral post
 Erecting, fix'd his shapely oar aloft.

Thus, punctual, we perform'd ; nor our return
 From Ades knew not Circe, but arriv'd
 In haste, erelong arriv'd, with whom appear'd
 Her female train with plenteous viands charg'd,
 And bright wine rosy-red. Amidst us all
 Standing, the beauteous Goddess thus began :

Unhappy trav'lers, who have sought, alive,
 The house of Hades, destin'd twice to die,
 While all besides, once dying, die no more !
 Come—take ye food ; drink wine ; and on the beach
 All day regale, for ye shall hence again

* According to the opinion of the scholiast, the poet means not to say, that the Ææan isle is the place where Aurora actually first rises, but merely to call it a land of daylight. And it seems natural, that Ulysses, who had so lately left the gloomy city of the Cimmerians, should so distinguish it.—B. & C.

At dayspring o'er the Deep; but I will mark
 Myself your future course, nor uninform'd
 Leave you in aught, lest, through some dire mistake,
 By sea or land new mis'ries ye incur.

The Goddess spake, whose invitation kind
 We glad accepted; thus we feasting sat
 Till set of sun, and quaffing richest wine;
 But when the sun was set and darkness fell,
 My crew beside the hawsers slept; while me
 The Goddess leading by the hand apart,
 First bade me sit, then, seated opposite,
 Inquir'd, minute, of all that I had seen;
 And I, from first to last, recounted all.
 Then thus the awful Goddess in return:

Thus far thy toils are finish'd. Now attend!
 Hear what the Gods themselves, I know, will bring
 To thy remembrance in the needful hour.
 First shalt thou reach the Sirens; they the hearts
 Enchant of all, who on their coast arrive*.
 The wretch, who, unforewarn'd approaching, hears

* The Sirens, according to many, were the daughters of Achelöus and Sterope, but others call them the daughters of Achelous and Terpsichore, one of the Muses. Choosing to live virgins, they were hated by Venus, and, having wings, flew to Anthemusa, an island of the Tyrrhene sea. Their names were Aglaophema, Thelxiepia, and Pisinoë; but Homer allows only two, mentioning them in the dual number.—B. & C.

The Sirens' voice, his wife and little-ones
 Ne'er fly to gratulate his glad return ;
 But him the Sirens sitting in the meads
 Charm with mellifluous song, although he see
 Bones heap'd around them, and the mould'ring skins
 Of hapless men, whose bodies have decay'd.
 But, pass them thou, and, lest thy people hear
 Those warblings, ere thou yet approach, with wax
 Moulded between thy palms fill all their ears ;
 But as for thee—thou hear them, if thou wilt.
 Yet let thy people, compassing around
 Thy feet and arms with cordage of the ship,
 Close bind thee to the socket of the mast ;
 So shalt thou, raptur'd, hear the Sirens' song.
 But if thou supplicate to be releas'd,
 Or give such order, then with added cords
 Let thy companions bind thee still the more.
 When thus thy people shall have safely pass'd
 The Sirens, think not, taught by me, to learn
 What course thou next shall steer ; no—choose thyself
 The best of two, which I shall now describe.
 Here vaulted rocks impend, for ever dash'd
 By the hoarse billows of the azure Deep ;
 The blessed Gods those rocks Erratic call*.

* These rocks are understood to be those called the Cyanean, or Symplegades, from *συμπλήσσειν*, which signifies *to dash together*. For,

Not even birds can pass them ; not the birds
 Themselves which his ambrosia bear to Jove,
 But even of those doves the slipp'ry rock
 Proves fatal still to one, for which the God
 Supplies another, lest the number fail*.
 Ship never yet, arriving there, escap'd,
 But planks and mariners are whelm'd at once,
 Or, caught by fiery tempests, swept away.
 The Argo only from the Colchian shore
 Pass'd safely, further'd by the vows of all ;
 And even her perhaps rude winds had driv'n
 Against those bulky rocks, but Juno's aid,
 Vouchsaf'd to Jason, sent her safe along.
 These rocks are two ; one lifts his summit sharp
 High as the spacious Heav'ns, in dusky clouds
 Envelop'd, which nor autumn sees dispers'd

standing at small distance from each other, to those who approached them in a right line they appeared two, but, seen in an oblique direction, had the appearance of approximation, till at last they seemed to meet. They were therefore fabulously said to clash, and were denominated *The rocks of collision*. For the same reason evidently it is, that Homer calls them Πλαγκταί or Erratic.—C.

* While Jupiter was an infant, a cave in Crete was his nursery, where he was attended by doves, who brought him ambrosia in their bills, and by a vast eagle, which supplied him in the same place with nectar. The God, having subdued and tamed the latter, assigned him an abode in Heaven, and the doves he made his harbingers to announce the approach of summer and winter.—See Byzant. Mero cited by Barnes.—B. & C.

Nor summer, for the sun shines never there ;
No mortal man, with twice ten feet supplied,
And were his hands as num'rous, might attain
Its tow'ring head, or to its base descend,
For smoothness such it shows, as if by skill
Of some nice artist polish'd all around.
Full in the centre of its western side,
Turn'd toward Erebus, a cavern yawns
Gloomy and deep ; beneath it ye shall steer
Ulysses, glorious chief ! your flying bark.
No youth could send an arrow from on board
High as its horrid mouth. There Scylla dwells,
And like a wild-beast's whelp of late renounc'd
By its fierce dam, with hungry whinings fills
Her deep recess, a monster to be view'd
With terrour even by the Gods themselves.
Her feet are twelve, all forefeet ; six her necks
Of hideous length, each clubb'd into a head
Terrific, arm'd with fangs in triple row,
Thick-planted, and with carnage fill'd between.
Plung'd to her middle in the hollow den
She lurks, protruding from the black abyss
Her heads, with which the rav'ning monster dives
In quest of dolphins, dogfish, or of prey
More bulky, such as in the roaring gulfs
Of Amphitrite without end abounds.

None ever boasted yet, that he had pass'd
 Her cavern safely, for with ev'ry mouth
 She bears upcaught a mariner away*.
 The other rock, Ulysses, thou shalt find
 Humbler, a bow-shot only from the first;
 On this a wild fig grows, broad-leav'd, and here
 Charybdis dire ingulfs the sable flood†.
 Each day she thrice disgorges, and again
 Thrice drinks, insatiable, the deluge down.
 Ah, fear her then ! for should thy bark approach
 What time she drinks the billows, not the pow'r
 Of Neptune's self could rescue thee and thine.
 Steer, therefore, close to Scylla, and thy bark
 Urge swiftly on, since loss of six alone
 Is better far than shipwreck made of all.

So Circe spake, to whom I thus replied :
 O Goddess ! tell me true. Should I escape,
 Perchance, the dread Charybdis, may I strike

* The history of Scylla, divested of the fable, according to Palæphatus, was simply this. A three-banked galley belonging to an island in the Tyrrhene sea, and named Scylla, with the aid of as many ships as she could procure to assist her, plundered the coasts of Sicily, and of the bay of Ionia, so frequently, that she caused in those parts much talk and general consternation. Ulysses, by the help of a strong and fair wind, had the good fortune to escape when this galley chased him.—C.

† The fig-tree is mentioned here, because it will soon be wanted for the preservation of the hero.—B. & C.

In their defence, whom Scylla would annoy ?

I said, and quick the Goddess in return :

Wretch ! may no toils thy thirst of battle quell,

Nor even Pow'rs immortal move thy fear ?

For such is Scylla ; that enormous pest

Defies all force ; retreats not ; cannot die.

Defence is vain ; flight is thy sole resource*.

For shouldst thou linger, putting on thy arms

Beside the rock, beware, lest darting forth

Her num'rous heads, she seize with ev'ry mouth

A Grecian, and, with others, even thee.

Pass therefore swiftly, and aloud invoke

Crataïs, mother of this plague of man †,

Who will forbid her to assail thee more.

Thou next shalt reach Thrinacia's isle ; there graze

The num'rous sheep and oxen of the Sun ;

Sev'n herds ; as many flocks of snowy fleece ;

Fifty in each ; they breed not, neither die,

No shepherds them, but Goddesses attend,

Lampetia fair, and Phaëthus, both

By nymph Neæra to Hyperion borne.

* Barnes on this passage cites a punning epigram, expressive of the same sentiment ; understanding Scylla as a type of lust.

Quid facies, facies Veneris cum veneris ante ?

Ne sedeas, sed eas ; ne pereas, per eas.

† Others make Scylla the daughter of Phorcys and Hecate.—B. & C.

Them, soon as she had train'd them to an age
 Proportion'd to that charge, their mother sent
 Into Thrinacia, there to dwell and keep
 Inviolate their father's flocks and herds.
 If, anxious for a safe return, thou spare
 Those herds and flocks, though after much endur'd,
 Ye may at last your Ithaca regain ;
 But shouldst thou violate them, I foretell
 Destruction of thy ship and of thy crew ;
 And though thyself escape, thou shalt return
 Late, in ill plight, with not a follower left.

She ended, and the golden morning dawn'd.
 Then, all-divine, her graceful steps she turn'd
 Back through the isle, and, at the beach arriv'd,
 I summon'd all my followers, bade them cast
 My vessel loose, and climb her sides again ;
 Obedient they embark'd, the benches fill'd,
 And thresh'd with well-tim'd oars the foamy Deep.
 And now, melodious Circe, nymph divine,
 Sent after us a canvass-stretching breeze,
 Pleasant companion of our course, and we
 (The tackle all adjusted) to the gale
 Resign'd the bark, and to the pilot's care,
 And, pierc'd with heart-felt sorrow, thus I said :

O friends ! it much imports you to be taught
 (Not one but all) such tidings as myself

Have learn'd from Circe, prophetess divine,
That should we perish, we may perish arm'd
With like foreknowledge, both yourselves and I.
First we must pass the Sirens singing sweet
In flow'ry meads, of whose enticing strains
She bids us all beware, and me alone
With open ears receive them; me with cords
Bind therefore ye so surely to the mast,
That fix'd, erect, and moveless at its foot
I may perforce remain; and should I sue
In gentle sort, or seek with stern commands,
T'obtain deliv'rance, bind me still the more.

Thus with distinct precaution I prepar'd
My people; rapid in her course, mean-time,
My gallant bark approach'd the Sirens' isle,
For brisk and favourable blew the wind.
Then, all at once, a breathless calm ensu'd,
And the waves slumber'd, lull'd by pow'r divine.
Up sprang my people, and, the folded sails
Bestowing safe below, with all their oars
Tim'd in just measure, swept the whit'ning flood.
Myself, the while, dissev'ring with my knife
A waxen cake, the num'rous portions chaf'd
Between my palms; erelong the ductile mass
Grew warm, obedient to that ceaseless force,
Assisted by the sun's all-piercing beam.

With that soft liniment I fill'd the ears
 Of my companions, man by man, and they
 My feet and arms, with strong coercion bound
 Of cordage, to the mast-foot well-secur'd.
 Then down they sat, and, rowing, thresh'd the brine.
 But when with rapid course we had arriv'd
 Within such distance as a voice may reach,
 Not unperceiv'd by them the gliding bark
 Approach'd, and thus harmonious they began:
 Achaia's boast! Ulysses! glorious chief!
 O hither guide thy bark, that thou mayst hear
 The Sirens' voice! these shores none ever pass'd,
 Till happier first and wiser he became,
 List'ning awhile to our melodious song.
 For all the woes inflicted by the Gods
 On Ilium's sons, and on Achaia's host,
 And all events wherever else, we know*.

* The following transcript of a Latin version of this famous song by Cicero may perhaps gratify the curious reader.

O decus Argolicum! quin puppim flectis, Ulysses,
 Auribus ut nostros possis agnoscere cantus!
 Nam nemo hæc unquam est transvectus cærule cursû.
 Quin priùs adstiterit, vocum dulcedine captus;
 Post, variis avido satiatus pectore musis,
 Doctior ad patrias lapsus pervenerit oras.
 Nos grave certamen belli, clademque tenemus,
 Græcia quam Trojæ divino numine vexit,
 Omniaque è latis rerum vestigia terris.

So they with voices sweet their music pour'd
On my delighted ear, winning with ease
My heart's desire to listen, and by signs
I bade my people instant set me free.
But they more strenuous row'd, and from their seats
Eurylochus and Perimedes sprang,
With added cords to bind me still the more.
This danger past, and when the Sirens' voice,
Now left remote, had lost its pow'r to charm,
Then my companions, freeing from the wax
Their ears, deliver'd me from my restraint.
The island left afar, I soon discern'd
Huge waves and smoke, and horrid thund'rings heard.
All sat aghast; forth flew at once the oars
From ev'ry hand, and with a clash the waves
Smote all together; check'd, the galley stood,
By billow-sweeping oars no longer urg'd,
And I, throughout the vessel man by man

To these lines of Cicero it may not be improper to add his opinion of the subject.—The Sirens, he says, seem to have arrested the passenger not only by the novelty or variety of their song, but by the knowledge they professed and promised to communicate; such as men would even cling to their rocks to hear. Homer saw plainly, that to represent so great a man detained by a ditty only, would make his story incredible. The songstresses therefore offer him knowledge also, which if a man ardently desirous of wisdom had preferred even to his native country, it had been no wonder.

Addressing all, encourag'd thus my crew :

We meet not, now, my friends, our first distress.

This evil is not greater than we found,

When the huge Cyclops in his den by force

Imprison'd us, yet even thence we 'scap'd,

My intrepidity and fertile thought

Op'ning the way* ; and we shall recollect

These dangers also, in due time, with joy.

Come, then—pursue my counsel. Ye, your seats

Still occupying, smite the furrow'd flood

With well-tim'd strokes, that by the will of Jove

We may escape, perchance, this death, secure.

To thee, the pilot, thus I speak (my words

Mark thou, for at thy touch the rudder moves) :

Shunning yon smoke, and those tumultuous waves,

Close by this rock direct thy wary course,

And fear to leave it ; lest the vessel slide

Into the current's force, and all be lost.

So I, with whose advice all quick complied.

But Scylla I as yet nam'd not (that wo

Without a cure), lest, terrified, my crew

Should all renounce their oars, and crowd below.

* Ulysses assumes to himself the honour of their deliverance from the Cyclops, not in the spirit of self-praise and vain-glory, but to confirm their confidence in him the more. For confidence in their leader is often the salvation of his followers.—C.

Just then, forgetful of the strict command
Of Circe to forbear, I cloth'd my limbs
In radiant armour, grasp'd two quiv'ring spears,
And to the deck ascended at the prow,
Expecting earliest notice there, what time
The rock-bred Scylla should annoy my friends.
But I discern'd her not, nor could, although
To weariness of sight the dusky rock
I vigilant explor'd. Thus, many a groan
Heaving, we navigated sad the strait,
For here stood Scylla, while Charybdis there
With hoarse throat deep absorb'd the briny flood.
Oft as she vomited the deluge forth,
Like water caldron'd o'er a furious fire
The whirling Deep all murmur'd, and the spray
On both those rocky summits fell in show'rs.
But when she suck'd the salt wave down again,
Then all the pool appear'd wheeling about
Within, the rock rebellow'd, and the sea,
Drawn off into that gulf, disclos'd to view
The oozy bottom. Us pale horror seiz'd.
Thus, dreading death, with fast-set eyes we watch'd
Charybdis; mean-time Scylla from the bark
Caught six away, the bravest of my friends;
And, as I watching stood the galley's course
And them within, uplifted high in air

Their legs and arms I saw. My name aloud
Pronouncing in their agony, they went,
My name, and never to pronounce it more.
As when from some bold point among the rocks
The angler, with his taper rod in hand,
Casts forth his bait, to snare the smaller fry,
He swings away remote his guarded line*,
Then jerks aground at once the struggling prey,
So Scylla them rais'd struggling to the rock,
And at her cavern's mouth devour'd them all,
Shrieking and stretching forth to me their arms
In sign of hopeless mis'ry. Ne'er beheld
These eyes, in all the seas that I have roam'd,
A sight so piteous, nor in all my toils.

These rocks thus past, Charybdis, and the den
Of dreadful Scylla, to the fruitful isle,
Where graze the fatted flocks and spotless herds
Of bright Hyperion, suddenly we came.
Ere yet we reach'd the coast, the bleat of sheep,
And lowings loud of oxen in the stall,
Came o'er mine ear. Then dropp'd into my mind
The charge enjoin'd me by the Theban seer,
Tiresias, nor by Circe less enforc'd,
That I should leave afar with trembling awe

* They passed the line through a pipe of horn, to secure it against the bite of the fish.—B. & C.

The island of the all-enliv'ning Sun,
And to my people, sorrowing, thus I said :

Receive, my friends, however sore distress'd,
The charge prophetic of the Theban seer,
Tiresias, and by Circe much enforc'd,
To shun this island, sacred to the God
Of all-enliv'ning day ; for deadliest woes,
She said, would meet us there. Ye, therefore, pass
A coast so dang'rous, swiftly as ye may.

I ceas'd ; they me with consternation heard,
And harshly thus Eurylochus replied :

Ulysses, ruthless chief ! no toils impair
Thy strength, of senseless iron thou art form'd,
Who thy companions weary and o'erwatch'd
Forbidd'st to disembark on this fair isle,
Where now, at last, we might with ease regale.
Thou, rash, command'st us, leaving it afar,
To roam all night the Ocean's dreary waste ;
But winds to ships injurious spring by night,
And how shall we escape a dreadful death,
If chance a sudden gust from South arise,
Or stormy West, that dash in pieces oft
The vessel, even in the Gods' despite ?
Prepare we rather now, as night enjoins,
Our ev'ning fare beside the sable bark,
In which at peep of day we may again

Launch forth secure into the boundless flood.

He ceas'd, whom all applauded. Then I knew
That sorrow by the will of adverse Heav'n
Approach'd, and in wing'd accents thus replied :

I suffer force, Eurylochus ! and yield
O'er-rul'd by numbers. Come, then, swear ye all
A solemn oath, that, should we find a herd,
Or num'rous flock, none here shall either sheep
Or bullock slay, by appetite profane
Seduc'd, but shall the viands eat content,
Which from immortal Circe we receiv'd.

I spake ; they readily a solemn oath
Sware all, and when their oath was fully sworn,
Within a creek, where a fresh fountain rose,
They moor'd the bark, and, issuing, began
Brisk preparation of their ev'ning cheer.
But when nor hunger more nor thirst remain'd
Unsated, recollecting then their friends
By Scylla seiz'd, and at her cave devour'd,
They mourn'd, nor ceas'd to mourn them, till they slept.
The night's third portion come, when now the stars
Had travers'd the mid sky, ethereal Jove
Call'd forth a vehement wind with tempest charg'd,
Menacing earth and sea with pitchy clouds
Tremendous, and the night fell dark from Heav'n.
But when Aurora, daughter of the day,

Look'd rosy forth, we thrust the threaten'd ship
For safety far within a deep recess
Umbrageous, whither oft the nymphs retir'd
For sport and for repose, and, gath'ring there
My gallant friends around me, thus I said :

My friends ! food fails us not, but bread is yet
And wine on board. Abstain we from the herds,
Lest harm ensue ; for ye behold the flocks
And herds of a most potent God, the Sun !
Whose eye and watchful ear may none elude.

So saying, I sway'd the gen'rous minds of all.
A month complete the South wind ceaseless blew,
Nor other wind blew next, save East and South ;
Yet they, while neither food nor rosy wine
Fail'd them, the herds harm'd not, through fear to die.
But when at length provision none remain'd,
Necessity then sent them forth to roam
In quest of prey, with pointed hooks to snare
Fishes, or birds, and even what they might,
By famine urg'd. I solitary roam'd
Mean-time the isle, and pray'd, with hope to move
Some God to show us a deliv'rance thence.
When, roving thus the isle, I had at length
Left all my crew remote, I lav'd my hands,
Where shelter warm from ev'ry blast I found,
And supplicated all the Pow'rs above ;

But they my eyes with slumber whelm'd, and thus
Eurylochus seduc'd my crew the while:

My friends! afflicted as ye are, yet hear
A fellow-suff'rer. Death, however caus'd,
Abhorrence moves in miserable man;
But death by famine is a fate of all
Most to be fear'd. Come, drive me to the shore
The best and fairest oxen of the Sun,
For sacrifice to the Immortal Pow'rs,
Resolving thus—that, soon as we shall reach
Our native Ithaca, we will erect
To bright Hyperion an illustrious fane,
Which with magnificent and num'rous gifts
We will enrich. But should he choose to sink
Our vessel, for his stately beeves incens'd,
And should with him all Heav'n resent the deed,
I rather had with open mouth at once,
Meeting the billows, perish, than by slow
And pining mis'ry in this desert isle.

So spake Eurylochus, whom all approv'd.
Then, driving all the fattest of the herd
Few paces only (for the sacred beeves
Graz'd rarely distant from the bark), they stood
Encircling them around, and, grasping each
Green foliage newly pluck'd from saplings tall
(For barley none in all our bark remain'd),

Worshipp'd the Gods in pray'r*. Pray'r made, they
slew

And flay'd them, and the thighs with double fat
Investing, spread them o'er with slices crude.

No wine had they, with which to consecrate
The blazing rites, but with libation poor
Of water hallow'd the interiour parts.

Now, when the thighs were burnt, and each had shar'd
His portion of the maw, and when the rest,
All slash'd and scor'd, hung roasting at the fire,
Sleep in that moment suddenly my eyes
Forsaking, to the shore I bent my way.

But ere the station of our bark I reach'd,
The sav'ry vapour met me. At the scent
I groan'd aloud, and to the Gods exclaim'd :

O Jupiter, and all ye Pow'rs above !
With cruel sleep and fatal ye have lull'd
My cares to rest, such horrible offence
Mean-time my rash companions have devis'd.

Then flew long-stol'd Lampetia to the Sun
At once with tidings of his slaughter'd beeves,
And he, incens'd, the Immortals thus address'd :

Jove, and ye everlasting Pow'rs divine !
Avenge me instant on the crew profane

* They might encircle them, either because the ceremonial required them to do so, or to confine and keep them together.—C.

Of Laertiades ; Ulysses' friends
Have dar'd to slay my beeves, which I with joy
Beheld, both when I climb'd the starry Heav'ns,
And when to Earth I slop'd my " west'ring wheels ;"
They shall requite the wrong, or I renounce
Henceforth the skies, and give the ghosts my beams.

Then thus the Ruler of the realms of air :
Sun ! shine thou still on the Immortal pow'rs,
And on the teeming Earth, frail man's abode.
My candent bolts can shiver at a stroke
Their flying bark amid the billowy Deep.

These things Calypso, taught them, as she said,
Herself by Mercury, made known to me.

But when, descending to the shore, I reach'd
At length my bark, with look and tone severe
I reprimanded them, yet no redress
Could frame, or remedy—the beeves were dead.
Soon follow'd signs portentous sent from Heav'n.
The skins all crept, and on the spits the flesh,
Both crude and roasted, moan'd as with the voice
Of living beeves. Thus my devoted friends,
Driving the fattest oxen of the Sun,
Feasted six days entire ; but when the sev'nth
By mandate of Saturnian Jove appear'd,
The storm then ceas'd to rage, and we, again
Embarking, launch'd our galley, rear'd the mast,

And gave our unfurl'd canvass to the wind.

The island left afar, and other land
Appearing none, but sky alone and sea,
Right o'er the hollow bark Saturnian Jove
A blue cloud station'd, dark'ning all the Deep.
Not long my vessel ran, for, blowing wild,
Now came shrill Zephyrus; a stormy gust
Snapp'd sheer the shrouds on both sides; backward fell
The mast, and with loose tackle strew'd the hold;
Striking the pilot in the stern, it crush'd
His scull together; he a diver's plunge
Made downward, and his noble spirit fled.
Then Jove, still thund'ring, hurl'd into the ship
His candent bolts; she, quaking all her length,
With sulphur reek'd, and o'er her shatter'd sides
My people plunging on the boist'rous waves
Like seamews rode, forbidden by that stroke
Of wrath divine to hope their country more.
But I the vessel still pac'd to and fro,
Till sever'd by the storm her planks and ribs
Forsook the keel, now left to float alone.
Snapp'd where it join'd the keel the mast had fall'n,
But fell encircled with a leathern brace,
Which it retain'd; binding with this the mast
And keel together, on them both I sat,
Borne helpless onward by the dreadful gale.

And now the West subsided, and the South
 Arose instead, with mis'ry charg'd for me,
 That I might measure back my course again
 To dire Charybdis. All night long I drove,
 And when the sun arose, at Scylla's rock
 Once more, and at Charybdis' gulf arriv'd.
 It was the fearful time when she absorb'd
 The briny flood, but, by a wave upborne,
 I seiz'd the branches of the wild-fig fast*,
 To which, bat-like, I clung; yet where to fix
 My foot secure found not, or where to ascend,
 For distant lay the roots, and distant shot
 The largest arms erect into the air,
 O'ershadowing all Charybdis; therefore hard
 I clinch'd the boughs, till she disgorg'd again
 Both keel and mast. Not undesir'd by me
 They came, though late; for at what hour the judge,
 After decision made of num'rous strifes
 Between young candidates for honour, leaves
 The forum for refreshment' sake at home,
 Then was it that the mast and keel emerg'd †.
 Deliver'd to a voluntary fall,
 Fast by those beams I dash'd into the flood,

* See line 120.

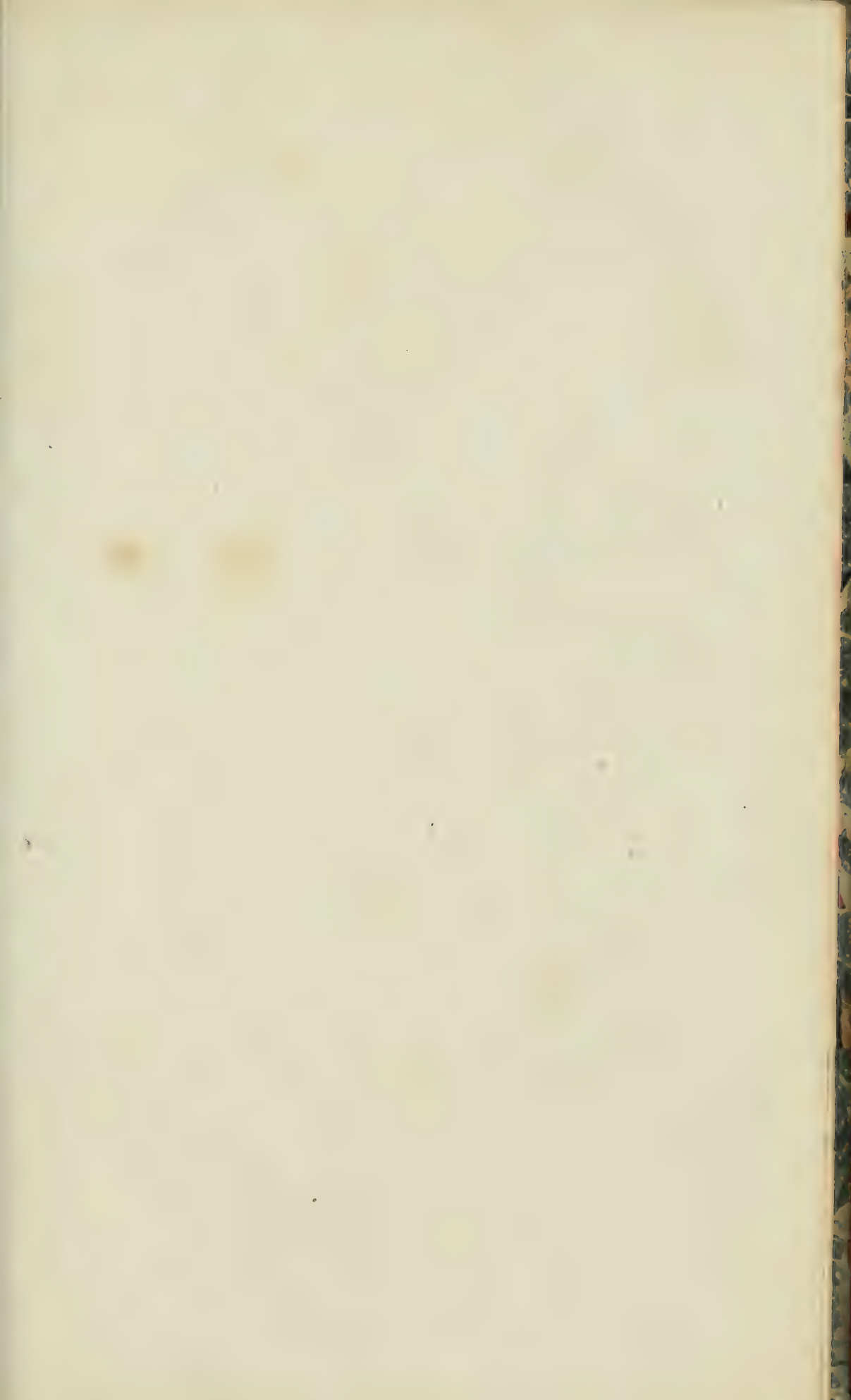
† He had therefore held by the fig-tree from sun-rise till afternoon.

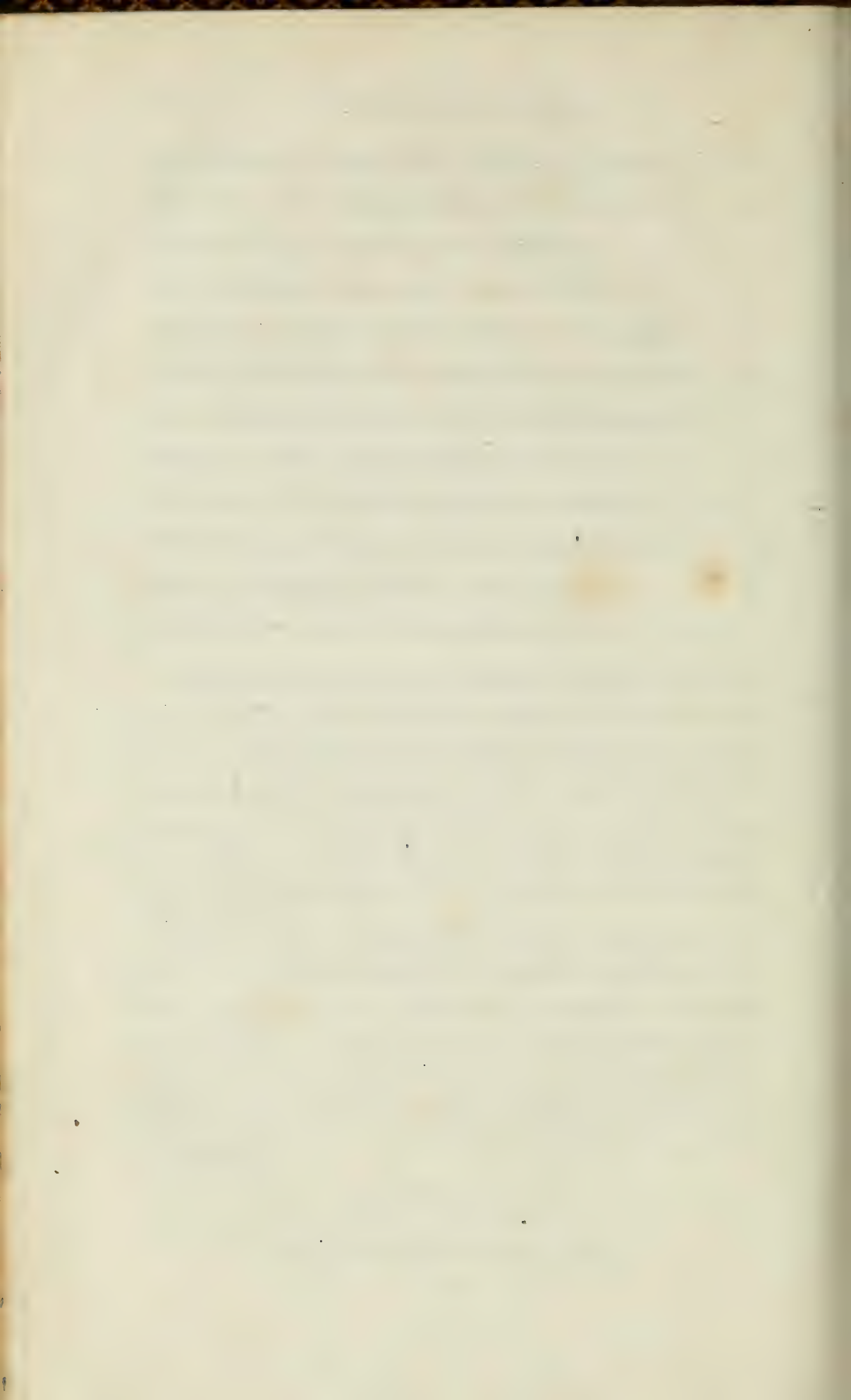
And, seated on them both, with oary palms
 Impell'd them ; nor the Sire of Gods and men
 Permitted Scylla to discern me more,
 Else in that moment had I surely died*.
 Nine days I floated, and the Gods, at length,
 On the tenth night, the beams which I bestrode
 Drove to Ogygia, where the beauteous nymph
 Calypso dwells ; she pitied and supplied
 My want of all things.—But let this suffice.
 Whate'er ensu'd thy royal spouse and thou
 Learn'd yesterday ; and, to rehearse a tale
 So lately told, were wearisome and vain †.

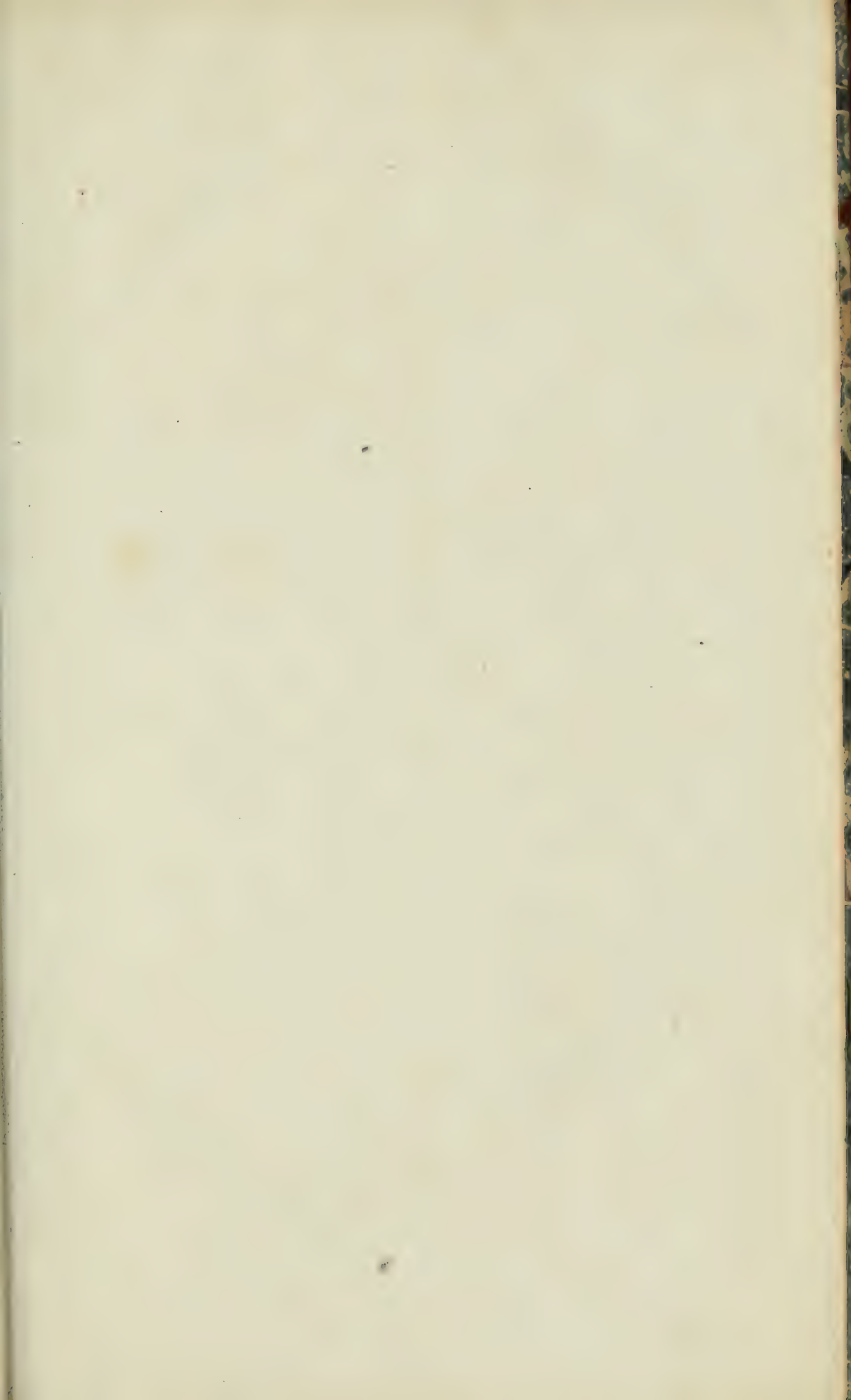
* Strabo contends, that Circe misinformed Ulysses ; for she assured him, that, if he arrived at Charybdis at the time when she ingulfed the water, Neptune himself could not deliver him. He arrives there, however, at that very time, and nevertheless escapes. But Circe gave him that caution, on a supposition, that, if he arrived there at all, it must be in his ship, and his escape by means of the wild fig, when the timbers on which he had floated thither were actually swallowed up, is no impeachment of the truth of her intelligence.—C.

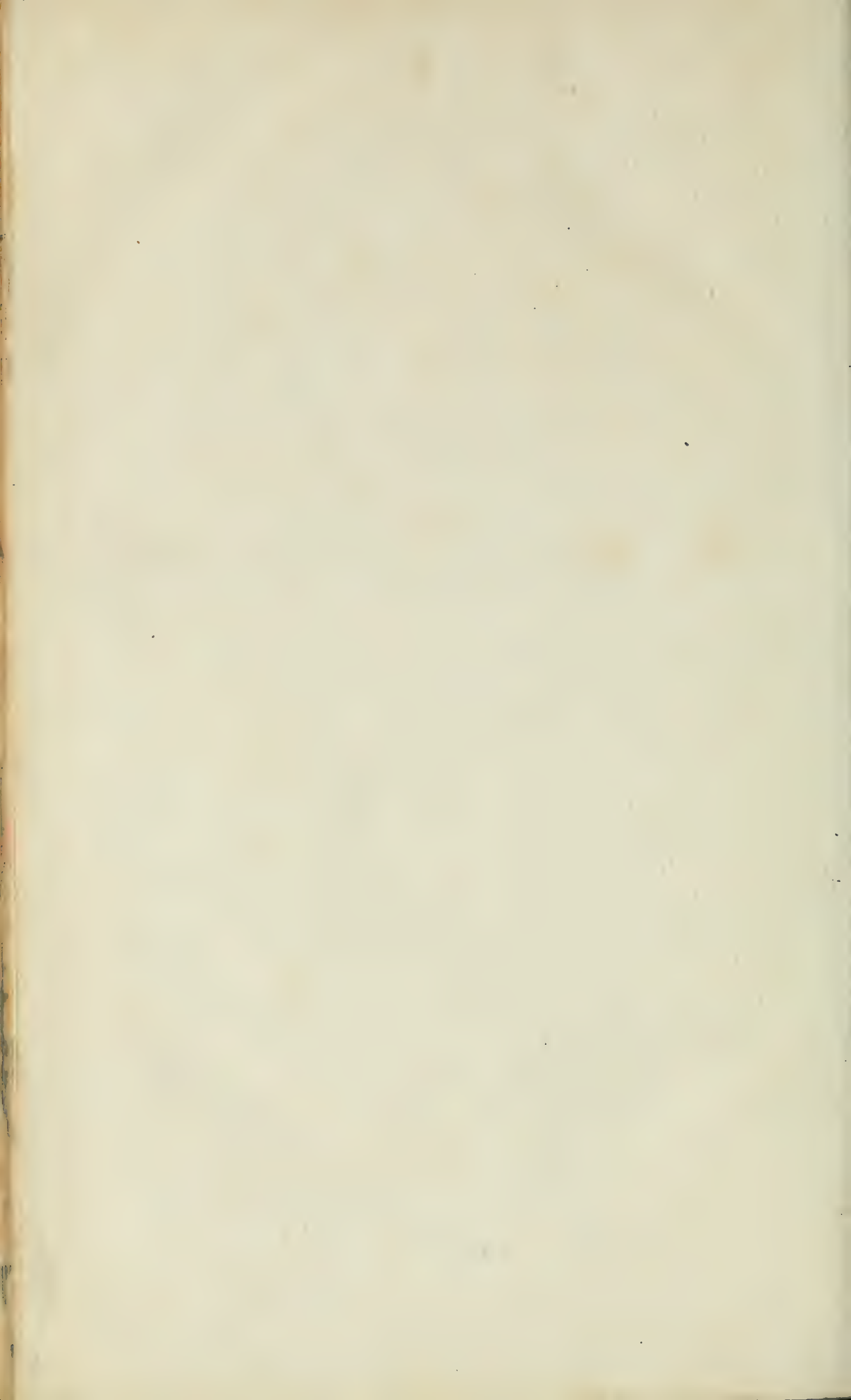
† Hence it is plain, says Eustathius, that none of Homer's repetitions are made without a reason, or escape him through mere garrulity. And Plutarch says, observing on this passage, Of all that can be said of poets nothing is so true, as that Homer alone, always new, always beautiful, may bid defiance to the most fastidious reader. Leading us, as he does, from subject to subject, he never cloy, but is sure to present some novelty or other to our relief, before satiety can seize us.—C.

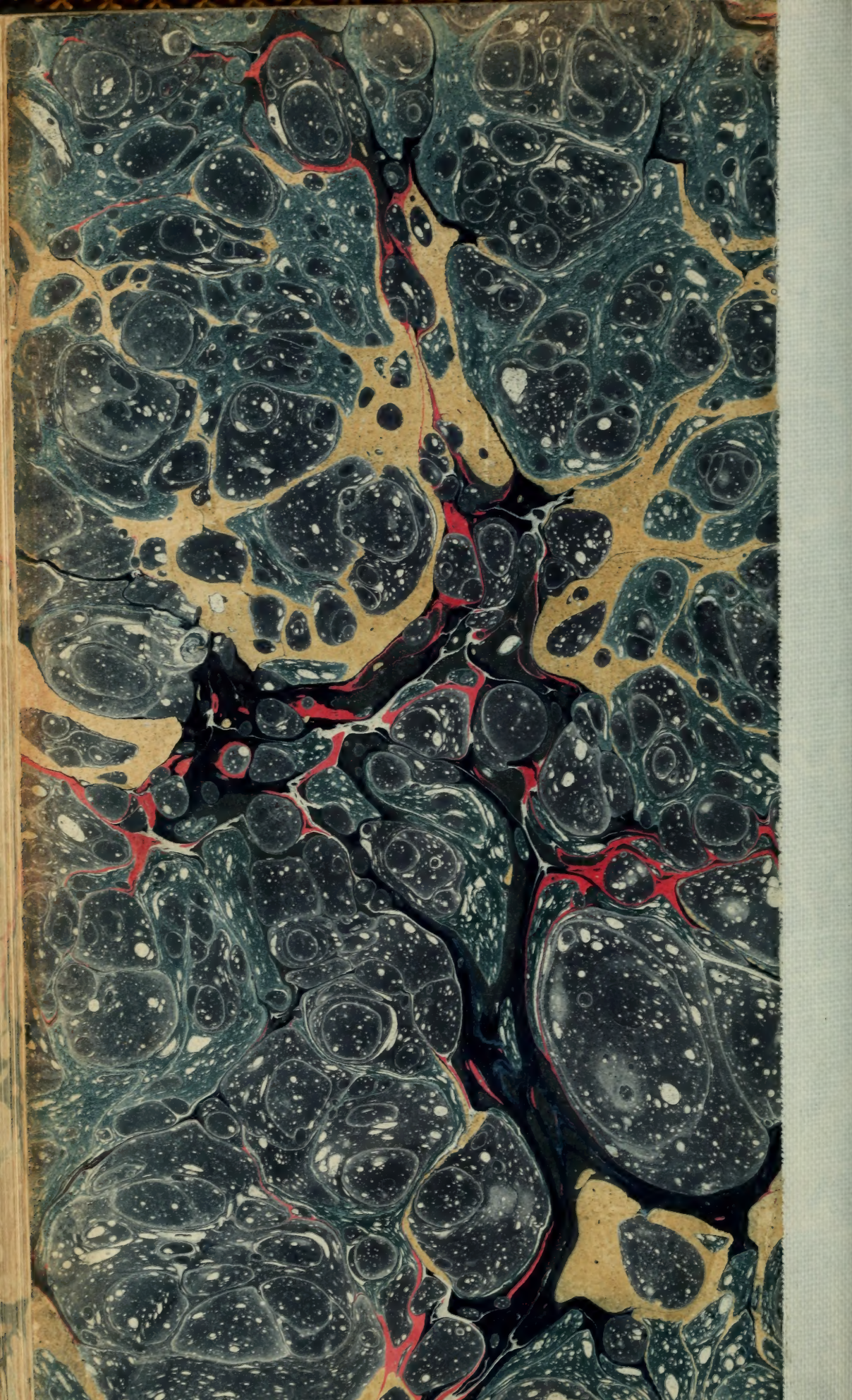
END OF VOL. I.











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